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# METHODIST REVIEW

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# METHODIST REVIEW

JULY, 1908

## Art. I.—THE REUNION OF EVANGELICAL CHRISTENDOM

The original New Testament church had its bond of unity in Jesus Christ, who was at once its Teacher, its Redeemer and its Lord. Christ, during his earthly ministry, gave instruction to his apostles, and they in turn became the inspired leaders of the early church. They were different in temperament, in modes of feeling and thinking, but one in the divine inspiration which they received and under which they spoke. They were the administrators of the Church of Jesus Christ and the inspired promulgators of his teaching. After the death of the early disciples and apostles the church gradually established a doctrinal and ecclesiastical system, founded on interpretations of the teachings of Christ and his apostles, which in due time took the form of dogmatic statements and constituted a basis of a general church organization. This organization gradually developed into a comprehensive system of teaching and administration which was accepted as authority over the whole body. After this general church system had been in progress for centuries, councils had been called, decrees promulgated, doctrinal formulas established, there came divisions growing out of peculiarities of view, national position, and the development of diverse religious and ecclesiastical thought. In due time the Reformation arose, and a broad cleavage, not between the early church and the Reformation—because the Reformation was, as its

authors believed, a restoration of primitive Christianity—but between the established order of things and that of which the Reformers were the champions and apostles. In due time the reformed churches became divided, because of doctrinal differences and governmental preferences, until a series of sects or denominations arose, and these developed from time to time until the number of organizations known under the head of "Protestant" had become very great, and the subject of criticism, and perhaps just criticism, because of the want of visible unity. Agreeing as these have in the fundamentals, they have disagreed in what they themselves regard as nonessential, and the wisest and best members of the various branches of Protestant Christendom have asked the question whether the time has not come for the reunion of what is known as Protestant or evangelical Christendom. At first there was a general discussion, with some formal attempts at unity, but latterly it has taken a more definite form, and an organization known as a "Federation of the Churches" has arisen, and the question now looming up is: Is this reunion of Christendom to stop at federation, or is the process to go on until the different bodies which have separated themselves shall find some basis on which they can unite and become one whole? It is assumed that the process of reunion must be slow. As the separations have developed almost normally, without observation, so the process of reunion is to be gradual, and the question which we propose to consider is whether there is any step, even a small one, that could be taken at the present time which would go somewhat beyond the matter of federation and make a beginning toward formal union.

The Honorable David Jayne Hill, in a paper on the net result of The Hague Conference, in the *Review of Reviews* for December last, introduced his subject in the following words:

> There are two widely accepted theories with regard to the pacification of the world which tend to belittle the value of the Hague Conferences. One is that permanent peace between the nations is intrinsically impossible because their vital interests and purposes are in essential conflict, and the love of domination is so strong in human nature that war is certain always to recur in the future as it has in the past. The opposing theory is that universal peace is at once attainable by the mere resolution to abolish war, and that governments have only to agree to maintain

peace by referring all their differences to third parties for settlement, binding themselves to abide by their decisions whatever they may be.

Those who hold the first theory regard international conferences like those that have been held at The Hague as nugatory and superfluous, for the reason that such conferences can add nothing to the motives to refrain from war or the power to prevent it. On the other hand, those who accept the second theory regard as sterile and derisory all discussions and agreements that do not go to the root of the matter and, by one decisive act, render war impossible.

The thoughts presented by this eminent statesman are especially applicable to the present state of the attempts to bring about a reorganization of Protestant Christendom. Some believe that the chasm is so wide between the various denominations that no bridge can be made to span it, while others regard reunion as but a matter of formal proclamation and the work is done. The *via media* suggests that the union for which the church longs is both possible and probable, but that time and patience and faith and prayer will be necessary to bring it to completion. There must be, first, a coming together, an intercommunion, and then discussion, and finally a formulation of the conditions of unity. There are certain points in which it will be conceded that the evangelical Christian Church is already one. There is, first, unity of spirit. This need hardly be insisted upon, for it is so fully recognized throughout the church. In the language of the apostle, "There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit." That spirit is the spirit of love for humanity and of devotion to its upbuilding. Second, unity in essential doctrines. This is shown in the fact that the various denominations receive certificates of membership from each other without inquiring concerning the doctrinal beliefs of those whom they welcome to their communion. Third, unity of intercommunion and association. Fourth, unity of Christian effort and evangelism. Fifth, unity in the number and privileges of the sacraments. There are but two sacraments recognized by evangelical Christendom, namely, baptism and the Lord's Supper. There are different forms of administration of these ordinances, but in the essential meaning of them Christendom is agreed. In the various churches it is not uncommon at the invitation to the Lord's table for the minister to say: "All persons belonging to any

Christian denomination are heartily invited to unite with us." During the last Christmas recess, the writer of this was present at the sacramental service in a church generally considered as exclusive, and the broad invitation was given as I have just indicated. Seeing, now, that the evangelical Christian churches are already one in at least these five important points, it ought to be easy for them to join in a declaration of such unity.

At first view it would seem that the primary step in our becoming an organized union would be to prepare a system of doctrine and government on which all could unite, and we believe that no organization can be abiding that does not rest on fundamental and formulated beliefs; we also think that the various bodies would not consent to any kind of formal union which should be indeterminate as to the substance of their proclamation. The very breadth of the proposition which we propose to offer is the apology for its expression, inasmuch as it does not involve the abandonment of its peculiar doctrines, government, or forms of worship, on the part of any church, but, rather, the maintenance of them. The important matter is to secure a working plan by which union can be effected. As already indicated, this process of reunion may be slow. There must first arise sympathetic communion of spirit and interest which will bring the churches into closer relations, so that each shall come to know the others, and thus gradually points of difference will disappear; such points of diversity as at first seemed insuperable will gradually melt away, and in due time—a generation may be required—such a practical unity will be brought about that there will again be but one church as there is but one Lord. The primary organization would involve, first, that such of the bodies as are favorable should draw together, not attempting in the beginning the union of all the branches of Christendom. It is apparent that complete union would not be reckoned as possible by some branches of the Christian Church. Further, it should be understood that the bodies so joined need not of necessity surrender their peculiarities of government, or doctrine, or forms of worship. Each shall remain as it is, without modification, except such changes as come through the desire of the separate denominations. Further, it is proposed that the government of the united

church shall be vested in representatives selected by each of the denominations on some plan to be agreed upon after overtures have been started by the several bodies proposing to enter the union. Each body should have equal representation, after the manner of the states of the Union in the Senate of the United States, or there should be such a proportionate representation as would in every case be satisfactory. This council, so appointed, would be authoritative over all the bodies in their common administration and movements—such as the conditions of the enlargement of their work, the intrusion of one body upon a place fully or adequately occupied by another, and such matters as infringement on the rights of the churches represented. The governing body of the whole organization would be somewhat analogous to the General Council of the Congregational churches. The nomenclature of the organized body is of course important. It is necessary that there be a common name under which the whole body shall be organized. As the United States of America is the common name for our country's organization, and the individual states have their individual names, so there might be a common name which all would accept as the general name under which they would be willing to unite, leaving the names of the particular denominations as they are. What the common name should be would require, perhaps, a good deal of discussion. It is well known that among Protestants in Roman Catholic countries the names of the several denominations are almost unknown by the people. They are called Evangelicals, and that is the common term around which they all gather. A name, then, that would readily suggest itself would be, the United Evangelical Church, or the American Church, or the United Church of America. The Episcopalians are, we believe, already considering the question of applying to themselves the name of the American Church. Some comprehensive title might be found under which the body could assume for the first time an organization. It will at once be seen that these suggestions are very imperfect, and they may appear to be nebulous, but a cloud no bigger than a man's hand sometimes portends bountiful rain, and a mere external union under most general conditions may be the means of bringing about a deeper movement as the years go on.

There would be a large step taken toward the reunion of the church if there could be a point designated where the central council should meet and which would be available at all times for the use of the various bodies separately. No one who visits Edinburgh can fail to be impressed by the great building for the General Assembly of the United Free Church of Scotland. It is the most complete building of its kind I have ever seen; admirably adapted for the meeting of the great ecclesiastical assembly, with its large hall, with its platform and accessories for the moderator and his assistants, for the secretaries and officers, and adjacent rooms for the meetings of committees, all under one roof. The internal arrangements are comfortable and the external appearance is chaste and strong, and the whole atmosphere of the building marks the strength and harmony of a great church. Now, if the various denominations of Protestants were to confer, and decide to erect a building at some point in the United States which should be the common property of all the denominations, and where they should hold annual gatherings from year to year, it would be a step toward formal reunion. Imagine, for a moment, all the various bodies combining to erect a place in which they could conduct the great transactions of the church. What a spectacle of visible union this would be! What a reminder that the respective denominations were not separate bodies, working for separate ends, but that they were one body in Christ Jesus! Thus the building would be a symbol of the unity of the whole church. We may be encouraged in this matter by two examples. First, the proposal now under way in Canada by which the Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Methodists are proposing to form one consolidated church; and they seem to have made mutual concessions which promise to result in a working organization. If one looks over the formulations of the committee from the various branches of the church in Canada he will notice that each branch has surrendered something, and yet he will further notice that each one has surrendered nothing absolutely essential to itself or to its usefulness. A part of the surrender is in names, a part in government, a part in forms; but nothing has been surrendered on the part of either that involves anything essential with regard to any of the respective branches.

*The Christian Guardian,* of Toronto, Canada, in an editorial, December 27, 1905, spoke as follows of the progress of the negotiations for an organized union of the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregationalist Churches in Canada:

> The decision of that meeting [in Toronto, one year before] was that organic union between these churches was desirable, and that the difficulties in the way, while real and substantial, were yet by no means impossible of solution on a basis that would be harmonious, adequate, and permanent, without involving undue surrender or compromise on the part of any of the three negotiating churches, and that joint subcommittees should be charged with the duty of going carefully and exhaustively into the points of the doctrine, polity, ministry, and administration of the churches interested, with a view to arriving at common ground, and formulating a basis on all points involved on which they might honorably and harmoniously come together. These subcommittees were to have ample time for their important work, and to report to the joint committee which had appointed them at a meeting to be called to receive their findings.
>
> This meeting was held in the Metropolitan Church, of this city, on Wednesday and Thursday last, precisely one year after the initial meeting. The subcommittees had been duly engaged on their work in the interval and the reports were in such shape that a general insight into the whole situation was obtained, which showed that substantial agreement upon all cardinal points of doctrine, polity, ministerial regulation and administration was not only possible, but had been practically arrived at by the large and representative subcommittees intrusted with frank and full examination and deliberation concerning them. In the utmost harmony and with great heartiness the conclusions arrived at by the subcommittees were received, discussed, and with slight modifications adopted by the full denominational committees and the joint committee, and ordered to be sent forward to the high courts of the churches at their next session.

The latest reports show a rapidity of progress which promises an early and assured success of this most important church movement in modern church history.

Second, a lesson may be learned in this matter from the Roman Catholic Church. Roman Catholics claim that all the denominations are schismatic and, consequently, there is no unity, whereas they themselves possess the true unity. It is not our purpose to criticise the Roman Catholic Church, but a slight study will show that its unity centers chiefly in its supreme head, the Pope. With a wisdom which Protestants would do well to emulate, it allows, within the body of the church, various organizations, apparently

as wide apart as the various denominations of Protestants. There is, first of all, the wonderful organization known as the Jesuits, which forms a party in the church as distinct in its policy as any of the differences known in evangelical Christendom. Within a year or two the head of that organization died and the election of his successor was looked upon by the ecumenical church as a matter of great moment; for in some respects he was regarded as a second Pope, and the expression applied to him as a designation was "the black Pope" because of his powerful influence in the body—not seldom in opposition to that of the true or "white" Pope. We are also familiar with the numerous orders that abound in the Catholic church, each one distinct in its usages and modes of thought. Yet in all these diversities there is one spirit, and one head, who sits at the Vatican in Rome and controls the church in all parts of the world with a power that is absolute and final.

It will be a happy omen for the future of the united church if the attempt now in process in Canada shall reach a successful conclusion. The churches which are combining have in common certain features in government and ordinances, and the difficulties are not so great, apparently, as would be the case if the attempt were to include all the denominations, especially those in which the divergencies in government, etc., are more striking. The general method of union here suggested does not interfere with anything which any particular church regards as vital to its success. The unity may be real and cordial while the differences are distinguished and the several denominations are preserved. Meanwhile we believe that as ministers and members of all the churches mingle together and work together in a loving brotherhood the church shall fulfill in our own time the declaration of the apostle Paul in his letter to the Ephesians: "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

Henry A Butz

## Art. II.—THE BISHOP OF OLD PARK

Cardinal John Henry Newman once said that the test of the catholicity of the Christian Church was in its power to produce sainthood, and he claimed that the Roman Church was supreme in this respect, ignoring to some extent the equal claims of other members of the One Body of Christ. I have written the following tribute to the character and work of a Methodist saint because it seems to me that the career of Mr. William Owen, of Old Park, Shropshire, England, affords a typical illustration which we cannot afford to neglect, of the inner life and spiritual beauty of the Methodist movement, full as that movement is of demonstration concerning the reality of our religious beliefs. The object of John Wesley and his coadjutors was to spread spiritual holiness through the world. Restated in modern terms, this object is the production of that character in men and women which may best be called spirituality; and in spite of the existence of warring creeds, each with its own shibboleth, it is legitimate to regard spirituality as the prerogative of any church of the Christian faith that maintains the life of Christ in the hearts of its people. So strong is the alliance which draws the saints of God together that no distance of time or place and no difference of race or sect has hitherto prevented the choicest fruits of devotional lives and literatures from being used for the profit of all sorts and conditions of men. Christianity is not united in outward forms nor in intellectual conceptions, but it has never been divided in the region where good men and women pray and preserve the hidden sanctuaries beyond the world of appearance. The truly religious impulse is not to be ascribed to any one faculty of human nature. It is not a matter of the will nor of the feelings nor of the intellect, viewed singly and as acting apart from the other faculties. Rather, "it is an affirmation of the basal personality, a vital act of the whole man." Moreover, these higher gains of Methodism are precarious as they are vital. They need nurture to keep them alive, and they will need it until the spiritual life has become second nature to man. Anything, therefore, which helps to preserve these hardly

won triumphs should be retained for our benefit and pondered for our personal acquisition of the same blessings.

The man whom I would commemorate has a high and honorable place among those who with lit lamp and girt loin have believed and worked for the coming of the kingdom of God. He was born on September 13, 1822, beneath the shadow of a famous hill known to all the Englishmen of the Welsh border as the Wrekin. On the one side of his native village the great Shropshire plain stretched away to the horizon, on the other the foothills of the Wrekin sloped toward the Severn valley. The country adjacent embraces a rich agricultural district of exquisite pastoral scenery, scoriated in places by the refuse of exhausted mines and the cinder heaps of forge and furnace. To the west are the hills of Wales, ramped against the sky line, along whose frontiers more than thirty castles were built by the mediæval barons for their protection from the fiery Celt. In these parts, so attractive to the traveler and the lover of antiquities, Mr. Owen discharged a long and laborious ministry. The neighborhood has been prolific in distinguished men. At Shrewsbury, eight miles distant, Charles Darwin was born, and Sir Philip Sidney received his education in the Tudor Grammar School of that ancient town. Richard Baxter spent his early days in a delightful old half-timbered manor house on the opposite side of the Wrekin, and in the heart of the mining country of which I have spoken lies the parish of Madeley, world-famous as the scene of the holy deeds of John Fletcher, the patron saint of all Methodism. It is not incongruous to add to this list the name of William Owen. If plain and simple goodness is the chief quality of Christian manhood, and fidelity, loyalty, and service are its best exhibits, he certainly should have a place. In the hamlet where he grew up Methodism had been organized from its earlier days. His parents were among those who adorn the short and simple annals of the poor. His earliest home was an humble cottage on the wayside. His circumstances were extremely limited, and the advantages of today were not only unappropriated, they were unknown. But he obtained a vision of God through the faithful preaching of the Rev. John Morris and received his first token of church membership, in the form of a class ticket, during the month

of March, 1841. He was then nineteen years of age, and from that moment, which to him was full of blissful experiences sacred beyond words, he continued a member of the church of his choice until the end of his pilgrimage. In 1846 he transferred his residence to a hamlet known as Old Park. In former days this title was bestowed because the place had been a hunting ground for Norman and Plantagenet earls, but the wooded glades and stately trees had long since disappeared. Here and there the interested traveler might trace the course of the fishing streams, and the ruins of a Norman chapel still stand in a patch of woodland hard by. These are the solitary relics of the past, surrounded by abundant evidences of man's activity in the present. Sixty-two years ago, when Mr. Owen brought his bride to the place, all was life and sound. Thousands of men, women and children found employment in the excavating and smelting of the iron ore. Other industries centered around this staple business, and trade was abundant and work plentiful. But the saddest features of the country side were the brutal sports and orgies of the miners and the peasantry. These debaucheries are not easily described, and they would scarcely be credited by a happier generation, but the leaven of the kingdom was already placed in the unpromising lump, and it began to slowly transform the life and manners of the people. Neglected and scorned by the rich, who, with some honorable exceptions, treated them as mere beasts of burden, the people grew up in this wild and neglected spot without education, without opportunity, and with no relief from constant and excessive labor save that afforded by what they miscalled their pleasure. Then, supplementing the scanty number of Anglican churches, there arose the modest Methodist chapels representing the sacrifice and devotion of the poor, and under those unpretentious roofs the glory of the Lord appeared again in Shiloh. Into this varied life Mr. Owen came with all the enthusiasm of a youthful and sanguine temperament, with unusual religious aptitudes, and recently united in marriage with a Christian lady who shared his convictions and seconded his efforts. After some years the title of my article was bestowed upon him, not in jest but in loving reverence, and he was known to all and sundry as "the Bishop of Old Park." In the New Testament meaning of

the word "episcopos" a bishop indeed he was, and of the true succession. His mission and office were given him out of the holy heart of God the Father, and by the ministry of the Only Begotten Son and the indwelling of the Eternal Spirit. For forty-six years he preached the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, being commissioned to that office by the pastors of his church. The lay preacher achieved deserved distinction in England. For more than one hundred and fifty years the ranks of this order were the recruiting ground for the itinerant ministry, and many of the men of power and influence who have adorned the Methodist pulpit, and other pulpits also, began their careers under its auspices. Mr. Owen toiled in the mines fourteen hours a day, and spent the Lord's Day and week evenings in its sacred employments. His labors were abundant, his rewards were not of this world, and his success was a complete refutation of any criticism. He frequently walked some thirty miles to fulfill his Sabbath duties, reaching home footsore and weary, detained at intervals until the early hours of Monday morning, when with a change of raiment he proceeded at once to his employment. None should imagine that this was a burden. It was the wine of his life. He went to these distant places in the heat of summer and the storms of winter. He faced rustic groups of men and women, shared their scanty fare, and inspired them with the purity and beauty of his teaching and devotion. Returning home he whiled away the hours of silent night in pious meditations, while ever and anon an ejaculation of praise and thanksgiving revealed the inward workings of his mind. He was the leader of three classes of members, placed in his care as their subpastor, and his passion for their benefit was permanent and pervasive. At six o'clock every Lord's Day morning, and again at half past two in the afternoon of the same day, also on Wednesday evening, he went to the house of the Lord to feed the flock of Christ and he drew near with his brethren to offer the sacrifice that is well-pleasing to God. He was absent but three times in the course of his life, save when he was called away to a distant preaching engagement. I believe him to have been more useful in this kind of service than any other. He had an intimate knowledge of the daily circumstances of his people, and the perfectness of his comprehension gave

him a perfect sympathy with them and a wise estimate of their prime necessities. The light of another world played frequently upon the second Emmaus, where the Master was known by that people of toil and struggle as they were fed with the heavenly bread under the oversight of his chosen servant. They tasted the powers of the world to come. Lesser things sank to a true perspective, and in these illuminating hours the cloistered life of Methodism, most edifying and most fruitful, received its vindication. The villages and towns that were blessed with the presence and rebuked and comforted by the example of Mr. Owen grew to betterment. The tragic struggle between the upper and the lower man was ameliorated. The degenerating pursuits of which many had formerly boasted themselves became a matter of shame and confusion, and the higher laws of life supported the outward law and order necessary to the protection of society. Then grew there, as it grew elsewhere by means of similar men and measures, a wise conservatism for which the better type of English workman has been noted; and it is salutary for the leaders of the Christian Church, both here and in Britain, to study a concrete cause of social betterment such as this. It is full of strategy, the more subtle because somewhat unconscious, and equally full of spiritual guidance for those who believe, as Mr. Owen did, that the redemption of the state begins in the regeneration of the soul. Bishop Westcott's saying that the hope of all humanity is in the historic realization of Christ was probably unknown by Mr. Owen. None the less did the essential truth it expresses grip his thought and action with the meaning and simplicity of a ruling principle. He invested his powers with a prudent reckoning, and their results in citizenship and patriotism and moral benefit were the outcome of a life deeply rooted in a personal and omnipotent Saviour.

Behind these labors, in which he was more abundant than many, there were salient characteristics inherent in the man which are sadly singular and appallingly unique. The dynamic of his religious life was faith raised to the higher efficiency by prayer. The first stages in the ascent of his soul to God had already been accomplished. He had acquired self-control and the detachment of his will from unworthy objects. He had lived a life of active

usefulness as an indispensable part of the divine discipline, and he was now, at this stage of our examination, among the illuminated. For him, as for his great prototype, John Fletcher, there was granted the larger vision of God which is only given to the pure in heart. He entered into the act of prayer with an unmutilated trust and an unblemished life. His hands were clean, his heart was pure, hence he stood in the hill of the Lord, and realized as few men have done that the secret of the Blessed One is with them that fear him. Prayer, for William Owen, meant an elevation of all his parts and faculties, as indispensable to his spiritual vitality as breath is to our physical life. Explain it as we may, this function brought him into contact with a higher and deeper and more pregnant reality than the mind can attain or unassisted emotion can discover. His home was a sanctuary, and his upper chamber was a Holy of Holies. His constant bowing to the Father hollowed out the wooden floor of his cottage where his knees had pressed; and when I was shown by the guide in Canterbury Cathedral the worn pinkish marble around the shrine of Thomas à Becket I recalled that spot, unknown save to the initiated few, where a modern saint, and not a million pilgrims, had done a similar thing. The pavilion of prayer was for him one of love and wisdom and reasonableness. As you entered his yeoman's home with its spotless floors of red tile, its fireplace shining with polished brass and iron work, and these reflecting the ruddy glow of the coals, you did not suspect that over your head there was another room where none were permitted to enter and where he was so frequently alone with his Maker. He arose in the morning at four o'clock that he might claim his privileges before he went out to the supervision of his men. He frequently retired during working hours to an unfrequented spot in the mines to satisfy the hunger of his soul, and on his return home he gave back the day to God's consecrating hand. I have not meant to draw aside too fully the veil that properly separates us from these sacred scenes. He made no mention of them himself, for he would have been the first to announce that he had not yet attained and hence he would have deprecated their mention by anyone else, for he was a man of great humility, and this free from any affectation and balanced by sin-

cerity and strength. None the less did the steadfastness and truth that were in him hold us in awe, and all our theories of perfectionism, however variant, found satisfaction in his living example.

Near to his hand and stored in his memory were the Holy Scriptures. Their entrance had given him light, and they informed his language so that it acquired an appositeness and a dignity, and at intervals a mystic fervor, that would have enriched any manual of devotion. He trod the familiar highways of the Scriptures with accustomed feet, and he also explored those quiet and unsuspected corners known only to loving familiarity. Next to the Bible he cherished the hymns of Charles Wesley, which interpreted for him these inward experiences of heavenly life and wisdom. They enriched and expressed his sense of the presence of God, and he quoted them with a thrilling effect that even Dr. George Osborn could scarcely have surpassed. He did not know the theology of the grammarian, but he was a theologian by instinct. His reverence for the Everlasting Father, his submission to the inscrutable ways of the All-Wise and the All-Loving, and his ascriptions of praise to the Ineffable Name were a noble and unusual appropriation of his heart and mind. This appropriation he had received directly from God, and to God he offered it again, aided by some psalm that lay close to these mysteries or that best expressed his thirst for Jehovah's covenanting grace. Christ was for him the Infallible Teacher and Lord, but he was even more: he was the High Priest of the race, beneath whose cross was the altar of the universe and the spot where this man had found his own deliverance and his own priesthood. For it was marked in him by others that, as he grew older, intercessory prayer was the burden of his heavenly commerce. This he poured out with strong cries and tears, and he knew, by reason of abundant proof, that the seal of his High Priest was upon his own believer's priesthood. The conscience of the man was natively strong, and it had been cleansed and enforced by his contact with the ethic of Jesus. Hence the effect of his life as viewed in his deeds was indisputable ground, and many who knew little of the hidden sources of his strength, and who only judged his beliefs by his conduct, recognized that he was held to the highest standards and that conscious misdoing was

impossible to William Owen. Error was in him, for he was mortal, but it had no set purpose there, and if he detected impetuosity or misjudgment of others upon his part, his sorrow was sincere and his reparation complete. He was a convinced Protestant of the Methodist persuasion, holding its traditional beliefs as these were revealed and interpreted to him by the Holy Spirit of God. His loyalty and fidelity were explicit. He never hesitated to avow them, and he delighted to dwell in retrospect upon the fathers of the faith who had adorned the doctrines of Christ our Saviour. In the earlier days he met with aged Christians who had known and heard John Wesley and John Fletcher. He frequently preached in quaint brick meetinghouses containing the pulpits that Mr. Fletcher had occupied. This great Christian and divine was his pattern in things relating to Christ. Had he been a Romanist, he would have taken him for his patron saint. He heard Robert Newton and Jabez Bunting when they came into his neighborhood to celebrate some feast of dedication. He would expatiate at length upon the massive strength and statesmanlike utterance of Bunting as a model of illustrious preaching, and the serene combination of many gifts evident in the ministry of Robert Newton was a grateful reminiscence. The swing and rhythm of the prose of Morley Punshon, the unforgettable illustrations of Samuel Coley, the woven quotations from Holy Writ of George T. Perks, the evangelical strength of John Rattenbury, the sacramental discourse of Theophilus Lessey, the virile manliness of Luke H. Wiseman, the breezy wit and sterling worth of Peter Mackenzie, the beautiful English of George Osborn and the seraphic unction of Matthew Simpson—these and many other features of the preachers and preaching of his time were held before younger men for their profit. His charities were hidden and they were numerous beyond the bounds of prudence. A modest bequest was left in trust by a relative, for the reason that all knew he would give it to the poor and the needy and keep nothing for himself. Yet in his visitation of the widow and the orphan he was practical, and he did not hesitate to rebuke the thriftless and the unwise while at the same time he relieved the distress of their innocent victims. There was no perversity in his generosity, and he exhorted unwilling people, who withheld their

means from God, by both his precept and example. His salutary gift of humor was under restraint, but it was a present and delightful quality. He lived to know that those who honor God God will honor, and there grew up around his life a wealth of tenderness and reverence, as well as of freedom from earthly cares, that made his last days a serene and chastened splendor. His honored lady supplied what he lacked, and while she sometimes appeared to check his bestowals when they were too exuberant, yet she secretly reverenced his boundless goodness, and provided the means without stint for the objects in which she knew he was vitally interested.

In 1896 his health began to visibly fail, and at last the hour of his departure drew near. In the autumn of that year he laid down the burden of his work, and spent the last few weeks in quiet rest and constant prayer, awaiting the call of the Master. Then was it that the spicy breezes began to blow from off the celestial shore on which he was soon to make his landing. Not even his nearest intimates had known the strength of his affiliation with Christ until the Redeemer came to take his servant to himself. On September 10 he reverted to the memories of one, Mr. Andrews, a minister of the Madeley Circuit, and spoke of his power in the offices of prayer and preaching. From that time onward he constantly quoted the Scriptures, the hymns of Methodism, and the outlines of sermons that dwelt upon the glorious mysteries of grace and salvation. His language was such as one would expect to hear from some Doctor of the church, and it was employed to express the infinitude and the marvel of the being of God and of his manifestation in his Only Begotten Son. The members of his flock and of other communions frequented the chamber whence he was translated to receive his farewell blessing, and he afterward spoke of the church catholic, and prayed that she might arise to her loveliness with every gift endued, and claim the heritage purchased for her by Christ himself. Thus this venerable and holy man employed his talents until the last day of his earthly life. In the hour of his death he asked that he might be placed upon his knees at the bedside, that he might again offer up his daily sacrifice to his God. Heaven's prospects were already revealed, and he named the name of his Redeemer and said that presently he would pass

beyond the sweet societies and shining bands and falling at his feet would claim him for his own. His last breath was an intercessory prayer for the churches of Methodism. He continued it with broken utterance—"Prosper, O Lord, prosper," such were the last words of that sanctified tongue—and then a smile of kindling rapture rested upon his face, and he was not, for God took him.

Such is the life of one saint of Methodism which I have not depicted with any sufficiency, and of which I have ventured to give only fragmentary hints. But I would call the bishops and clergy and lay preachers and class leaders and all the household of Methodism to some reckoning of its value and inspiration. It was a life which does summon us from the distraction and tumult of debate and policy to those inner havens of the soul, encircled by our activities, where the peace of God guards the passways of the heart. Here was a man who followed the dangerous business of mining, and he saw one taken and another left as he pursued it. His holidays were holy days, his mornings and evenings times of supplication and of service, his Lord's Day one continued intercession coupled with laborious effort. So there came to him the blessing of that servant whom his Master hath found watching, and there was left to us the greatest treasure of the church militant upon the earth: the untarnished and blameless love of a holy man, who feared God above any, and worked righteousness. Here follows the collect read at his graveside:

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity, we give Thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver them out of the miseries of this sinful world; beseeching Thee, that it may please Thee, of Thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect, and to hasten Thy kingdom; that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of Thy holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

S. Parkes Cadman.

## Art. III.—SUGGESTIONS FOR PASTORAL VISITING

The church in the home requires the attention of the pastor as much as the assembled congregation. Paul taught publicly and from house to house, and for the space of three years ceased not to warn everyone day and night with tears. The revival of personal evangelism has brought the memoirs of Carvosso and other eminent workers to the attention of Christians, and occasionally we hear the lament "that if preachers today would do the work as the fathers did, much more would be accomplished." Let us not forget that the habits and conditions of the people have so changed that the preachers of today cannot do their work as did the preachers of a past generation. There is as much difference in the pastoral work of today and that of fifty years ago as there is between methods of travel or warfare then and now. Then there were few cities, not many large towns, and small ones were far apart. The merchant lived over his store or alongside it, the blacksmith and wagonmaker worked so close to their homes they could be called to their meals. If the preacher came to the farmer's home at nine o'clock in the morning, or at two o'clock in the afternoon, the horn would be blown and the plowman would come to the house, glad to meet the itinerant. The shoemaker had his bench in one corner of the sitting room or kitchen. Nearly everything the family needed was made at home, and the people could be easily found. The children were not away at school or at work. Now, if we are to see the men, we must go to the shops or stores or mills and take the time that belongs to their employers, or call at the home in the evening when the men and children are supposed to be there. Even then the men will often be at the lodge, or elsewhere, and the evenings at a pastor's disposal are very few. All a preacher had to do in the "good old days" was to save souls; he could even postpone a funeral sermon three or six months if he so desired. Now, outside of the direct work of saving souls, the pastor of an average charge has more duties to perform, required by the Discipline, than had any dozen preachers in the days of Peter Cart-

wright. There are many pastors who would be only too glad to do the work the fathers did if they could. Having many difficulties to contend with, occasionally a pastor concludes he is not adapted to pastoral work and devotes his whole time to the preparation of sermons, resulting ultimately in a transfer to some other church or employment.

To succeed in the pulpit the real life of the people must be known, and that can be found only in the home. No assistant pastor, pastor's wife, or deaconess should prevent the pastor from personally getting acquainted with the people, and nothing in the way of difficulties can justify a preacher in neglecting one of the most successful methods of reaching them and bringing them to Christ. The fathers had their difficulties, grappled with them, and won; the men of today can do the same if they will. After all suggestions are made the pastor must work out the problem in his own church as best he can and leave the result with God.

Suggestions: Read frequently the section in the Discipline on Pastoral Fidelity. Provide a blankbook, out of which can be made a pocket reference guide. Begin with the first family you meet. Secure the correct names of all members of the family, note those who belong to the church, the exact ages of the children, and who of them have been baptized. This will give you a birthday grip upon them. Study the list before calling the second time; for the sooner everyone is known, so as to call each by name, the better. "The good shepherd calleth his own sheep by name." You may get credit for having a good memory, which will do no harm, and this method will help to make the memory good. It will help also in grading the Sunday school and in the management of affairs where all cannot be invited. As opportunity offers make inquiries about the work of the children in and out of school, and in prayer mention them by name. All this will help to win the hearts of parent and child. It prepares the way also to admonish the parents as to their obligations. If the family remove from the parish, you have the proper data for certificates. Add to this record, as opportunity offers, nationality, occupation, deaths, or other events in the history of the family; peculiarities of belief, doubts, temptations, infirmities, strong qualities, danger points,

spiritual needs, the hard things they have to endure—in fact, everything in the family record which will in any way help you to understand them. Many children and young people have some kind of a fad, such as postage stamps, electricity, or wireless telegraphy. If so, become informed, and they will be delighted to talk with you, and you can use such information as an opening wedge to introduce spiritual truth. This is commonplace, but it may become extraordinary if it wins for you a place in their hearts so that they will prefer your counsel or comfort, as the case may be, to that of a much greater preacher, and the way will always be open for doctrine, reproof, or rebuke as may be necessary. Know also their social environment and the religion of their neighbors. With this knowledge the sermons can be made more profitable than otherwise. Call first on those who need you most—the sick, aged, and shut-ins, or those having trouble over business or family affairs or in homes where death has lately come.

The pastor needs to go about his work with his eyes open, yet there will be styles of dress and methods of housekeeping and other peculiarities which he must not notice. He must use his ears, and will sometimes hear evil reports, but he must not appoint himself a committee to run them down. If there has been wrongdoing, it may have been forgiven long ago. If correction is necessary, it can be brought about if undertaken in the right spirit and method. Cultivate both eye and ear to recognize the quiet longing of a soul after God. Be careful in conversation; avoid slang; be so pure in your life that no one would even imagine you could tell a vulgar story. Be good listeners; let others talk and they will give you a little insight into their lives. Watch for thought tendencies; read between the lines; keep clear of personalities; the preacher has no business to join with others to dissect character. Better let others tell their faults than advertise your own. Cultivate wisdom in asking questions. Direct the conversation along lines of Christian experience in church work. Study conditions as revealed in the furnishing of the home, the music, pictures, and papers and books read. Watch for a place to put the church *Advocate*. Be familiar with the tract literature of the church, that you may supplement your visit with the wisdom of others. A tract

written by John Wicliff won John Huss to Christ. Cultivate the habit of being at home everywhere you go. Never lose sight of the fact that the bad are to be saved and the good made better. If last Sunday's work produced no conviction, conversion, or helpfulness, pray for an inspiration in another line. It is an easy matter to make a thousand calls a year if this means simply to run about, to call at the door, or to go within and be jolly and joke a little and go away. But it means vastly more if a man is working for the salvation of men or for the edification of believers. Pastoral calls need as much care and thoughtfulness as the sermon. There is the same end in view and there is needed the same sense of responsibility.

It is well to have the names of children in Sunday school who do not belong to families in the church. Their presence in the school opens the way for a pastoral call. A record should be kept of the families found through the membership or by personal canvass whom the church should look after. This will facilitate the work in time of special services, when assignments can be made to members for individual work. Find and visit the homes where there are members of the Cradle Roll and Home Department of the Sunday school. Call on strangers who attend your church; consider everybody belongs to your charge that has no allegiance to any other church. If you find people who have their membership in a distant church, get permission to send for their certificates.

Nowhere is the disciplinary rule more necessary: "To converse sparingly and conduct yourselves prudently with women."

The children will be at school and the father away on business, but if the pastor be a true man of God he has nothing to fear. There will be some places, however, where a pastor ought never to go alone. If he has a wife, and she is able to go, let him take her with him; if not, take some other Christian woman and remain above suspicion. Avoid familiarity and all flattery. To go from house to house, to get acquainted with the people, to find what they want, to discover their religious necessities, to hear their complaints, if they have any, and to take them all, with their various peculiarities, in his sympathies and prayers to a throne of grace is hard work, and it is better not to begin that part of the task on

Monday. If the pastor does so when feeling the relaxation after his Sabbath duties, and finds many absent or at extra household work, he may be tempted to believe he can do more and better work in his study. Four or five afternoons of real pastoral work and an evening or two in a week will meet all requirements, but do not take time to play parlor and lawn games and call them pastoral calls. It will seldom be necessary to send notice of your coming. Cultivate tact, look to the Holy Spirit to help you to perceive what is appropriate. Go out and in before the people in such a way that they may know there will be no repetition of their stories and they will open their hearts to you. Muddy feet, a dripping umbrella, a rude knock at the door, a boisterous manner, a visit too extended or a criticism of men or things may close the heart to all blessed influences as successfully as irreverence in the pulpit will cause the Holy Spirit to depart. Study the family where you visit to find the future preachers, missionaries, and official members. We ought not to be satisfied unless we can see young people going out from all our charges through our universities into all the fields of church activities. On my first circuit in southern Illinois I was in great need of a Sunday school superintendent. Sitting one day on the porch of a farmhouse a boy came in from the fields tired and hungry, but goodly to look upon. A voice seemed to say: "Appoint him, for this is he." The lad was not as tall as Saul, or as sweet a singer as David, or as wise as Solomon, but a far better man than some of their successors. He was so young and timid he could superintend the Sunday school but once in two weeks, yet he was always present and willing. He is today pastor of a city church. Study the membership in their homes to find the work for which nature and religion have adapted them and train them for it. Many members would work if they only knew how. A good deed is done when others are put to work. A missionary biography placed in the hands of a boy or girl may interest the child in missions and discover the missionary of the future. The leaders of tomorrow in church and state are in the Christian families of today. Happy is the man who can discover and develop them. Thorough acquaintance with the membership will often enable a man to steer clear of antagonistic forces. Overlook no

one; treat everybody alike—the miner, the farmer, the employed and the employer. Cheerfully commend the true and faithful; push delinquents to more and better work.

The visit may not always be concluded with reading the Scriptures and prayer, but if this can be done, it will mean so much more to the family than prayer elsewhere because it will be in their own home and to meet their special necessities. The pastor must have for his great purpose the impressing of the Christ life upon his parishioners. To do this he must have the impress of the Christ character upon his own soul. If he has this, nothing in the way of difficulties, poverty, riches, isolation, ignorance, or great social position will divert his mind from the soul to which God sends him. He will have no cause for unrest, the angel of the Lord will camp round about him, and his parishioners will feel toward him as did the Shunammite woman toward Elisha when she said to her husband, "Behold now, I perceive that this is a holy man of God, which passeth by us continually. Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick: and it shall be, when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither." "Take heed to the flock." Feed the lambs as well as the sheep. Go out and in blameless, speaking the truth in love, lest Satan should get the advantage of you: for you "are not ignorant of his devices." "Quit you like men." You are the representatives of the Lord Jesus Christ.

R. Z. Trahey

## Art. IV.—THE IDEAL PREACHER

The most picturesque character in all the wide-spreading and fascinating record of human attainment and activity is the prophet. It is the province of the historian to deal with the events of the past. He cannot write history until history is made. He can classify events; he can tabulate facts; he must have respect for chronology, just as certainly as the geologist must allow a period for the production of the curious and fantastic forms of fossil and flora and fauna hidden away in the bowels of the earth; he must, if he be a faithful historian, chronicle many events that are astonishing and even unlikely to the amateur student; he is bound to show that the great struggles in an individual life have resulted in the bringing of some obscure character to the front until his bulk filled the whole horizon of public interest and discussion; he is bound to record the fact that a cause endowed with the most opulent wealth, championed by the most splendid leadership, and sustained by a redoubtable constituency that didn't know how to surrender, has been literally wiped off the map of the world, while another cause, feebly endowed, poorly equipped, and lacking in all the elements of popular leadership, has forged to the front, decimated armies composed of veterans, acquired vast territory and enormous wealth in one brilliant campaign after another, until it assumed and held its proud place in the congress of nations. Now, our historian, if he has a bent toward the philosophic, may speculate as to the causes of such strange results in human struggle for supremacy, but, after all, his rightful territory lies behind him; he is a recorder of events; he deals with the past. It is not so with the poet. He has the same scope of territory to deal with in his backward glance, to be sure; he can gather the materials for his song from the great libraries whose shelves groan under the weight of historic and scientific lore, but he has an outlook into the future as well. He is like the adventurous genius whose step is on new continents and whose voice wakes the echoes in great solitudes, and who calls back across sandy deserts or pathless oceans and incites his fellows to follow his leadership. All the unexplored

paths of new and strange and wild territory beckon to the poet. His is the freedom of field and forest and dewy meadow, murmuring rivulet and dashing torrent, towering mountain and deep gorge, wide-spreading prairie and wider-spreading, star-bespangled, illimitable, imperishable sky. The historian is like an automaton that moves within his limited circle with a precision and an attention to details that makes him mechanical and restrained and conventional and exact and calculating; but the poet is like the bird that mounts from the hard-beaten paths along which our humanity walks, weary and footsore and travel-stained, and circles and soars and sings, rising ever nearer toward the source of light, until the world lies like a huge and shapeless hulk in the far and darker-growing distance. But the prophet is a character altogether unique, because he produces the very warp and woof out of which history is woven. He is greater than the poet, because he deals with fact, whereas the poet often deals only with fancy. He is like the rushing mountain stream that pours its impetuous torrent through the silent gorge, and flows now and again over precipitous rocks, and leaps into dark and mysterious depths, while the poet is like the spray generated by that bold and tragical plunge. The prophet is greater than the sculptor, because in one gifted hour he secures patterns for which the sculptor groped about in the dark for weary years. He gets his patterns direct from the great workshop whose occult and invisible forces minister to the deepest demands of the soul. The prophet is greater than the artist, because he not only supplies the genius that paints the picture upon the canvas but the canvas itself, and the brush and the colors. The prophet derives his authority and the credentials for his commission directly from God himself. His message is reënforced and punctuated and illuminated by the language and spirit which, translated into the vernacular of the people, forever reads, "Thus saith the Lord." If the Magna Charta of a kingdom, or the ukase of an emperor, or the Declaration of Independence of a republic, or the Emancipation Proclamation of a president, or any great state paper, challenges the best thought of the most astute statesmen and philanthropists—considering that the discussion of those themes has to do with government as it is now constituted—what

shall we say of the dignity and importance of that other and larger theme which concerns the endless happiness or misery of every individual member of society in every possible condition of civilization or barbarism! It is characteristic of God's dealings with his creatures to lay most emphasis on essentials. Hence he deals with principles. He generalizes from safe and sufficient margins. He issues his manifesto against wickedness and in favor of righteousness. He defines wickedness to exist not only in the overt act, but in the repressed word and even in the secret purpose. The scales of the divine judgment are so delicately balanced that motives are accurately weighed. "Man looketh on the outward appearance," and in consequence is often deceived. "The Lord looketh on the heart," and its intricate avenues and dark corners are open to his searching gaze; and his estimate of righteousness is just as infallible as his diagnosis of guilt. He looks at the type of godliness that parades itself with many pious overtures and genuflections, and makes long prayers as well as long professions, and at the same time hides dark and unthinkable and unnamable vices in the central deep of the soul, and he empties the vocabulary of anathema upon the unspeakable hypocrite; but he points with pathetic interest to the transgressor that is bowed down with a sense of sin, and groaning under an intolerable burden, and now and then, with face wet with many tears and with a broken and contrite heart, without even looking toward heaven, crying out, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and he signifies his acceptance of such a soul. I am undertaking to show that the fulfillment of that ancient mission with which God intrusted the prophet of the old dispensation is, in its essential scope and spirit, the newest thing in modern life.

I. The Ideal Preacher is called of God.—The first successor of Mohammed was Abubekr. After a reign of two years the aged caliph was summoned by the angel of death. In his testament, with the tacit approbation of his companions, he bequeathed the scepter to the firm and intrepid virtue of Omar. "I have no occasion," said the modest candidate, "for the place." "But the place has occasion for you," replied Abubekr. And so he came to fill the place, and occupied it nearly eleven years. Who will deny

that there is an alarming amount of friction and unrest because the place and the man that occupies it have no sort of affinity for each other? There is no reciprocal relation, there is no adaptation or essential fitness, and hence there is blundering and loss and disaster and unhappiness, which affects not only the incompetent office-bearer but the whole constituency which is supposed to stand at his back. If the law of the eternal fitness of things is violated, some unfortunate cause, individual, community, or nation, must pay the penalty. There is a theory that God's call to the individual describes a circle so large as to take in all trades and professions, so that the blacksmith, the miner, the architect, smite the iron, dig up the shining ore, or design the dwelling or sanctuary with a facility that comes to them by the appointment of the Almighty. Now, this may seem a plausible theory, and one we should like to believe. It is certain that faith in such a theory would go very far toward modifying the murmur and discontent people indulge in because of their hard lot. Perhaps this was what George Herbert was thinking about when he said:

> A servant with this clause
> Makes drudgery divine;
> Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
> Makes that and th' action fine.

The trouble about it is that there is nothing very definite said on this subject in the Scriptures, while there is reference again and again to the fact that God called prophets, apostles, and preachers of righteousness and assigned them to a definite task, and conditioned their success upon their obedience to his commands. In Heb. 5. 4, where the qualifications of the priesthood are spoken of, we read: "And no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." The reference is to Exod. 28. 1, where we read that God gave Moses command to consecrate Aaron, his brother, and set him apart to the office of the priesthood, making such garments and investing him with such symbols of authority and sanctity as became the office for which he was chosen. This suggests the general formula, and upon this we predicate the call to all subsequent messengers of God. The Saviour once said to his disciples: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you,

and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." In further confirmation of this point the Epistle to the Romans begins with the words: "Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, separated unto the gospel of God." It would seem that this call even antedated the conversion of the subject, for we read that when Ananias objected to having an interview with the persecutor, on the ground of his violent hatred of Christians, the voice of God said to him, "Go thy way: for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel."

However dispensations may change, and the dried-up husks from which the kernel of truth has been extracted may be laid aside, still this fact must be held inviolable: that if God is still speaking to man, there must be properly constituted media by which, or through whom, that announcement is made. The voice of God may sound like a whisper, as when he called little Samuel, or it may speak in the thunder and lightning of Mount Sinai to Moses, or in the whirlwind to Job, but in some way or other the messenger must hear the voice of God. The creed or dogma of a church is of value only as it is in accord with the teaching of the Scripture. The Scripture itself, and not the church's interpretation of it, must constitute the final court of appeal. Every message from ancient prophet or apostle or modern preacher derives its chief authority from the words, "Thus saith the Lord." That is the credential that will pass muster at the bar of the most astute and unfriendly criticism. What was the secret of the power of Elijah, of John the Baptist, of Peter and John, of Paul, of Savonarola, of Luther, of Calvin, of Jonathan Edwards, of John Wesley, of George Whitefield? What is the secret of power in any modern minister? That he is well educated, that he has mingled much in society, that he has traveled in foreign lands, that he has familiarized himself with the methods and forms of thought on the most generous basis, that he has a faultless diction, that he has a phenomenal vocabulary, that he has a voice so trained, so flexible, so accurately modulated that every syllable and intonation floats like music into a tired soul, that he is the impersonation of grace in every gesture, and that people are charmed and entranced by his utter-

ances—are these the essential qualifications for a man who discourses to his fellows on themes that affect their eternal interests? It is an ungracious task to criticise any man who by hard and constant discipline has acquired proficiency in any of these particulars; but surely he needs something more than this outward furnishing. The courage of the soldier must be underneath his battle dress. The dress proclaims his profession; the courage is a quality which, while it makes no parade, comes to his relief in forced marches, on bloody fields, and even in crowded and pestilential hospitals. I advance the proposition that, when the characters that figure so conspicuously on the pages of the Old and New Testaments and in the modern pulpit are deprived of this supernatural quality then they are like Samson with his shorn locks—weak, like other men. They may deal in speculation and theory, or revel in history and philosophy, or proclaim themselves the patrons of science; but if they climb not into the solitude where God equips his messengers with strength and courage, and where they can fill their quivers with the arrows of the Almighty, then they can never be his messengers to their fellow-men in any other than a sentimental or poetical sense. A church without a living ministry, commissioned by its Founder and recognized as such by devout worshipers, would be as great a caricature as a castle with its traditional appliances—turret, walls, drawbridge, elegant apartments, with every contribution of wealth and luxury—and no high-born soul to live in it. In the case of one of the prophets of the Old Testament his call antedated his birth. Before he walked forth in the full strength of his manhood, before mature thoughts began to assert themselves, before he played as a child with his companions, before he cooed as a babe in the arms of his mother, God selected him, and called him out from his fellows, and ordained him a prophet unto the nations. You think it a solemn and impressive ceremony to see holy hands laid upon the head of one of God's messengers, but who shall rightly estimate the solemnity and value which attaches to that ordination in which invisible hands are laid upon a human head and special endowments are conferred upon him! The human agency in the redemption of character and the reconstruction of society is as clearly marked in

the realm of the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual as are the mountain ranges, the coast lines, the river basins, and the zones of a continent. What God might have done in the prosecution of that great purpose whose objective point was the restoration to man of his own image, that was lost in sin, may afford room for speculation, but we are more concerned to know what he has done, what agencies he has employed in the Herculean task. The curious and inquisitive critic says: "We must have for our teachers and exemplars the highest possible exponents of the principles that enter into the government of the skies. We must have angels to announce to us the will of the heavenly Father." I am not insensible to the fact that now and again the inhabitants of the spirit-world have crossed the frontier of the universe and with swift and gentle touch have ministered to human need, or with invincible power have met and conquered the malign influences that threatened the safety of individuals and the arrogance and tyranny that menaced a whole nation. But these phenomena were limited to some great exigency. It was no part of the divine plan to make them common. And even Christ himself teaches us the lesson, of profound import, that angels are not to be called into requisition where human hands can render the necessary service. "But," says our critic again, "why, if it was necessary that human agencies should be brought into requisition in God's management of the affairs of his kingdom in the world—why, if the persons spoken of are picked men, didn't God pick those who had no faults or infirmities?" As a matter of fact, I suppose it must be conceded that one of the reasons God didn't choose faultless persons was because there were none such to be found. One of the arguments for the indestructibility of the kingdom of God is the fact that it has survived the infirmities and failures of its own friends and advocates. If God has selected from among the great mass of human intelligence and capability the best specimens of fidelity and discipleship, is not that recognition of, and compliance with, the same principle that has guided in the selection of leaders for some great commercial, educational, or philanthropic enterprise among men? Look at the leaders God has chosen whose portraits still hang life-size in the galleries of centuries hoary with antiquity.

Listen to the roll call of greatness. They were picked men and women for conflicts at strategic points on great moral battlefields—points that even to this day stand out like milestones along the great highway of human activities. Scouts they were on the frontier of the history and destiny of the world whose far-flung battle line has reached down to modern times. Heroes and heroines they were concerning whom the inspired writer might well say, "Of whom the world was not worthy." They were great not because of their infirmities and limitations but in spite of them. There is nothing more clearly marked than the divine call for human coöperation. No president of a republic, or king, or emperor, in any official pronunciamento ever more clearly set forth the need of volunteers for service than God, the King of heaven, has issued in his call for human leadership in his church in the world.

II. The Ideal Preacher must be profoundly impressed with the grandeur and responsibility of his commission. Someone may say: "Should not everyone, in whatever trade or profession, feel the responsibility of his position?" I answer, "Yes." If he is an artist, he should feel that he has a message that speaks in every mingling of color, or touch of his brush, or stroke of his chisel; and he should never degrade his profession to the morbid tastes that enthrone the sensuous and exile the spiritual. The true artist must speak to the soul of man, and the soul lies deeper than the eye or the intellect. But perhaps he is a physician to whom a human life is intrusted; if so, it would be a pitiable sight to see him pleading inefficiency or indifference in his profession. He needs a rare combination of strength, tenderness, and wisdom to deal successfully with the complicated problem. If you say that these men who stand out as representatives of the wide field of human activities fill important positions, I cheerfully accord the claim; but I hold that the minister of the gospel has graver responsibilities laid upon him. Let us remember with special emphasis that there are certain things that can never change. God's abhorrence of guilt, his love of purity, his compassion for the penitent, and his punishment of the incorrigibly sinful, stand out on the page of the Scriptures, and in his dealing with individuals and nations, like the mountain ranges on a continent. They

are voices that murmur forever like the waves of the sea. Revolutions may occur, kingdoms rise and fall, society take on different appearances, ambitious schemes struggle for the ascendancy, the tramp of millions of feet and the plaintive cry of millions of voices be hushed, but the principles that govern the kingdom of God go on like the law of gravitation, or the spirit of the seasons, or the revolution of the earth; and it is the business of the minister of the gospel to enunciate those principles. Once on a time an obscure man rose up to address the French Convention. At the close of his oration Mirabeau, the giant genius of the Revolution, turned round to his neighbor and eagerly asked: "Who is that?" The other, who had been in no way interested by the address, wondered at Mirabeau's curiosity. Thereupon the latter said: "That man will yet act a great part," and added, on being asked for an explanation: "He speaks as one who believes every word he says." Surely they who have tarried long in the secret places where the Infinite and Eternal reveals himself to human thought should speak to their fellows as though they believed their own utterances. Vincent Ferrier, the eloquent preaching friar of the fifteenth century, used to prepare his sermons kneeling before a crucifix, looking constantly at the wounds represented. He was called to preach before a high dignitary of state and took great care to prepare his sermon according to the rules of oratory. It was a dismal failure. Next day he preached in his usual style and electrified his hearers. The prince, who had heard him on both occasions, asked him how he could account for so great a difference in the sermons. He answered: "Yesterday Vincent Ferrier preached, today Jesus Christ." Michelangelo, when painting an altar-piece in a church in Florence, in order that the figures might be as deathlike as possible obtained permission of the friar to have the coffins of the newly buried opened and placed beside him during the night. It was thus that he reproduced not the mortal pallor only but the very anatomy of death. With an accuracy and vividness like this must the minister of the gospel describe that spiritual death which reveals the master artist dealing with the profoundest mysteries.

III. The Ideal Preacher must be a successful pleader. Not

all argument can be dignified by the term "persuasion." Much of it is almost anything but that. It fails in its essential aim. It is defeated on its own chosen ground. It is covered with shame and contempt in the very hour it expected honor and applause. Instead of encountering eyes that gleam with pride and pleasure, the defeated candidate for public recognition encounters eyes that gleam with scorn, or averted eyes—as if those who had hoped for something better were trying, in pity for the vanquished pleader, to conceal their disappointment. It would seem that there are some special qualifications for successful pleading on any given subject. To enumerate and amplify all the qualities necessary to success would be impossible, but in a general way we may say that anyone who enters the lists as a pleader must understand something about the laws that govern disputants. He must understand the general fundamental principles of the science or profession he represents. He must, especially, understand thoroughly the particular features of the case in hand. He must be able to cite recognized authorities to sustain his propositions. He must have a wealth of information on all points collateral, as well as direct, pertaining to his subject. He must have witnesses of unquestioned veracity to confirm his statements. He must discover whether there were any extenuating circumstances that entered into the history of the infraction of the law. He must anticipate the arguments on the other side of the question. He must not forget that a shrewd, calculating, perhaps unscrupulous, disputant is waiting his turn to present counter arguments, and perhaps sophistry, sarcasm, taunt, or threat, under the guise of argument. He must be awake to the fact that human judgment is so badly warped and prejudiced that it is almost impossible to secure an intelligent, unbiased decision on any great question. Besides this broad, general furnishing a man that would plead successfully for any cause whatever must understand human nature, its strange freaks, its countless vagaries and eccentricities, as well as those qualities that are always at par. I do not insinuate that he must pander to improper motives or feelings, but he must be aware of their existence and power in order to guard against their insidious approach. In addition to this he must have that peculiar qualification which forever eludes

all technical analysis and nomenclature, which will open up the avenues to the hearts and consciences of those who are opposed to his theories and doctrines and make them feel, in spite of themselves, that the matter under discussion must have some merit or it could not be so ably stated and defended. A great admirer of Rufus Choate once said: "I have stood and listened to that wonderful orator for six consecutive hours, yet he did not become hoarse or lose his physical power. The perspiration literally ran from his pores, so intense were the fires within, but his clear, clarion tones still rang through the hall of justice and literally shook the hearts of his auditors. I wonder if Choate ever lost a case? I doubt if he did. His point was to capture the jury, which he usually did by magnetic influence. No hapless bird ever fell into the jaws of the snake more powerless to resist than did the unwitting jurors drop into the arms of this charmer, while he seemed to press them to his bosom, murmuring, 'My dear fellows, I am so interested for *you,* lest you should fall into an error and convict the accused and destroy the peace of your dying hour.' So well was this done that each separate juror felt himself to be the client of Choate." If the forensic arena affords an opportunity and supplies a stimulus for such marvelous triumphs, should not the pulpit, with its wider range and its superlative incitements, count even greater victories? There was once a pleader in this high realm of morals who was so successful that the craft that manufactured deities was alarmed, and their spokesman said: "Ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods, which are made with hands: So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at naught; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshipeth."

IV. The Ideal Preacher must have zeal. Shall I say he is an enthusiast? I am aware there is much objection to that term. Someone has supplied this definition of an enthusiast: "He is narrow and hoodwinked, so that he has no sense of proportions, and becomes unjust and unsympathetic to men who are out of his

track." But there is another definition of this term, equally legitimate: "An enthusiast is one whose mind is wholly possessed and heated by what engages it." I can see no objection to this definition. Of course we must concede the point that the line between zeal and fanaticism is a very narrow one. Peter the Hermit, by his impassioned arguments, appeals and tears incited thousands of his countrymen to organize a crusade, the purpose of which was to rescue the holy sepulcher from the hands of the Turks. George Whitefield, with his impassioned oratory and phenomenal eloquence, incited thousands of his countrymen to organize a crusade in the thought realm which should ultimately lead them to look into the empty sepulcher in which their Lord had lain and go away with glad hearts, exclaiming: "The Lord is risen indeed!" Peter the Hermit stood on one side of this narrow line between zeal and fanaticism; George Whitefield stood on the other. Pompey the Great was once in vain advised against a perilous undertaking. "It is not necessary," said he, "for me to live, but it is necessary that I should go." Paul once said: "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." And anyone watching his consecrated activities would come to the conclusion that it paid immensely for this tireless toiler, instead of roving over all the fields of art, science, literature, and philosophy, to concentrate his energies upon one point, and thus cut a channel in the thought of all succeeding centuries so deep that all the debris of human speculation and skepticism could not fill it up. Just at this point there is a serious error to be guarded against. It is sometimes supposed, and even announced, that enthusiasm is inseparably connected with loud vociferation, tragical attitude, and frantic appeal. No greater mistake could be made. It is said that the silence of Savonarola when preaching, instead of being a signal of movement on the part of the audience, seemed as strong a spell as his voice. Through the cathedral men and women sat like breathing statues, with faces upturned, till his voice was heard again in clear, low tones. Dr. Wardlaw describes a Thursday lecture of Chalmers, when the church in Glasgow was crowded at

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the busiest hour of the day with representatives of all vocations. He tells of the hush which marked the announcement of the text, and which became more profound as the sermon advanced. Every breath was held, every cough suppressed, and every eye riveted, till occasionally Dr. Chalmers would pause to wipe his brow or adjust his gown. Then there is free breathing once more, and postures are changed by those who could not bear such a strain much longer; but the instant the orator's hand is lifted all again is hushed. Let me say one other thing on this subject of zeal. The objective point in every instance should be to direct the eye of the soul to Jesus Christ. The preaching of the apostles was ever characterized by a reciprocal relation between truth and the heart of the hearer for whom it was designed. No atmosphere was ever more clearly made as the suitable environment for the wing of a bird, or water for the fin of a fish, than was the human heart as the proper territory for the operation of great principles of truth and righteousness.

V. The Ideal Preacher must have the courage that is born of obedience. There is a passage in history that tells us about the invasion of Palestine by the Mohammedans. The holy banner was intrusted to Zeid. He fell like a soldier, in the foremost ranks. The death of Jaafar was heroic and memorable. He lost his right hand; he shifted the standard to his left; the left was severed from his body; he embraced the standard with his bleeding stumps till he was transfixed to the ground with fifty honorable wounds. Even when a man falls in an unworthy cause you cannot but admire such valor; but how much more beautiful when it is found in a noble cause! Moral heroism is the highest of all types. What is it that makes great generals, poets, orators, and historians? I answer: Great themes, great crises in national affairs, great revolutions, that determine the struggle between freedom and tyranny. The same is true in the realm of the intellectual and moral. No single age has been prolific of greatness. There is a reciprocal relation between an opportunity for distinction and the mind that can seize that opportunity. Given a great man, and a great theme, he will somehow find a territory for the mental and spiritual evolution that shall be an appropriate answer to the

plaintive cry of his fellows. If obedience is an essential quality in the life of a soldier, with what peculiar accentuation must we consider that spiritual warfare where every campaign and every engagement must be under the direct supervision of Him from whose command there can be no appeal. It is one of the proofs of faithfulness on the part of the biographer that he record the weaknesses and failures of his characters, and in this he differs from the novelist. We therefore look in vain through all the Scriptures for perfect characters. Moses is the meekest man, yet he grows impatient with his countrymen and reproves them with a severity that sounds like an echo from Mount Sinai. Elijah is the most faithful and fearless of the prophets, yet he abandons his task, runs down through the country and out into the solitude of the wilderness, as if an avenging fury was on his track, hides his head under the low-bending branches of a juniper tree, and begs that he may die. Jeremiah is so discouraged with his poor success that he exclaims: "I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name." Then came a saner moment, and the man was himself again, and he said: "But his word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay." And once more his clarion call to his degenerate countrymen rang true to the great verities. The disciples of our Lord are again and again reminded that obedience to the supreme authority is not only the condition and badge of friendship but prompt recognition of the ever-recurring "Go," which extends their commission to the ends of the earth. It is a great thing to be so in harmony with the divine government as to indorse the one propaganda that shall reconstruct society and make the world, that was cursed by sin, bloom like a garden of the Lord. A parishioner of Whately once said to his archbishop that he did not believe that the occupant of the pulpit had a right to make those of the pew uncomfortable. Whately agreed, but added: "Whether the sermon is to be altered, or the man's life, depends on whether the doctrine is right or wrong." Robert Morris once said to Dr. Rush: "I like that preaching best which drives a man into the corner of his pew and makes him think the devil is after him." I knew a faithful and fearless preacher of the gos-

pel—his weary feet long ago crossed the portals of the "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God"—who once went to a new charge, and opened his commission by preaching several sermons of a virile, comprehensive, practical character, and was shortly afterward interviewed by a leading member of the church who informed him that if he preached after that fashion, he would render himself unpopular; but that if he adopted a certain style, which this modest adviser was, of course, well qualified to indicate, he might expect to remain a full term, and be popular, and have many friends. What has the ideal preacher to do with popularity? If that is his objective point, he has not yet learned the first principles of his high and holy calling. This preacher took occasion soon afterward to preach a sermon from the text: "So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me." Perhaps that did not please all his fastidious hearers, but it pleased the Lord; and he, who long ago proclaimed that his word should not return unto him void, poured out the Holy Spirit upon that community and a deep and widespread revival of religion followed. God said to Jonah: "Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee." There is not, there never was, there never can be, in the wide realm of human equipment and endowment, any satisfactory substitute for the "Thus saith the Lord." It is just as true now as it was in the days of king Saul, that "to obey is better than to sacrifice."

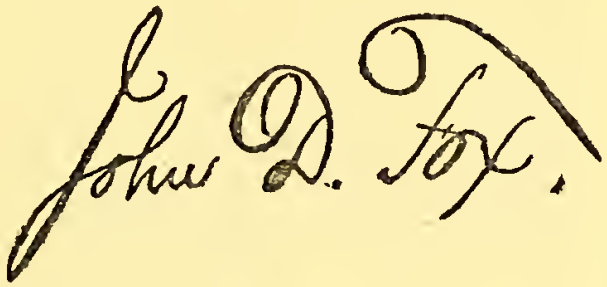
VI. The Ideal Preacher must have a profound sympathy with the deepest needs of his fellows. There was a reception tendered to a young lady at a fashionable watering place. It was the talk of the town. Two men conversing on the common theme expressed surprise at the elaborate preparations to do this transient guest such unusual honor. One said to the other: "Well, what is there, anyhow, about this young woman to explain such popularity? She is very rich, I dare say—an heiress no doubt?" "No, I think not," said the other; "on the contrary, I am credibly informed that she is poor." "Well, she is a society queen, then? Very beautiful, I presume?" "No," said the other, "I am quite sure

she is not that. Indeed, I think she is quite homely." "What is the explanation, then, of this universal interest in her?" After a moment's pause the answer came: "On reflection, I think the reason of this woman's popularity is that she seems never to think of herself. She is always planning to do something for the comfort and happiness of others." That, after all, is the golden key that turns back the rusty bolt in the lock of the heart of our humanity. The people that are thinking about themselves first, last, and always, are not very pleasant neighbors, and they are not good citizens either; and as for being Christians, that is altogether out of the calculation. The very genius of the gospel is self-forgetfulness and self-abnegation in behalf of those who need a cheering voice and a helping hand. The business of a Christian minister is not only to be a friend to his fellows but to make them acquainted with the greatest character in art, the greatest character in literature, the greatest character in history—the Son of man. There was a certain Scotch preacher who thought he was making the best use of his equipment for the edification and comfort of his hearers. He paid a great many flattering and gratuitous compliments to science, he talked about homogeneity and heterogeneity, and the selection of species, and the survival of the fittest, and so forth and so on, and his congregation knew little and cared less about the whole thing. One Sunday morning when he came into the pulpit he found a bit of paper pinned on the sofa on which was written: "Sir, we would see Jesus!" He was a good man, this minister of the gospel. He was not offended at the request. He thought he had rendered the best service he was capable of for the people he loved. He went to his study and took down his sermons preached in the last six months and looked them over with the eye of a critic now; the severest test is usually the fairest; as he was, first of all, an honest man he had to admit, reluctantly enough, that there was not much in those sermons to be a guide to people that wanted to find Jesus. So he changed the whole tone of his preaching. He presented Jesus in all his offices—Prophet, to instruct us, Priest, to atone for us, King, to reign over us; and he had the satisfaction of seeing that strange "light that never was on sea or land" playing again and

again on the toilworn countenances of his congregation. On another Sunday when he entered his pulpit he found a bit of paper pinned on the sofa, and in the same handwriting were the words: "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." The heart of our humanity cries out for spiritual leadership that has real sympathy with the woes and burdens and sorrows of this hard, prosy, workaday world. A bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in a western city was much interested in the poor people in a certain quarter of the city. The people that lived in that neglected district watched him as he went in and out, and began to take his measure. The first year they said: "That's what you call a bishop." The second year, without anything acrimonious now in their manner, they said: "That's the bishop!" but the third year, with real respect and love for the man who had fairly won his way to their hearts, they said: "That's our bishop." Abraham Lincoln, in his rude cabin on the frontier of civilization, denied the luxuries and even the comforts of life, wrote with a turkey-buzzard pen and brier-root ink, but there were great thoughts struggling for expression in that virile brain and that noble life; after a while he wrote a message to the heart of humanity that neither civilization nor barbarism can ever suffer to perish. Many men before and since the time of Abraham Lincoln have been surrounded with all the accessories and amenities of wealth and comfort and luxury; they had access to royal libraries; they had leisure to write, and correct, and transpose, and reconstruct their propositions, arguments, and conclusions; they have written with golden pen, upon tinted and perfumed paper, but nobody cares to read what they have written because they had no message to the heart of our bruised and broken humanity. They only dealt in stale, dreary, meaningless platitudes.

There is a dainty bit of trailing arbutus clinging to the mountainside yonder. You saw it last summer on your vacation. It is overshadowed by trees and rocks; it grows on the verge of the gorge; its fragrance is different from that of any other flower. It needs no cultivation; it is a child of the shade and the solitude. You may bring it down out of its forest home, and plant it in your garden, and surround it by the best conditions at your com-

mand. You may plant it under the shadow of a rock, and have a little moss and a few handfuls of coal-dirt around it to make it feel at home; but you will have only indifferent success with it, if, indeed, you can keep it alive at all. It is not so with the gospel. It is good for all extremes of heat and cold, and wet and dry; it is the same at home and abroad; it is good for the rich and the poor, the philosopher and the peasant; it is the one panacea for the world's plaintive cry of disappointment and distress. O, preacher of the glorious gospel, after all, your nearest approach to the ideal will be in your eagerness to make the good news of the kingdom ring out above all the jarring sounds of earth, and to plant the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley in the wide stretches of human depravity, and to see Jesus acknowledged supreme in the storm-swept desolation where sin has long held eminent domain.



## Art. V.—JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, POET, CRITIC AND TEACHER

The poet and essayist who is remembered in connection with the universities of Saint Andrews and Oxford, where he held important positions, will often be quoted because of the spiritual insight and mature wisdom of his sayings. It is now over seventy years since two promising youths went up to the University of Glasgow, then under the shadow of the stately cathedral. Norman Macleod and John Campbell Shairp were to remain fast friends through life. The Highlander, full of the ideals and enthusiasms of his race, became for many years its chief exponent in literary circles and among the public at large. As minister of the Barony Church and a royal chaplain he enjoyed the particular friendship of Queen Victoria. He was the founder of *Good Words,* the religious-literary monthly, and a practical philanthropist. Shairp was a Lowlander from West Lothian, where his father, a retired army officer, owned the estate of Houstoun, but his mother was a Campbell, from one of the most beautiful glens in Kintyre, and her son's early recollections were inextricably woven with summer experiences of his maternal grandfather's home:

> There first upon my soul was cast
> Dim reverence, blent with glorious thrills
> From out an old heroic past,
> Lapt in the older calm of hills.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Thanks to that glen! its scenery blends
> With childhood's most ideal hour,
> When Highland hills I made my friends,
> First owned their beauty, felt their power.

The above stanzas are taken from Shairp's "A Dream of Glen-Sallach." Another lyric from his first volume of poems describes the wonderful charm of a Highland sacramental Sabbath, when from far and near the community flock to the place of meeting in the open and there "renew their vows to the Lord in the presence of all his people." A hush of reverence seems to fill the whole air,

for the Highlanders never regard the occasion lightly. Sometimes, indeed, the communicants number but half a dozen in a large and devout congregation, so fearful are the others of eating and drinking unworthily at the table of the Lord and thus crucifying him afresh. To such as partake for the first time it is a period of the deepest heart-searchings. Shairp thus describes the scene:

Meek and very lowly
  Souls, bowed down with reverent fear,
    This their first communion day!
To the awful presence holy
  Dread it is to draw so near,
    Pain it were to turn away.

So, of old, the Hebrew malden,
  'Mid the Galilean mountains
    Leaving all her childhood time,
With her kinsfolk, incense-laden,
  By Kedron's brook, Siloah's fountain,
    Zion's hill awestruck would climb.

. . . . . .

Sweet the chime from ruined belfry
  Stealeth; at its peaceful call,
Round the knoll whereon the preacher
  Takes his stand, they gather all:
In whole families seated, o'er them
  Hallowed stillness seems to fall.

There they sit, the men bare-headed
  By their wives; in reverence meek
Many an eye to heaven is lifted,
  Many lips not heard to speak,
Mutely moving, on their worship
  From on high a blessing seek.

Some on gray-mossed headstones seated,
  Some on mounds of wild-thyme balm,
Grave-browed men and tartaned matrons
  Swell the mighty Celtic psalm,
On from glen to glen repeated
  Far into the mountain calm.

An Argyllshire student came up to Glasgow at the same time as Macleod and Shairp and the three became a friendly trio: Henry Alexander Douglas, who proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford,

joined the Anglican Church, and rose to be Bishop of Bombay. His sister became Mrs. Shairp, a woman of grace and accomplishments, who still survives in honored widowhood. The stories and poetry of the West Highlands were the constant theme of the trio. Student life during the three years that Shairp spent at the old college of Glasgow was fresh and stimulating. In the year 1838 there came an influence into its classical studies which was of the highest. Edmund Law Lushington, brother-in-law of the poet Tennyson, the

> True and tried, so well and long,
> . . . . . .
> Consistent; wearing all that weight
> Of learning lightly like a flower,

to whom the bridal song at the close of "In Memoriam" is addressed, brought to the northern city all the scholarship and accomplishments of Cambridge. After Lushington had delivered his inaugural address as professor of Greek, Shairp came out of the room repeating instinctively the line from Milton's "Lycidas":

> That strain I heard was of a higher mood.

For nearly forty years Lushington continued to maintain this high elevation and teach his students by example as well as by precept what things are most worthy of reverence. When Shairp was elected to a Snell exhibition, in his twenty-third year, he was already a good debater and a fair critic. He got to Oxford in time to listen to the music of John Henry Newman's voice in old Saint Mary's, and he conceived a lasting regard for the great Cardinal. He bears testimony to this in "Balliol Scholars"; a poem which, by its apt characterization of Matthew Arnold and other members of the "scholar brotherhood, high-souled, complete," will always retain its interest and value:

> The voice that weekly from Saint Mary's spake
> As from the unseen world oracular,
> Strong as another Wesley to rewake
> The sluggish heart of England, near and far,
> Voice so intense to win men and repel,
> Piercing yet tender, on these spirits fell,
> Making them other, higher, than they were.
> . . . . . .

The voice that from St. Mary's thrilled the hour—
He could not choose but let it in, though loth;
Yet a far other voice with earlier power
Had touched his soul and won his first heart-troth.

He refers, of course, to Dr. Thomas Arnold, to whose teaching he remained much more conservatively loyal than the brilliant poet-critic, Arnold's son, another Balliol scholar:

So full of power yet blithe and débonnair,
Rallying his friends with pleasant banter gay,
Or, half a-dream, chanting with jaunty air
Great words of Goethe, catch of Beranger.

A stanza of the poem is devoted to the accomplished poet and thinker, Arthur H. Clough, a whole-souled man of deep feeling:

Yet lithe of limb, and strong as shepherd boy,
He roamed the wastes and drank the mountain joy
To cool a heart too cruelly distraught.

As the "Thyrsis" of Matthew Arnold's immortal elegy Clough has an abiding interest. The reading-party at Glen Urquhart which gave the poet the materials for his Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich comes into Shairp's life. The Scotchman was always an ardent pedestrian, fond of rambles among the heathery glens, drinking in

All the weird, visionary lore that lives
Still by the dim lochs of the western sea,
And to that region and its people gives
Strange eerie glamourie.

He happened upon Clough and his band of Oxonians in one of these walks, and it is believed that several of the characteristics of "Philip" were borrowed from Shairp's personality:

Philip, who speaks like a book—like a folio say'st thou, Piper?—
Philip shall write us a book, a Treatise upon The Laws of
Architectural Beauty in Application to Women.

Shairp still kept up his associations with Glasgow and with Lushington, who enters into his poem, "Three Friends in Yarrow." The third friend is John Veitch, who for a third of a century taught logic and metaphysics within the walls of Glasgow University and has done so much for Scottish letters by his History and Poetry of the Scottish Border, and other studies.

O fond and foolish time, when to ballad and old rhyme
Every throb of my pulse was beating!
As if old world things like these could minister heart's-ease
Or the world's deep want be meeting.

. . . . . .

Now when gone is summer prime, and the mellow autumn time
Of the year and of life has found us,
With thee, O gentle friend, how sweet one hour to spend,
With the beauty of Yarrow all around us!

With him too for a guide, the Poet of Tweedside,
Our steps 'mong the braes to order,
Who still doth prolong the fervor, torrent-strong,
The old spirit of the Border.

The "gentle friend" in the above is Lushington, whose classes Shairp conducted during the winter of 1856-57. Veitch, a bit of a poet himself, was one of the ardent Wordsworthians of his day, a fondness he shared with Shairp. Bred and born in the Tweed country, he knew every nook and cranny around Yarrow. Shairp had also an hereditary connection through his great-grandmother, Anne Scott, of Harden, the lady celebrated in song as the "Flower of Yarrow." That Lushington inspired in Shairp the same unbounded love and esteem as are breathed through the lines of "In Memoriam" is evident from the closing stanzas of this same lyric:

And who more fit to find than thou—in soul and mind
All akin to great bards departed—
The high thoughts here they breathed, the boon they have bequeathed
To all the tender-hearted?

And we who did partake, by still Saint Mary's Lake,
Those hours of renewed communion,
Shall feel, when far apart, the remembrance at our heart
Keeps alive our foregone soul-union.

From this world of eye and ear soon we must disappear,
But our after life may borrow
From these scenes some tone and hue, when all things are made new,
In a fairer land than Yarrow.

In Shairp's utterances, it will be noted, there is no uncertainty of sound on the subject of immortality. The warm religious life of Scotland and of Cambridge, unchilled by scholastic abstractions

and subtleties, he found completely congenial. He neither clung to the shelter of a national church—like Matthew Arnold, while rejecting every shred of Christian dogma—nor sadly went out of its gates, like Clough, because creed and conviction pulled different ways. He remained a devout evangelical, a type but sparely represented at Oxford. When Veitch, one beautiful September morning in 1885, suddenly caught sight in the papers of an announcement of Shairp's death, he was cut to the heart. "I have not for many a day," he wrote shortly afterward, "been so benumbed by a blow. The heart seems to have gone out of me for work, thought, almost feeling. Alas for my brother beloved! for a man more soul to soul, heart to heart—with me—I have not met in this world, and do not expect to see again. Into the 'sunless land'—well—it is sunless enough to my eyes. I see not, know not, what and where it is. Yet there is a hope, even a faith, that no true, pure soul is lost—or even engulfed in indefinitude—but lives; otherwise this universe is profoundly, essentially, cursedly irrational. Why should we be but to be the best? and, if the best perishes, what a mockery!" The two poet-critics were colleagues for several years. In 1857 Shairp was appointed assistant professor of Latin at Saint Andrews University, and four years later he became full professor. Veitch followed him to Saint Andrews in 1860 as professor of Logic and Rhetoric; a post he held for four years, until he was transferred to the like chair at Glasgow. In Saint Andrews, the smallest yet the most historic of Scottish universities, there was gathered at that time an extraordinarily brilliant group of thinkers and teachers. James Frederick Ferrier, whose Institutes of Metaphysic and other philosophical works are known and esteemed in America today by the best thinkers, held the chair of moral philosophy; John Tulloch held the chair of theology; William Young Sellar was professor of Greek; James David Forbes, no mean name in science, was principal of the United College of Saint Salvator's and Saint Leonard's. Tulloch was also principal of Saint Mary's, the school of divinity. Shairp succeeded Forbes later as principal and somewhat reluctantly gave up his duties as a teacher, which were, in fact, much more congenial.

It was an unfortunate venture with which Principal Shairp

associated himself when the attempt was made to plant an Oxford type of College Hall at Saint Andrews. For many years the English universities had been attracting southward the aristocratic youth of the northern kingdom, so that Scotland seemed in danger of losing hold upon her budding peers and legislators. The Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Earl of Aberdeen, and other noblemen, were induced to send their sons to the new Hall at Saint Andrews, known as Saint Leonard's, but the simple democratic traditions holding at the university made the combination of aristocrat and plain commoner unworkable and impossible; nor was the conscientious and high-minded, but somewhat over-paternal, principal the best of administrators in volcanic times. After a period of constant worry to him the attempt was abandoned. The vacated building formed the nucleus of the great ladies' school of today.

Shairp's highest pleasure was found in cultivating personal relations with students, especially with those who had gentle ways and spiritual aspirations. With such he loved to be fatherly and tender. His Celtic proclivities led him to strike up friendships with Highland students, who often possess an innate refinement, though peasants, which makes them nature's gentlemen. Whenever he could find a Lowlander with the Highland grace of manner, or a Highlander with the Lowlander sincerity, he was happy. Such was Duncan Campbell, one of the three Highland students commemorated in his poem of that name:

> His countenance and mien bespoke a heart
> True to the core as sturdiest Lowlander's,
> Yet sweetened more than Lowland manners are
> By the fine courtesy of the ancient Gael.

Duncan drooped and died just as he was reaching the goal of his ambition—the Christian ministry:

> But God had willed he should not touch that goal,

and he was called where

> For them found faithful in a few things here
> There yet remain the many things of God.

There was often give-and-take between student and professor. Ian Macgregor, the third of those remembered in verse, and his brother, were devoted Celts. Shairp relates how

> Many a time
> When I had taught them lore of ancient Rome
> Till past noontide, ere winter afternoons
> In darkness closed Ian would come and be
> My teacher in the language of the Gael.

Particularly interesting is the description of the second of the Highland students, Ewan Cameron, who, after a short ministry as a Baptist preacher, died in harness:

> When he came
> With Duncan to the old collegiate town,
> Beneath the college archway ne'er had passed
> A comelier lad. His tall and shapely form
> And easy carriage showed him strange to toil,
> But on his thoughtful brow and clear, pale cheek
> Rested a shadow as of pain foregone.
> Whene'er you spoke to him you were aware
> Of a calm dignity and natural grace,
> Brought whence you knew not, that was finer far
> Than any gathered in the polished world.

Ewan Cameron, however, was no self-centered, silver-toned dreamer. Called to be a pastor in one of the busy beehives of Yorkshire, he soon wore himself out by his labors:

> In low, dull flats, beside the streams of Don,
> 'Mid Yorkshire factory folk to minister,
> A stranger amid strangers. But few weeks
> Passed ere the warm thrill of a living faith,
> Streamed through his Celtic fervor eloquent,
> Had touched the tough but honest Yorkshire hearts
> And drawn them all toward him.

Ewan Cameron fell fighting bravely, in the forefront of the battle, like a true soldier of the cross. "Dissenter," "prayer meeting man," representative of the form of religion that aristocratic Oxford at best but smiles upon condescendingly and apologetically, he was yet a type of all that is best in the Christian life. In commemorating his fine qualities Shairp indulges in no reservations, makes no nice qualifications. To him Cameron was not a free-

lance or irregular in the Christian army, but a duly qualified ambassador of God. He was one of those, remarks the poet,

> Who took their earthly lore from us awhile,
> But now they learn the heavenly, and have seen
> The secret things that still we wait to know.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Shairp's lyre rings truer spiritually than that of any of his Oxford contemporaries. He recognizes an ocean of spirit encompassing us, which need not make us shiver, seeing that it is divine love and divine life. The closing octave of his sonnet, "Poetic Truth" (the division is into sestet-octave, not octave sestet), brings this out excellently:

> When through the world shall voice of poet shine,
> Alike true to the human and divine?
> Full of the heart of man, yet fuller fed
> At the o'erflow of that divine well-head,
> From which, as tiny drops, to earth is brought
> Whate'er is pure of love and true in thought.
> To which all spirits in the flesh that be
> Are as scant rillets in the infinite sea.

In one solitary passage Matthew Arnold hints at such an interpretation of spirit:

> What are we but a mood,
> A single mood, of the life
> Of the spirit in whom we exist,
> Who alone is all things in one?

But this is mere pantheistic speculation, with no devotional bearing. In the closing sestet of another sonnet, entitled "Relief," Shairp is equally satisfactory:

> Be still, sad soul! lift thou no passionate cry,
> But spread the desert of thy being bare
> To the full searching of the All-seeing eye;
> Wait—and through dark misgiving, blank despair,
> God will come down in pity, and fill the dry,
> Dead place with light, and life, and vernal air.

There was a Students' Sabbath Morning Association at Saint Andrews University, which met weekly in the old Logic class-

room where George Buchanan had once taught. There we had Shairp at his best. It was a manifest pleasure to him to join us in the simple gathering and speak out the inmost thoughts of his heart on spiritual matters. He was then a real interpreter of the divine in nature and the human heart. Like a true Wordsworthian, Shairp sought to attune his lyre to the moods of nature. The spring of 1876 at Saint Andrews was singularly balmy and beautiful. Beyond the high cliffs, or "Scores" as they are called—Scaurs—which stretch from the ancient cathedral and castle to the level golf-links fringed with yellow sands, the blue sea shimmered beneath the sunny heavens:

> No softer south than this did ever fall,
> The calmèd heavens no gentler look can cast,
> On wakening earth through any spring time, all
> The generations past.
>
> And we whose hearts erewhile when spring came round
> With hearts of friends for joy were wont to leap,
> Think how today spring touches many a mound,
> 'Neath which those loved ones sleep!
>
> One rests, ah dearest! by Tay's lucent wave,
> Under a great crag's overshadowing brow,
> To Christ unseen his pure strong life he gave—
> We trust he sees him now.
>
> And one—beneath roars factory, forge, and mart!
> Above—the still green fell, and boyhood's glen;
> There rests o'erwearied that large human heart,
> That brother man of men.

The principal lived in a house that stands on the Scores, high above the lapping waves. At dusk, when lights begin to sparkle all along the coast of Fife and the shores of Tay, the vivid gleam of the historic Inchcape light appears off to the northeast. It was in these sunny days of spring that an advance copy of the volume containing the life story of his friend Norman Macleod came into his hands, and his memory harked back to early days when Henry Douglas, Macleod and he were students together at Glasgow. It is to these two that he refers.

At this time his old Oxford and Rugby friend, Dean Stanley, was Lord Rector of Saint Andrews University, an honor conferred every three years on some distinguished man by the suffrages of the students. The duties mainly consist in the delivery of an inaugural and farewell address. Stanley took particular pleasure in the performance of these duties, and the two occasions of his Rectorial addresses were gala days at Saint Andrews. In a poem dated from Saint Salvator's College Shairp records his feelings of gratification:

> Guest! but no stranger; many a time before
> Thy feet had turned, with fervor all thine own,
> To pace our lost Cathedral's grass-grown floor,
> Through skeleton walls and altars overthrown;
> To trace dim graves where saint and martyr sleep,
> Or wander where wild moor and sea-washed keep
> Saw mitered heads by bloody hands struck down.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> These stirring tones—their every rise and fall—
> That vivid countenance, that winning mien,
> Some youth to listening ears shall yet recall
> In far days on when we no more are seen;
> "Stanley's voice long ago—like trumpet call
> I heard it thrill Saint Andrews antique hall;
> None other such have heard through all the years between."

Stanley survived only a year. Shairp remained nearly another decade at his post, his summers being spent in the Highlands he loved so on the braes of Aberfeldy. Greatly did he love the simple beauty of nature in these haunts, and one of the finest of his lyrics is addressed to the Winter-green (Trientalis Europæa):

> Darling flowers! at last I've found you,
> For so many months unseen,
> Through blae-berries clustered round you,
> Twinkling white with starry sheen;
> Flowers to which no equals be
> For sweet grace and purity.

He closes his apostrophe to these and other wild flowers of June with three simple quatrains embodying his gentle philosophy:

Here removed from garden art,
  Fresh-breakiug from the mountain sod,
Your gentle faces touch the heart
  Like words that come direct from God.

Ye thrill us with a touch so true
  And tender, O ye wilding flowers!
We cannot doubt Who fashioned you:
  The Same hath made these hearts of ours.

Yes, eyes of beauty bright are ye,
  On human life all soiled and dim
Forth-looking from that central sea
  Of beauty that abides with Him.

Shairp never divorces beauty and power, love and perfection. The world to him is an ambient ocean of God's love, in which—to use one of the Scotch words of which he was so fond—we are "happed." For full-toned Christian teaching this disciple of Wordsworth, fellow-student of Matthew Arnold and Clough, admirer of Newman and lifelong friend of Norman Macleod takes an honored place. He will be best known as a critic, from the serious work he has done in that field; but his poems are well worth studying because of the rich Christian psychology that underlies and vitalizes them.

James Main Dixon

## Art. VI.—CAVALIER AND PURITAN IN JOHN MILTON

John Milton is reverenced by the thoughtful reading public as perhaps no other English poet. He stands peculiarly alone, as it were, demanding the respect accorded by the general opinion. We always think of Shakespeare in a cloud of witnesses, dominating a mob of lesser dramatists, but not separated from them by the austerity of his art, attracted to men socially, living freely in every quarter of the world, entering its pleasures, interpreting its life, and at last ending his own days the earlier because of his social bent. Not so, however, with Milton. His epic stands first, and there is no English second. His life is apart from the social life of his day. Each stage of his self-discipline carried him further from his fellows. His education was not socially conceived or socially completed. His travels did not bring him into close intimacy with any men. Though he was in affairs of state, his employers deemed him merely a scholar who could aid their halting knowledge. As a publicist he effected nothing by his pamphlets save opposition. Though a poet, he had, with Bacon, to bequeath himself "to the next ages." His conjugal experiences were not all fortunate, and his children did not love him. The very youth he tutored—among them his own nephew—went over to the enemy by following courses that Milton must have abhorred. We later men feel this aloofness of his genius. His very subject, when finally conceived, adds to his separation, for he deals with loss. And he knew his subject thoroughly. He had lost money, sight, friends, family—everything, even love. He had even lost publicly, for the Puritan state never became an order; it was only an experiment. Milton's associates lost their political paradise for the same reason that Eve lost hers. She wished to take life seriously; to equal the knowledge of God—to *know*—when an idyllic life of obedience offered itself to her instead. And the Puritans made too hard and high work of life, absolutely refusing to play it as a game, and so breaking down in the attempt. If they had only had Luther's humor!

There is thus something in Milton to hold humanity at bay. We are like Lord Castlewood, who could not stand "the virtue of that proud woman," his wife; we grow aware of the distance between ourselves and the man who stands on the top of virtue. So, while probably the details of Milton's life are better known than those of any of his literary contemporaries, we do not know him in the warmly intimate way we know other men of the period. Milton's world, when we measure its later dimensions, is so large and spatial, so elemental, that we hardly jostle the creator of it. As we wander through it he is far off—a voice crying in it, a thunder shaking it, a doom-song moaning in it; but we miss the kindly familiarities of flesh and blood, and grow cold in its severe spaces, and lonely, too, without the customary foibles of humanity. In Milton's case there is, apparently, a singular reversion of the general course of literary history. At the first thought it seems as if Milton should have come before Shakespeare; since epic generally precedes drama, as Caedmon's song of creation *did* come first in English literature. The rule, however, is observed in spirit. As a rule, the older epics are stories of action and passion, but in Milton the passion is subdued by rationality, so that the issue shifts from outer action to inner reason. In his hands hell itself becomes a deliberative assembly more decorous than many a parliamentary body, and the archangels who fell through ambition become academic debaters with a style hardly exceeded by Isocrates in distinction. To go back to epic after drama, if you keep the epic on the field of action, is a retrogression; but to write an epic of the inner life is no reversion, though it may be less interesting than drama until it becomes dramatic, as it does in Browning. The Shakespearean drama was endlessly fascinated by the complications of circumstance, and so it fell upon the stock cases of involution interesting to men. It was still more enchanted with man's passion, which reached a springtide as it rebuffed the savage front of circumstance with a giant's strength. The reactions of the dramatic characters were not reasoned but instinctive. The circumstances were not causal but given, so that the play of interest lies in the attitude of the character to a given set of circumstances at a given moment. How interesting this is we all know. The

drama is real to us because we take life at its seeming, and most of us know life only in this way. A philosophical analysis of causes would only weary us while the play is on. We do not care to know how the initial conditions came to be what they are nor how the mind's machinery works upon them. We breathlessly urge on the dramatist to push to the utmost the "perilous edge of battle" and, above all, the resolution in the last act which discloses the final attitude of character to circumstantial destiny. There is something of the spring of the tiger in all Shakespearean action. This is vastly different from the leisurely procedure of Milton. The sense of causation is one of his underlying motives. He is to tell us how our very present agonies had their rise in far chaos. He looks to the past to explain the present as carefully as the modern biologist looks to primordial matter for the explanation of life. To find real connection between our bursting miseries and the early seeds of wrong is his task. This is far different from the dramatic method, and no less from the method of passionate epic, where the protagonist ever pushes on the story by his active momentum. There is also a feeling for unity in Milton that takes away something from his dramatic force. The virtue of drama is to obey the demands of sentiment, but to obey them in an unexpected way. The end is to be Nemesis, but what kind of Nemesis awaits the disclosure of the climax. But Milton early in his great poem intends to "justify the ways of God to men," and soon after affirms that Satan's plots can only serve to augment the glory of God. He tells us the proper secret too soon; there is no sharp edge possible in our interest, for the characters are already determined beyond repentance. The logic is overpowering, but life vanishes before its mechanical front. Unity, rationality, the virtues heroical of logic and philosophy, become thus a large part of Milton's furnishing. He "reasons high." He intends to make a world by sheer force that will be more rational than the impotent ill times he has fallen upon. His "mind is its own place," and he makes a heaven or hell to suit himself, revenging the illogical order of life by being logical in his poetry. If men in his day seem to get the results of good living while they live badly, he will disclose a world where the smallest wrong is punished mortally. His world is as geo-

metrical and necessary as Spinoza's, and to us as unreal. For men are not logical in this conquering fashion. They are bundles of obstinacies and contradictions. And Milton himself is no exception to the rule. There are, in fact, two strains in Milton, and the conflict is between them, and the less poetic wins. The poet sees a wide, bursting, glorious world, and he sees a world of causation, morals, and sanctions. In his earlier days the former preponderates, but in his later years the serious world throws its shadow over the beauty of the earlier view. There is no essential reason why the world of beauty should not be a world of moral worth where "sanctities stand thick as stars," and there is no reason why morality should always don the sober gray, but, somehow, men espouse partial experiences and always with manifest loss. We do not care to die of dignity; we would rather die of passion; and that is why we distantly admire Milton and yet are satisfied to know him very little.

One of the factors in Milton's temperamental contradiction was a strain of Cavalier sentiment. The Cavaliers were often men of sense and feeling. We do them wrong to confuse them with the roysterers of the time of Charles II, who were of the baser sort and, often of recent extraction, unable to make the sacrifices to an impossible loyalty that the earlier generation had welcomed. Milton had certain proclivities that related him to this order. He wrote the last Cavalier Masque, and the best. He hates the common rout as much as any aristocrat, and calls it

> A herd confus'd,
> A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
> Things vulgar.

He delights in Cavalier dames, the "store of ladies whose bright eyes rain influence." He did not condemn Cavalier amusements, "the sceptered pall" of tragedy and the "buskin'd stage." The evil spirits in hell proceed with a dignity notably wanting in his own Puritan controversies. And the humanity of Comus is almost ethereal in its grace. The nature described by Milton, moreover, is not Puritan. He loves the Cavalier countryside, one that does not exist without the care and presence of man. In this mood he comes forth "to play on a sunshine holiday." He lumps together

the finest phenomena, regardless that they never co-exist; the cedar, the pine, the palm flourish together in his forests, and daisies bloom in russet fields. It is a Nature found in stately gardens, where some wildness is permitted for contrast, but not what one would find apart from the higher social life of the time. Milton's outlook is through towers and tufted trees, gardens, mythology, bookishness, in short,

> Such sights as youthful poets dream
> On summer eves by haunted stream.

This strain in Milton's nature may perhaps explain a little why he had slight dealings with the Parliamentary leaders. We do not know that he ever met Cromwell. We do know that the committee which employed him took little notice of him. There is no likelihood that the members of The Rump would affect his society. They would never buy Comus, and their descendants would not read Paradise Lost to any great extent. In twenty years four thousand five hundred copies of the latter were sold; but would men of the Praise-God-Barebones type be the purchasers? Waller's poems, issued about the same time, met with a similar sale, and it is more than probable that Milton's readers and Waller's would be the same sort of persons—a set that leaned to the Cavalier side of life more than to the Puritan. Now, while Milton's life was a long-drawn battle for liberty, liberty was not the exclusive property of the Puritans. Presbyterians and Independents were not exeessively tolerant. The Cavalier attitude was often more tolerant than the Puritan acts; and the proof of it is in the swift huddle of the Commonwealth stage-scenery off the boards at the Restoration. As to the achievement of liberty, there was little to choose, for the masses, between Charles and the last rigors of the Commonwealth. If the Cavaliers were wrong, the Puritans were not right; for the harshest fetter is not the law but the eramping of the free spirit of man, and this resulted from the Puritan ascendency in the bequest, to one great section of English life, of a dissidence that spoils the grace of character possible to more tolerant and expansive souls. While thus temperamentally sensitive to the Cavalier view of things Milton was yet a Puritan as well.

His Puritanism affirmed itself most in the manifestations of conscience that not only kept him pure as a public character but also moved in his poetry. The inner light was his warrant. He never lost sight of what Bacon calls "the gift of reason," which to Milton meant the use of his noblest powers for the choicest ends. His gaze, through all the long educational and polemic years, was fixed with armed intention on the highest species of poetry. He would not stoop. And for this we admire him as we admire the Puritans in general. The Puritans were not hypocrites, they were too strong for that; their vice was bigotry and intolerance, the vice of the powerful and the spiritually proud. So the style of Milton in his larger work is the style of the mighty. He is prodigious. His figures are vast, his imagination cosmic. Satan's form—

> Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
> Lay floating many a rood—

is one instance. Milton is oppressed by "thoughts that wander through eternity." And yet he writes easily. He lives so high and has reserve force, so that the earth is merely "This pendent world, in bigness as a star." His words fall from him

> Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
> In Vallombrosa.

You here meet a mariner who has sailed the widest oceans. Nothing daunts him—the primeval chaos, the earliest mythologies, the ratiocinations of debate, the picture of idyllic beauty, the meaning of state policies, the analysis of the first great mysteries. He undertakes humanity; nothing less pleases him. And this note of conscientiousness sounded in Milton's life notwithstanding his limitations. The Puritan sought the direct application of his principles of life—and to the whole of life. He was much more "thorough" than Strafford. He meant to frame the kingdom of God in actual reality. He wished to turn the instinctive into the rational; he grew, indeed, legal, pedantic, rigorous. He had no "third category," no sense of the regions outside of his presuppositions, no idea that play was good and work was only good when it became play. He insisted truly, with the Lady in Comus,

> And that which is not good is not delicious
> To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

This emphasis on conscience had, of course, its place. Carlyle thinks that it made the last epic in England. It certainly introduced a strain of solidity into English character that enabled it to win victories of horse and foot under Cromwell and to write sonnets that sound like a trumpet in the pages of Milton.

There are times, however, when men do well to forget the "rigors of the game." This life of ours is too big to be summed up only in terms of conscience. And conscience when sole dictator, as in the case of all autocratic elevations of single principles, becomes tyrannical and unreal. If there is the fallacy of the single instance in logic there is no less the fallacy of the single principle in life. Men can live in a strait sect and miss the narrow way. The hours of life that furnish us with the greatest reserves of power are those in which we adventure a little from the deliverances of mere prudence, when morality becomes touched with the emotion of art. Could one have enjoyed the Commonwealth, with its odorous sanctity, its Hebrew diction, its otherworldly aversion from the present, its neglect to think of this world as a place of fruition? Milton himself is with us as we prefer "golden days fruitful of golden deeds." It is true that the Puritans were "an army of idealizers"; but they pushed the ideal into interstellar spaces and the ideal grows chilly. One longs for "the good gigantic smile o' the big brown earth" and the rampart of one's fellow-men. And so we gladly remember that Milton, besides being the author of Paradise Lost, was also the author of L'Allegro and Comus, and that in him there was something of the Cavalier as well as a good deal of the Puritan.

George Thomas Smart.

## Art. VII.—THOMAS CARLYLE AND HIS MESSAGE

In the sphere of historical and biographical criticism and practical philosophy Thomas Carlyle is the greatest literary truth-sayer of the nineteenth century. Born in Ecclefechan, Scotland, 1795; graduated from Edinburgh at eighteen, abandoned divinity after two years' study, devoted himself to literature for over fifty years. At the age of thirty-five he married Jane Welsh, a lineal descendant of John Knox, with whom he lived a most helpful, loving life for forty years. He earned fame and fortune by his pen. At the age of seventy-two he gives us a glimpse of his evening sky: "I live mostly alone with vanished shadows of the past. One is never long absent from me. Gone! Gone! but very beautiful and dear." Then a look forward: "Eternity, which cannot be far off, is my one strong city. The universe is full of love but also of inexorable sternness and severity, and it remains forever true that God reigns." Then a heart-whisper for the present: "Patience, Silence, Hope!" He refused knighthood and burial in Westminster Abbey, and was laid to rest in the old churchyard of his native Ecclefechan. He humbly declared himself a writer of books. So he was; and thereby created a literature which time will not uncreate, but which will recreate the thinkers for years to come. The wealth of his genius concentrated its light upon his own neighboring centuries. From the Life of Schiller, his first notable work, through Sartor Resartus, the French Revolution, biographical and essay work, his vast intellect spent its Herculean labors. He is the Michelangelo of literature; his architectural ideas, colossal in originality, illuminated by intense, widest, and exactest learning, expressed in vocabulary richer than Hugo or Shakespeare, and enforced, if not by tremendous argument and appeal, then by spleen. His appetite for knowledge devoured and digested whole periods, epochs, ages upon ages of world's history. He plunders whole literatures for knowledge. With a memory whose retentiveness ever kept his vast wealth of historic material at his pen's point, under the alchemy of a brilliantly keen historical imagination, guided by a finished literary art, he resolves this

material into histories overflowing with intense feeling and profound thought; biographies the epochal character of whose deeds flung the ages forward to their goal; philosophies of Old Clothes, in which, with the familiar skill of a master metaphysician, he finds that things in general, man and Nature in particular, are bottomed on "The Everlasting Yea"; pasts and presents where the keen practicability of his Scotch nature is seen in monumental proportions. His insight into the character of individuals, movements, parties, epochs, and ages, his skill in laying hold of their essential destructive or constructive elements, and his judgment in detecting their varied worths or unworths appear unexcelled in all literature. An example of this power is given in his accounting for the failure of the Girondists during the Revolution:

> One thing strikes us in these poor Girondists: their fatal shortness of vision, nay, their fatal poorness of character, for that is the root of it. They are as strangers to the people they would govern, to the thing they have come to work in. Formulæ, Philosophies, Respectabilities which have been written in books and admitted by the cultivated classes: *this* inadequate *scheme* of Nature's working is all that Nature, let her work as she will, can reveal to these men. So they perorate and speculate; and call on the Friends of Law, when the question is not Law or No-Law, but Life or No-Life. Pedants of the Revolution, if not the Jesuits of it! Their formalism is great; great also is their Egoism. What a man *kens*, he *cans*. But the beginning of a man's doom is that vision be withdrawn from him: that he see not a reality but a false spectrum of the reality, and, following that, step darkly, with more or less velocity, to the utter Dark; to Ruin, which is the great Sea of Darkness, whither all falsehoods, winding or direct, continually flow.

He is not only a seer, but also a painter. The faculty of the fitting phrase easily shapes itself from his finger tips. It is this power of delineation which makes his French Revolution seem less a history than a composite picture-gallery of periods, parties, publicities, and personages. As a critic he compels praise for the coolness, fairness, and sense of justice, not unmixed with humor, which he manifests in the dispassionate disposal of his critical material. Even the devil is given his due, and according to Carlyle he plays a large part in the great drama of history. No man, movement, party, age, or epoch is painted all black until, in vain, he has tried to find their light rays. But shams, materialisms,

cant, dilettanteism, attorney logic, gilt, varnish—all varieties and revelations of the same in state, church, society, with whatsoever loveth and maketh a lie—rouse the fire whirlwinds of prophetic wrath. Hear him on cant:

> Is not Cant the materia prima of the Devil, from which all falsehoods, imbecilities, abominations body themselves, from which no true thing can come? For Cant is properly a double distilled lie, the second power of a lie.

He has qualified to be the critic of his time. For no writer in modern literature has more thoroughly explored man's nature and his divine or demonlike possibilities. He is a character painter, and properly ranks in the class with Hugo, Shakespeare, Schiller, and Goethe. Carlyle's work possesses this everlasting excellence, while at the same time it largely accounts for so much of his so-called atrabiliar writing. He subjected man and his varied institutions to the tests of a profound moral philosophy. He tested the what *is* by the what "ought to be," and, of course, found material for a negative message in place as long as sham shall reign among men. And this message, in Corn Laws, Signs of the Times, Latter Day Pamphlets, Chartism, he gave with courage, insight, directness, and overwhelmingness suggestive of the spirit of Knox and Luther. His general negative attitude toward history was a kind of divine anger and woe, because the Bethsaidas, Chorazins, and Jerusalems of his day were shamming and shams instead of realities. A silly sentimentalism, masking under the cloak of Christian optimism among us, sings,

> God's on the throne,
> All's well with the world,

and charges all negative messages to an excess of bile. What a sham sentiment that! Then did God dip his pen in bile when he wrote five of his "Ten Words." Then was he in atrabiliar mood when he cried, "Woe unto you, scribes, Pharisees, quacks." Doubtless Paul was bilious when he delineated the shocking condition of the heathen world in his letter to the Romans. Chartism, Signs of the Times—the product of bilious excess? Great is bile! In the light of this explanation, "What are the terrors of con-

science to the diseases of the liver! Not on Morality, but on Cookery let us build our stronghold: there, brandishing our frying pan as censer, let us offer incense to the Devil, and live at ease on the fat things he has provided for his Elect." Are there not diverse tones in messages as well as in music? Then why slur one tone because it cannot be the other? Rather let us say, "All tones are God-sent to make melody in the universe." This infirmity of his possesses peculiar nobility. It was not the result of food and drink excess, as is common among men, but the physical wound which he received in a mortal, mental struggle between "The Everlasting No" and "The Everlasting Yea." It was his stigmata gotten in the Gethsemane of the soul. It may not be uninteresting to know its history.

> For one, or two, or three and twenty years I was not conscious of the ownership of that diabolical arrangement of a stomach. I had been destined by my father and father's minister to be myself a minister of the Kirk of Scotland. But, now that I had gained the years of man's estate, I was not sure I believed the doctrine of my father's Kirk, and it was needful that I should now settle it. And so I entered into my chamber and closed the door, and around about me came a trooping throng of phantoms dire from the abysmal depths of nethermost perdition. Doubt, fear, unbelief, mockery, and scoffing were there, and I wrestled with them in travail and agony of spirit. Thus it was for weeks. Whether I ate, I know not, whether I slept, I know not, but I only know when I came forth again beneath the glimpses of the moon it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical apparatus called a stomach.

This soul conflict, through which every genuine intellect passes with more or less pain, Carlyle records its climax in Sartor Resartus—indeed this work seems to be his spiritual autobiography—under the suggestive chapter title of "The Everlasting No." The Everlasting No had said, "Behold, thou art Fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine" [the devil's], to which my whole Me now made answer: "I am not thine, but free; and forever hate thee." From that moment the kirk was saved from a sham, but the world and literature gained a man. He lost a pulpit and found that "Baphometic Fire Baptism" which anointed him to be both seer and forth-teller of the age and ages. The Carlylean literature will endure. It is a voice, and not an echo. Voices

live. Echoes die. Its ground tones are universal. Every generation will be drawn to him and taught by him. His style and thought show the marked influence of Jean Paul Richter, Johann F. von Schiller, and especially of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, of whom he speaks in highest praise. The miniature of his whole message may be gathered from his three essays, Signs of the Times, History, and Characteristics. These contain the essence of his philosophy of life and society, and with them he has chiseled his name *in perpetuo*. Vast-domed and crowded full as is his literary sky, it were but the becoming vesture of his truth. Philosophy and religion are one; nay, the former lies included in the latter. The world plan is fundamentally religious. This is his constant claim and hypothesis in spite of a devil, whom he honors with a capital D. He is at one with the optimism of Browning as to the final outcome of the world; though his emphasis of it is not so manifest. Indeed, his teaching of the immanence of God, if anything, brims over into the pantheism of Goethe. It is his vivid sense of the here and now which alone saves him from being carried away on the German subtle stream of pantheistic metaphysics. He is idealistic in his view of nature, declaring it, with its thousandfold production and destruction, the phantasy of our dreams, or, quoting Goethe, "the living, visible garment of God." He follows Kant in denying to time and space absolute existence: affirms they are not laws of God's being, that there is no time and space, and that they are but modes of our human sense. This philosophy abolishes the absolute existence of matter, makes the universe spiritual, and destroys that black specter atheism, with all its sickly dews, forever. Man is the only reality. "We are—we know not what; light sparkles floating in the ether of Deity." He likewise follows Kant's distinction between the Vernunft (reason) the seat of poetry, virtue, and religion, and the (Verstand) understanding. Pure reason is independent of the understanding, "whose instinct," says the elder Jacobi, "is to *contradict* reason." The Verstand deals with knowledge, wisdom, and the logics and ologies of thought, and is a lower faculty than the reason. Having found a philosophical basis for a spiritual universe, with "God as the Author and Writer of the volume of Nature" and "Man as the

Epitome of Eternity imprisoned in Time," he has no difficulties with divine Christs, miracles, revelations, and even speaks confidently of the natural-supernatural.

> While the man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship), were he President of Innumerable Royal Societies and carried the whole Mecanique Celeste and Hegel's Philosophy, and the epitome of observatories, and of all Laboratories with their results, in his single head, is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which there is no Eye. Let those who have Eyes look through him that he may be useful.

This general attitude toward the divine leads to the expectation of a just appreciation of Christ and Christianity. What he says concerning them not only shows the regard they hold in his judgment but also their necessity to give an accurate account of history and its institutions. "The Christian religion must ever be regarded as the crowning glory, nay, rather, the life and soul of our whole modern culture." He analyzes its dynamical character:

> How did Christianity arise and spread abroad among men? Was it by institutions and establishments and well-arranged systems of mechanisms? Not so. It arose in the mystic depths of men's souls; was spread abroad by the "preaching of the Word," by simple, altogether natural individual efforts, and flew like hallowed fire from heart to heart till all were purified and illuminated by it: and the heavenly light shone, as it still shines and (as sun or star) will ever shine through the whole dark Destinies of Man.

Concerning Jesus he bears this witness:

> If thou ask to what height man bodied forth the Godlike, look on our Divinest Symbol: look on Jesus of Nazareth and His life, and His Biography, and what followed therefrom. Higher has the human thought not yet reached; this is Christianity and Christendom; a symbol of quite perennial infinite character.

In his discussion of the great problem of evil, from premises purely philosophical, he arrives at conclusions which are consonant with the profoundest teaching of Jesus.

> Man's unhappiness, I construe, comes of his greatness. It is because there is an Infinite in him which, with all his cunning, he cannot quite bring under the Finite. Will the whole Finance ministers, Upholsterers, and Confectioners of Modern Europe undertake in joint stock company to make one shoe black *happy?* They cannot accomplish it above an hour or two: for the shoe black has a soul, as well as a stomach, and would

require, if you consider it, for his complete satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more and no less: *God's infinite universe altogether to himself*, to enjoy infinitely and fill every wish as it rose. Try him with half a universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarreling with the other half and declares himself the most maltreated of men. Always there is a black spot in our sunshine; it is ever as I said, *the shadow of ourselves.*

Here he comes to the position of Hegel, who makes original sin to consist in knowing ourselves apart from God: "It lay in self-consciousness, or by separating from God, thereby creating the shadow of self." But he goes deeper toward the remedy:

"*The Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your numerator as by lessening your denominator.* Nay, unless my Algebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero*, gives *infinity.* Make thy claim of wages a zero, then thou hast overcome the World."

The "signs of the times" call us anew to the study of Carlyle. Our day, so largely a mechanics' day, again needs to feel its blood tingle as it listens to the fine scorn of a noble heart storming against all kinds of shams and dilettanteism and pleading for action, for reality inspired by duty. In these notable words he points the pathway of the hour's and the age's spiritual emancipation, thereby summing up his message to us and them:

It is when your Ideal world, wherein your whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed and thrown open, and you discover with amazement enough, like the Lotharis in Wilhelm Meister, that your America is here or nowhere. The Situation that has not its duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal: work it out therefrom: and working, believe, live and be free.

Fool, the Ideal is in thyself. The impediment too is in thyself: thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of: what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the form thou give it be heroic, be poetic!

Be no longer a chaos, but a world or even worldkin. Produce! Produce! were it but the pitifulest infinitestimal fraction of a product. Produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it then. UP! UP! For the night cometh, wherein no man can work.

Thos. P. Harker.

## Art. VIII.—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS A BOOK FOR PREACHERS

Few books on homiletics have as much of value in them for the average preacher as the Pilgrim's Progress. John Bunyan was a preacher, but he is best known as the man who "dreamed a dream" and was able to write it down, and to record it in such a fashion, moreover, that by it he not only won for himself the distinction of being the most popular religious writer in the English language, but also, and what is more important, he created an immortal book. It was in 1830 that Macaulay published his famous essay the opening sentence of which was: "The characteristic peculiarity of the Pilgrim's Progress is that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest." The subsequent years have furnished most remarkable confirmation of this statement in that the book has been translated into almost every language and dialect of the human race. Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin also has this quality of human interest, and has been widely translated and read, but it has not equal literary merit. Pilgrim's Progress is a book of unusual literary charm. "Who has not read Pilgrim's Progress?" asks the old Quaker Whittier. "Who has not in childhood followed the wandering Christian on his way to the Celestial City? Who has not laid at night his young head on the pillow to paint on the walls of darkness the pictures of the Wicket-gate and the Archers, the hill Difficulty, the Lions and Giants, Doubting Castle and Vanity Fair, the sunny Delectable Mountains and the Shepherds, the Black River and the wonderful glory beyond it; and at last fallen asleep to dream over the strange story, to hear the sweet welcomings of the sisters at the house Beautiful, and the song of birds from the window of that 'upper chamber which opened toward the sunrising'? And who, looking back to the green spots in his childish experiences, does not bless the good tinker of Elstow?" "We had no copy of Pilgrim's Progress in the house," once said James Anthony Froude. "I never read it until after I had grown up, and I am sorry that I did not make earlier acquaintance with it."

Hawthorne was more fortunate and was unsparing of his praise. Dean Swift avowed that he had been better entertained by a few pages of Pilgrim's Progress than by a long discussion on the will and the intellect. Thomas Arnold also felt its power: "I have always been struck by its piety," he said; "I am now equally struck, and even more, by its profound wisdom." Cowper felt that just praise had not been accorded Bunyan, for he wrote:

> Even in transitory life's late day,
> Revere the man whose Pilgrim marks the road
> And guides the Progress of the soul to God.

Longfellow calls Pilgrim's Progress the English Divina Commedia. Taine, the French literary critic, does not hesitate to rank Bunyan with Homer in certain respects, and many other worthy writers such as Southey, Coleridge, Leslie Stephen, John Tullock, Dean Stanley, and Lord Macaulay stand in open-mouthed wonder before the colossal figure of the Puritan prisoner of the seventeenth century. The last named, Macaulay, goes so far as to say that the seventeenth century produced in England only two men of original genius, two Johns: John Milton and John Bunyan. Dean Stanley, commenting on the fact that these two men were nonconformists, adds that the whole of English literature has produced only two books of universal popularity, both of these also by nonconformists; one the work of a Presbyterian journalist, and called Robinson Crusoe, the other written by a Baptist preacher, and known as Pilgrim's Progress. It is interesting to note also that these two great nonconformists sleep almost side by side in Bunhill Fields Cemetery, London, just across the street from City Road Chapel.

The seventeenth century was a century of great names: of Cromwell, "the rugged, outcast Cromwell," as Carlyle styles him: of Laud, "weak and ill-starred"; of Hampden, Pym, and Strafford: of Lovelace, unhappiest of Cavalier poets, born in a knightly mansion and dying a ragged and consumptive beggar in an alley; of Samuel Butler, prince among the writers of English burlesque: John Evelyn, whose diary gives an extraordinarily good view of English life, especially under Charles II; Pepys, another diarist, who depicted the life of the times down to the minutest details of

dinners, lace, and coat buttons; of Sir Thomas Brown, Dryden, Locke, and Isaac Walton. It was a period of great preachers, such as Owen, Howe, George Herbert, "that model of a man, a gentleman and a clergyman," as Coleridge characterizes him; Jeremy Taylor, the poet among preachers; South, Barrow, Goodwin, Archbishop Usher, Donne, Hooker, Thomas Fuller, whom Charles Lamb thought an unequaled story-teller, and Richard Baxter, of whose works Samuel Johnson said, when Boswell asked him which of them he should read: "Read any of them; they are all good." And among these Bunyan does not suffer by comparison with any or all of them, and his Pilgrim's Progress has elements of more permanent literary value than the speeches, sermons, or writings of this goodly company of statesmen, authors, and preachers. And the years since have produced no formidable rival. This book seems to have been born without effort. It came. Apparently it was scarcely more than an incident in Bunyan's career. Not his hours of work were given to it, but his leisure. The prisoner of Bedford writes: "Neither did I but vacant moments spend in this my scribble." His work hours, if this was written in jail, as it probably was, were spent in prayer and meditation and in the study of God's Word. He had little else to study, his only companions being the Holy Scriptures and Foxe's Book of Martyrs. The writing of Pilgrim's Progress was his recreation; and it was because he *worked* at prayer and Bible study that he wrote as he did. What a knowledge of the Scriptures the book discloses! "In no book," as Green says, "do we see more clearly the new imaginative force which had been given to the common life of Englishmen by their study of the Bible. Its English is the simplest and homeliest English which has ever been used by any great English writer; but it is the English of the Bible. The images of the Pilgrim's Progress are the images of prophet and evangelist; it borrows for its tenderer outbursts the very verse of the Song of Songs, and pictures the Heavenly City in the words of the Apocalypse. But so completely has the Bible become Bunyan's life that one feels its phrases as the natural expression of his thoughts. He has lived in the Bible till its words have become his own. He has lived among its visions and voices of heaven till

all sense of possible unreality has died away." Anyone reading the book but casually will perceive the accuracy of this statement. In my edition of Pilgrim's Progress there are scriptural references at the bottom of nearly every page, and on one page I counted no fewer than fifteen, and that was by no means exceptional. But the number of the references in no wise indicates how completely the language is biblical. The book is literally steeped in the Scriptures. Bunyan loved the Bible with an ardent affection. It was the fountain of his power, the bread of his soul, the substance of his theology, the inspiration of his life. With him it was never a question as to the inspiration of the Bible, but as to the interpretation of the Bible; not where did we get our Bible, but at what points does it get us; not who were moved to write it, but who are moved by the reading of it; not what was the color of the prophet's eyes, but whether that statement which the prophet made, "though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white like wool," is true or not. Bunyan stood in awe of the Scriptures. They were to him as the bush which burned and yet was not consumed was to Moses. "The fear of those sentences that stood against me, as sometimes I thought they every one did," he said, "made me with careful heart and watchful eye, with great fearfulness, to turn over every leaf, and with much diligence, mixed with trembling, to consider every sentence with its natural force and latitude." A study of Pilgrim's Progress fails to reveal any mental reservation whatsoever as to the writer's absolute confidence in the integrity of the Bible. In one place you may read: "If you believe not me, read here in this book; and for the truth of what is expressed therein, behold, all is confirmed by the blood of Him that made it." And elsewhere, when Pliable asked Christian, "Do you think that the words of your book are certainly true?" Christian answered with deep conviction: "Yes, verily; for it was made by Him that cannot lie." And it was.

Bunyan was primarily a preacher, not a writer, and it need occasion no surprise, therefore, to find in his book his idea of the vocation of the preacher. Canon Venables goes so far as to say that the Pilgrim's Progress exhibits Bunyan in the character by which he would have most desired to be remembered, as one of

the most useful and influential of the Christian preachers. On a visit to Bedford, England, twelve months ago, I saw the monument which was erected to his memory in 1872. It is a splendid figure of bronze cast from cannon and bells brought from China—a figure of the Puritan preacher of the seventeenth century. Everything about it suggests the *preacher*. He stands with an open Bible in his left hand, the right hand resting upon the glowing page. His face is turned slightly upward, as if to catch inspiration from heaven as he pleads with men. At his feet is a broken fetter, which symbolizes something besides his own imprisonment. The artist who made the statue found the suggestion, or, more accurately, the model, for it in the picture hanging on the wall of the House of the Interpreter, and which Interpreter pointed out to Christian immediately upon his arrival. "And this was the fashion of it: It had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth was written upon his lips, the world was behind his back; it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head." This undoubtedly was Bunyan's conception of the office and work and glory of the Christian minister. His call and authority come from heaven; he is commissioned to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to men; his reward is a crown of glory which fadeth not away. But there are still other ideals in the book of what a minister ought to be and do. Various characters can readily be pointed out which are suggestive of a many-sided ministry. For example, there is Evangelist, "a great and honorable person," as Christian regarded him, whose business was to announce the evangel, to exhort continually "so run that ye may obtain," to warn against the dangers and vicissitudes of Vanity Fair, to stand ever at the point where distressed pilgrims wander aimlessly about through parched fields and over dangerous moors and piteously cry What must I do to be saved? and for answer point to the Wicket-gate and the Shining Light. It must ever be the preacher's joy to show to men the highway of the kingdom. This was Bunyan's consuming passion. He longed to save men. He was himself Evangelist. Austin Phelps calls him "a great prophet." He was that and more. He had the missionary spirit from the beginning. "My great desire," he says,

"in my fulfilling my ministry was to get into the darkest places of the country, even among those people that were farthest off by profession, yet not because I could not endure the light, for I feared not to show my gospel to any, but because I found my spirit did lean most after awakening and converting work, and the word that I carried did lean itself most that way also." The intensity of his desire for the salvation of men was as great as that of Saint Paul. "In my preaching I have really been in pain, and have, as it were, travailed to bring forth children to God. Neither could I be satisfied unless some fruit did appear in my work. If I were fruitless, it mattered not who commended me; but if I were fruitful, I cared not who did condemn." And again he said: "I did often say in my heart before the Lord that, if to be hanged up presently before their eyes would be a means to awaken them and confirm them in the truth, I gladly should be contented." And he meant it. And if every minister today felt that same way, fewer plaints concerning the decadence of the pulpit would be heard. At the palace Beautiful, which "was built by the Lord of the hill for the relief and security of pilgrims," there may be seen another phase of the minister's life work in Watchful, the porter, in whom, as John Brown—for more than twenty years minister of the church at Bunyan Meeting, Bedford, and author of the most comprehensive life of Bunyan—says in his Yale Lectures on Puritan Preaching in England, we have a picture of the Christian minister as the head of the local church jealously guarding its interests, and with thoughtful vigilance keeping from the household all who are unworthy. Every minister should make the acquaintance of Hopeful, for many a pilgrim these days finds himself in Doubting Castle and will perish at the hands of Giant Despair unless there be someone to breathe courage and comfort into his heart, with such words as Hopeful spoke to Christian: "My brother, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death." What more needful today than that the minister of Christ be a voice of hope to the depressed and fearful, of confidence and quietness to the careworn and timid, and of strength to the footsore and faint of heart?

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good!"

There is yet another picture in the Pilgrim's Progress which shows still further Bunyan's conception of the work of the Christian minister. It is to be found in that pastoral scene when Christian and Hopeful arrive at the Delectable Mountains, where were gardens and orchards and vineyards and fountains of water. There they enjoyed the rare companionship of four Shepherds, whose names were Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere, who "walked with them upon the mountains," and showed to them the gates of the Celestial City, and who, as the pilgrims departed singing this song,

> Thus by the Shepherds secrets are revealed
> Which from all other men are kept concealed;
> Come to the Shepherds, then, if you would see
> Things deep, things hid, and that mysterious be,

gave them a note of the way, warned them of special perils, and bade them Godspeed. What modern minister is thoroughly efficient who has not knowledge and experience, and unless he is watchful and sincere? The successful minister of every age must be the Greatheart of the Christian pilgrimage; not only a spiritual guide but also a spiritual warrior. While it is undoubtedly true, as has been observed, that religion has scarcely ever worn a form so welcome and soothing as in this allegory, and that the feeling which predominates the whole book is a feeling of tenderness for weak and harassed minds, the book is a militant book. Greatheart was what Whittier calls Bunyan's "fighting sermonizer." Bunyan had been to the "wars." At seventeen he served in the parliamentary army, and all through his life his imagination was fired by stories of battle and his blood stirred by the pageantry of war. Ragged, shot-riddled banners would move him to tears. Many of the saints of his stirring book are martial saints. What is, perhaps, the most thrilling scene in Pilgrim's Progress? It is the contest with Apollyon, which was chosen as the foremost of the subjects for the bas-reliefs on the pedestal of the Bunyan statue. With what breathless fear all children watch the outcome

of that awful struggle! And how, when the battle is over, they rejoice with Christian as he exultantly cries: "I will here give thanks to him that delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, to him that did help me against Apollyon." Bunyan's other noteworthy book, The Holy War, is a story of conflict, as the title suggests. Is Christianity no longer a militant force? Lyman Abbott said editorially concerning the Haystack commemoration meeting some months ago: "At times the militant note was struck: paganism an enemy, the church an army, missions a campaign, the battle song 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' But that was not the dominant note of the meeting. It is not the dominant note of modern missions." Is that true? Possibly, in the sense in which he meant it, namely, that missions are the meeting of the East and the West face to face in mutual respect. But the dominant note of Christian missions must be the militant note. Christianity can never be anything else but a crusade. We are engaged in a "holy war." The church here is still the church militant. It was Christ himself who said that he came not to bring peace but a sword. "Thou art my battleaxe and weapons of war: for with thee will I break in pieces the nations, and with thee will I destroy kingdoms," saith the Lord of Israel. God forbid that the blood of the Crusaders cease to flow in our veins!

For the preacher who is discouraged, or lacks confidence, or feels that he goes to battle at his own charges, it might be well to look into the armory of the palace Beautiful, where are displayed some of the engines with which some of the servants of the Lord of the hill have accomplished marvels. It was there that Christian saw "Moses's rod; the hammer and the nail with which Jael slew Sisera; the pitchers, trumpets, and lamps, too, with which Gideon put to flight the armies of Midian. They showed him also the ox's goad wherewith Shamgar slew six hundred men. They showed him also the jawbone with which Samson did such mighty feats; they showed him moreover, the sling and stone with which David slew Goliath of Gath; and the sword, also, with which their Lord will kill the man of sin, in the day that he shall rise up to the prey." If to look at these "ancient things" does not hearten any discouraged preacher I know not what will. Moreover, tho

preacher who has eyes to see will discover many familiar faces as he turns the leaves of the book, speaking likenesses of some of his parishioners, perhaps. What preacher does not know Mr. Worldly Wiseman, who lives in the town of Carnal Policy, "a very great town"; Mr. Hold-the-World and Mr. Money-love, Mr. Smooth-man, My Lord Time-server, Mr. Facing-both-ways and Mr. Anything—the sort of people who "never strive against wind and tide," who are "for religion in what and so far as the times and my safety will bear it," and who "are always most zealous when religion goes in his silver slippers"; Shame, who is always looking for the frailties of Christians; Talkative, "whose religion is only a word," and a whole host of others? But, aside from the revelation of personal ideals and the faithful sketches of trying parishioners, a study of Pilgrim's Progress will disclose some of the elements of Bunyan's power as a preacher. "Next to your Bible," said Dr. Cuyler to a young minister, "next to your Bible, study John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Spurgeon's pure, racy Saxon-English came from his constant study of the tinker of Bedford, and Bunyan fashioned his style on the English Bible." And then he adds: "Style is a vastly important element in effective preaching, as the Spurgeons, Maclarens, Robertsons, and Bushnells testify." When a preacher like Spurgeon has found a mine, and becomes rich through working it, and yet without exhausting it, is it not wisdom to put your pick into the soil where one is free to help himself to whatever there is? Take this matter of style. It may be said truly that Bunyan was opposed to anything like style in sermon-making, nevertheless he was master of one of the most effective styles for preaching. He never used it, however, for rhetorical display; he may not have known even how beautiful it was, for it came to him as naturally as song to a bird. He confesses that he was often tempted to fine writing, and the temptation was a subtle one, but fortunately he saw the serpent's darting tongue and avoided the peril. In his prefatory words to Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners, a really remarkable piece of autobiography, he says: "I could have dipped into a style higher than this in which I have discoursed, and could have adorned all things more than here I have seemed to do; but I dared not. God did not play

in tempting me; neither did I play when I sunk, as it were, into a bottomless pit, when the pains of hell took hold on me; wherefore, I may not play in relating of them, but be plain and simple, and lay down the thing as it was." Style must always be subordinated to a higher and holier motive. The facts of sin, of death and judgment, are too terribly real to be dallied with. What has fine writing to do with such awesome, spiritual realities? Style, or anything else, must be sacrificed rather than that the object be lost sight of. Bunyan was never guilty of hiding or obscuring his holy purpose with nosegays. His style was thoroughly human and beautifully simple. Coleridge felt that any attempt to polish it would have destroyed the reality of the vision. It was a style which instinctively appealed to people. He made use of what all children, and even the aged, delight in: simile, metaphor, and allegory, as well as parables and fables. His words were simple yet comprehensive; only now and then does he use such an expression as "carnal cogitations." His vocabulary was the vocabulary of the common people. Who finds it necessary even now to read the Pilgrim's Progress with a dictionary on the table? No handbook of mythology is required, no dictionary of phrase needed, to explain allusions. He uses strong, racy Saxon words, intelligible to child and scholar, rustic and sage. "There is not an expression," says Macaulay, "if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain workingmen, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed." Bunyan had discovered the rare art of arresting and holding the attention. From the first word he uttered he had his congregation, and they were released from giving heed to him only when he had finished. To

compel the interest at the very start one does not need to begin the sermon as an English preacher began a funeral sermon by shouting, "Victory! Victory!" Bunyan knew a better way. He had learned the Master's secret; he had discovered the story-teller's art. "As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and I laid me down in the place to sleep: and as I slept I dreamed a dream." When you have read that first sentence in the Pilgrim's Progress the writer holds you in the hollow of his hand. We cannot leave that man in rags, whom he saw in his dream and makes us to see, until he has safely entered the Celestial City. There is an old print, a picture made by an artist living at the time Pilgrim's Progress came out, showing how everybody read it. It represents a scholar coming out from under the Sign of the Peacock, and a rustic, whip in one hand, and money in the other, going into the shop, while standing beside the door are a gay gallant and a fair lady, schoolboys, serious men and women, all busily reading the story of the Pilgrim. Samuel Johnson, who had no patience to read through a book, found himself so fascinated by this one that he could not put it down until it was finished. What is the secret of its irresistible charm? Is it not to be found in the way the story of Pilgrim is told? Of the sin of dullness Bunyan was never guilty. He had the novelist's skill in telling a story, and, indeed, it has even been asserted by several that Bunyan is the first English novelist; that Pilgrim's Progress is a novel. Hallam so regarded it. Donald G. Mitchell in his book About Old Story Tellers has a chapter, "How a Tinker Wrote a Novel." But, however the book may be classed, it holds the attention—that is the main point. And that is of chief importance in a sermon, not alone to children but in all sermons. The one thing which never can be forgiven a preacher is dullness. In all his writing and preaching Bunyan had but one aim—he wanted to get every pilgrim through the Wicket-gate and across the black River in safety. He had, therefore, little to do with controverted questions. His mission was of another sort. Nothing so stirred him as the sacrificial death of Christ, and this he preached with the earnestness of the apostle to the Gentiles. He never used mincing words. He was no dancing

master in the pulpit, or literary fop in speech, spoken or written. Hell was not "sheol," nor "hades"—it was *hell,* a place of torment. He knew it; others must know it; and so he published A Few Sighs from Hell, or the Groans of a Damned Soul. Taine is of the opinion that no writer has equaled Bunyan in making the doctrine of salvation by grace understood, or justification by faith, which is the basis of Protestantism. He dealt entirely with fundamentals. He himself says that he purposely put the chief emphasis in his preaching on fundamental truths, and he spoke of them in a way which carried conviction. He was a preacher of divine certainties. In his view a man who had no convictions of his own, no living grasp of God's truth, was an impertinence in the pulpit, and something worse; and was he not right? There is a ring of certainty in all his utterances which is refreshing in these days of captious criticism and unprofitable quibbling. To read him one is reminded of John's "I know whom I have believed." "I have been in my preaching," he says, "especially when engaged in the doctrine of life by Christ, as if an angel of God had stood at my back to encourage me. O, it hath been with such power and heavenly evidence upon my soul, while I have been laboring to unfold it, to demonstrate it, and to fasten it upon the conscience of others, that I could not be contented with saying *I believe and am sure;* me thought I was *more than sure* (if it be lawful so to express myself) that those things which I then asserted were true." Pilgrim's Progress is peculiarly a book of Christian experience. To look into it is like looking into a mirror, and the image is clear, for Bunyan's spiritual experiences were very real. Further, the catholic spirit of the book is admirable. "When a country squire," says Sydney Smith, "hears of an ape, his first impulse is to give it nuts and apples; when he hears of a dissenter, his immediate impulse is to commit it to the country jail, to shave its head, to alter its customary food, and to have it privately whipped." John Bunyan was a dissenter, and had about as much of prison fare and prison discomforts in his sixty years of life as the best of them. When he preached he was slandered, and when he persisted in it tongues continued to wag against him. Venomous gossip played battledoor and shuttlecock with his name and reputation; silly

folks though it smart to compare him with Alexander the Coppersmith. It was facetiously remarked that he was right in thinking that he ought not to hide his gift, but that his particular genius was for repairing old kettles. Ridicule and contumely were heaped upon him, ecclesiastics hurled their churchly anathemas upon his unbending head, kings sought to terrorize him, but neither insult nor abuse, neither unmerited censure nor undeserved punishment ruffled his temper or soured his spirit. His book was written in the midst of the bitter controversies and ecclesiastical cruelties, the implacable hatreds, fierce denunciations, and harassing persecutions of the seventeenth century, but its pages nowhere reflect this unchristian spirit. Denominational bigotry at no point shows itself in the book. A Church of England dean says that it is one of the few books which act as religious bonds to the whole of English Christendom. It is not a sectarian book; it is a Christian book. Christian's fightings are against sins, not against sects. His warfare is against principalities and powers and not against persons who differ in opinion from him.

Although the feeling is surely growing that the churches must fight a common foe, and not one another, there is still unblushing bigotry and boastful intolerance. John Wesley once wrote that aggressive, masterful woman, Lady Huntingdon: "My dear friend, you seem not well to have learned yet the meaning of these words, which I desire to have written continually upon my heart, 'Whosoever doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother.'" Some of Christ's disciples are still stumbling over that saying of his. They have studied Aramaic, but they are still hunting in their dictionaries for the meaning of these words of Jesus. How many years ago was it that Mr. Pembroke, in Scott's Waverly, offered to a printer a manuscript with this title, "A Dissent from Dissenters, or the Comprehension confuted; showing the Impossibility of any Composition between the Church and Puritans, Presbyterians, or Sectaries of any Description; illustrated from the Scriptures, the Fathers of the Church, and the soundest Controversial Divines"? It was declined with the comment: "Well meant, and learned, doubtless; but the time has gone by." But has the time gone by? Perhaps;

but certainly the spirit which prompted the writing of such a wonderful disquisition is still very much in evidence in certain quarters. Some of those who are prating the most about Christian unity have no desire for any union less than the complete absorption of all "dissenters." I have a personal acquaintance with a well-known bishop of the American branch of that communion to which Mr. Pembroke gave allegiance who was heard giving instructions not long ago to the recently arrived supply of a summer chapel in a well-known summer resort, something as follows: "I want you to pay particular heed to the reading of the service and to your sermons; for you will have many Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists at the services, and your business is to make just as many perverts during the summer as you can." It may be that not every man who says "Brother," "Brother," exactly means it, but he who breathes the atmosphere of Bunyan's book will sooner or later feel as he did: "Christians are like the several flowers in a garden that have upon each of them the dew of heaven, which being shaken with the wind, they let fall their dew at each other's roots, whereby they are jointly nourished and become nourishers of each other." In this and in many other respects Bunyan may well be an example to us in these times. He realized his ideal of the ministry not only in his writing and preaching but in the spirit of his life. Sorrows did not sour him; discipline did not daunt him; slanders did not make him timid; promises of preferment did not silence him; ever-increasing popularity did not dull his weapons; beckoning pulpits in great centers did not swerve him. To the last he remained the simple, sensitive, devoted, imaginative, earnest, persuasive preacher of Jesus Christ.

Ezra Squier Tipple

## Art. IX.—THE CLASSICAL AND THE MODERN LOVE LYRIC

Martial, by way of apology for a particularly coarse book of epigrams, thought it sufficient to remark:

> Mores non habet hic meos libellus.
> (They're not *my* habits that this book portrays.)

The younger Pliny, upright and in many respects admirable as he was, reproved a friend for finding fault with another man's immoral pleasures, and was of the opinion that a spice of indecency was absolutely necessary in a love poem. Propertius, on the other hand, says, more cleverly than truly, of his Cynthia:

> Solet illa leves culpare puellas
> Et totam ex Helena non probat Iliada.
> (The frivolous girl so arouses her ire
> That Helen, for her, damns the Iliad entire.)

American critics are freely accused by those of Europe of going to this latter extreme. A sober plea for the maintenance in literature of the moral tone that in life is essential to the permanent physical and mental welfare of mankind is often, in transatlantic literary circles, contemptuously dubbed "bourgeois." "Bourgeois" is such an irritating, disheartening epithet! "Absolute sincerity, the complete passionate unveiling of his heart and soul—let that heart and soul be black and worthless as you will—is the one indispensable virtue of the great lyric poet." This dictum, coming from one of the best known English scholars, on top of a gently superior "bourgeois" was too much. Having expressed his regret at our loss of so many magnificent lyrics through our inability to understand the language of the cats that yowl so earnestly by night on the housetops, the writer walked away to compose a world-moving song by the metrical arrangement of a series of heartfelt maledictions. Moral questions, in one way or another, must enter into any comparison of ancient and modern love poetry. Many distinctive features of the modern lyric are at least remotely due to our different and higher conception of morality. It is the

intrinsic beauty of these features, however, rather than their "bourgeois" utility, that this paper would accent. The advocates of art for art's sake, of the "natural," of "absolute sincerity," are apt to forget that art, naturalness, and sincerity, at the present stage of man's development, are not found alone in the expression of those emotions whose chronic victory over us means our loss of what we have of altruism, honor, intellect, and most of the other qualities that differentiate men from brutes. They are apt to forget that the "higher self," even if composed of absolutely nothing but millenniums of acclimatized pretense and ingrained convention, is now a naturalized factor in human life and the inspiration of thoughts and acts not only moral but beautiful. For one reason or another their so-called love was to the Greek and Roman poets an evil, a partial good, a blessing in moderation, a short-lived joy, or, at its rare best, a constant source of the greatest pleasure; our own lyrists have found in it not only the most pleasant but the happiest and most inspiring thing in life. The women celebrated by the ancient poets were seldom ones capable of awakening an emotion which brings out the best in man. Shelley's feeling that we are unworthy of such a blessing as love may be, Browning's regret that even our highest love falls far short of our ideal, Geibel's conviction that the destruction of love in a life means, perhaps, the death of God in a life, would never have been expressed if our poets' knowledge of women had been confined to the characterless beauties of the early Greek lyrics, the passionate, cold, self-centered, dumb or doggishly affectionate heroines of the Attic drama, the Theocritan, Virgilian, and Horatian coquettes, and the heterai of the elegists. There is no woman in the ancient tragedies who is satisfactory as a lover. Antigone, brave and devoted as she was, says that for a husband she would not so sacrifice her life; Andromache's version of wifely duty is sickening; about Alcestis one is almost inclined to agree with Pheres—the sublimity of her devotion approximated to silliness from the moment when Admetus accepted it. Evadne is vainglorious in her death for love; Teemessa wishes Ajax to live for almost purely selfish reasons, and Ajax dies with no hint of a struggle between love and honor. The sufferer in the tragic odes is often troubled

quite as much by material losses as by any grief of heart. There is often some jarring note of self-interest, something of Shylock's moan for ducats and daughter, more realistic, maybe, than many of us are willing to admit, but, nevertheless, jarring, so habituated are we to demanding that our literary emotions, at least, be elevated, inspiring, yet comprehensible and humanly attainable in their unselfishness. This tendency to leave out in our poetry—the poetry meant to arouse our sympathy—thoughts that are not typical of man at his best is largely due to the direct and indirect influence of a religion that is idealistic. We may not practice altruism to any remarkable extent, but we are at least more aware than the ancient world of its desirability and of its presence or absence in others than ourselves. We *think* in higher terms: we are more apt to criticise those about us as good or bad, making the best rather than the average man our standard—though often quite willing that we ourselves be judged less harshly. Whether or not we are ourselves but types of the general run of mankind, we have accustomed ourselves to thinking the ordinary man, when he is analyzed for us in a novel or poem, a very mean creature after all, whose emotions are so shallow and transitory that they are not worth troubling about. We have no pity for Mr. Meredith's "Egoist," though many of us are painfully like him. No less repugnant than egoism to the literary idealism of many Anglo-Saxons is any evidence that professed love is nothing but lust. If a poet's whole heart and soul ever were apparent in his verses, they are apparent in the cycle of lyrics telling of Catullus's unhappy attachment to Lesbia. If the "lyrical cry" determines the goodness or badness of a song, if the complete, direct revelation of the poet's heart is the criterion of excellence, there can be no doubt but that the finest of these lyrics are unequaled. But our idealism demands more. We are most deeply stirred only by the suffering of one who is either noble, or, conscious and repentant of his weakness, is struggling toward nobility of character. Catullus's light-hearted allusion to the occasional frailty of his mistress is one of several indications that his love and his nature were not those that most engage our sympathy. The time came when Catullus's pain was undoubtedly great, and its expression even

greater, but our commiseration is measured not only by the amount but also by the cause of a sufferer's anguish. The faithfulness of Lesbia, another man's wife whom he had first corrupted, and whose occasional infidelity to himself he had lightly tolerated, does not seem to us a satisfactory cause for the surprise, grief, and indignation which the poet eventually felt. In striking contrast to Catullus's bitterness is Arthur's pity for Guinevere. A distinctly modern mental attitude is Tennyson's, and one as much higher than that of Catullus as it is less usual in the real life of any age. It is the more appealing on that account, judged from our point of view. We may indulge what is worst but we sympathize with what is best in us. To Catullus one mood seemed as suitable as another for versification; with Burns it was much the same. The emotional power of the poems of both is consequently variable in the extreme. Tennyson, however, left many moods unexpressed, not because they were not common to mankind, nor entirely because he had conscientious scruples against art for art's sake, but also because he felt that the naturalness of a mood was no guarantee of the modern world's sympathy with that mood. The love of Catullus, and much less the love of the rest of the ancient poets, never moved far from the inevitable "torus." Of Dante's or Wordsworth's pure delight at the vision of a passing Beatrice or Highland girl, of Tennyson's yearning for real love as a necessary element in life, of the belief in an affinity, that "pathetic fallacy" so exquisitely expressed by Christina Rossetti, of Michelangelo's or Rückert's conviction that in their love they find a force that lifts them above themselves, we hear nothing in the poems of the Greeks and Romans. They are not feelings which closely center round a bed. The woman who is so much to a man that protestations of fidelity are superfluous is not the heroine of classical verse; the faith of a woman in a man and his efforts to prove himself worthy of that faith is never the theme of the ancient lyrist. Woman's sacrifice for man is common enough in classical mythology, history, and poetry. The converse is rarely met. Shakespeare's love, so vast that death is feared only because of the survivor's anguish, Browning's love, so unselfish that anger at a woman's perfidy is forgotten in pity and humble, prayerful

extenuation, generally speaking, are to be paralleled only in other modern verse.

The ideal conception of woman as a being wiser and holier than man, a being whose innate nobility and nearness to God make her an object of respect and reverence, whose beauty claims man's adoration, and whose physical weakness demands his unquestioning protection, is one of our fairest heritages from the Middle Ages. The picture of Beatrice would have been unintelligible to the ancient world, and hardly less unintelligible to the ancient poets would have been Wordsworth's

> Perfect Woman, nobly plann'd
> To warn, to comfort and command;
> And yet a spirit still, and bright
> With something of an angel light.

The way in which a woman's fairness shall be made known is largely a matter of personal taste. Some of us may prefer the suggestive, impressionistic method of the Greek poets, some the fuller complimentary description of the Latin elegists, some the accurate portraiture or the attractiveness hinted by the homage of an admiring nature that is characteristic of our own poetry. There are many other differences between the ancient and modern love lyric which are almost entirely matters of taste. Who can state to the rest of the world's satisfaction precisely where sentimentalism begins and sentiment ends? Who can be much more than personally sure, when conceits become insipid, where hyperbole and metaphor are misplaced? Who can lay down universally acceptable rules for the use of allegory, climax, fancifulness, introspection and purposive suggestiveness in love-poetry? Who can convincingly declare that romanticism and mysticism, metaphysics and problems, this or that strange attitude toward death, this or that strange situation, have no place in erotic lyrics? When is rhyme an added beauty? When are refrains permissible? When is retrospection effective? These are questions brought into the discussion almost entirely by the modern lyric, and modern critics have no sooner succeeded in answering any one of them to their own satisfaction than they are made aware—if they are humble enough to be intelligent—that the greatest critics are always at the

mercy of the greatest poets and that much of the greatest poetry will always keep passing preëstablished barriers. In general, one can say only that while all of these features of our own lyrics have lent themselves most readily to abuse, all of them also have been proved capable of wonderful beauty, sweetness, or strength. The development of the use of nature in love poetry is the most striking of such features of the modern lyric as are only remotely, if at all, due to our demand for moral idealism in literature. From the mere similes in Shelley's exquisite fragment,

> As sunset to the spherèd moon,
> As twilight to the western star,
> Thou, beloved, art to me,

to Goethe's finding in the sunlit sea and in the streams glistening in the moonlight a power that turns his thoughts toward his beloved; from Uhland's feeling in the song of a bird, in the beauty of a flower, their understanding and sympathetic message from one far away to Burns's love for the wind that blows from the home of his bonnie Jean; from Wieland's envious, trembling gladness in listening to the murmurs of the doves among the foliage to Lenau's longing that he might give to his beloved in all its freshness the rose that he has plucked in a far-off land, and his resolve never again to go farther from her

> Als sich blühend in der Hand
> Lasst die Rose tragen,

seemingly every note in nature's gamut has been sounded with novel force, delicacy, or tenderness.

There are, then, these differences between the ancient and modern lyric that each reader may and does consider as he pleases. But for many, if not for most, Anglo-Saxons, depth and nobility of heart, or at least no evidence to the contrary, in love poetry has become more than a matter of taste, more than a matter of chronological or local color. In life it measures for them love's beneficial power, reality, and beauty; to poetry of the highest class it is essential. And for the best of the poetry of this class we must turn to English, German, and Italian lyrists. Sappho and Catullus are far from being the greatest love poets, but are undoubtedly the greatest passion poets the world has known. The Sapphic frag-

ments give us a delightful, fleeting glimpse of a sunlit, rose-scented garden land known only to youth and beauty, unsure visions of maidens soft, fascinating, warm with color and desire, a scene as unreal for us, as glowing, as Guido's "Aurora." In her epithalamia, if we are to judge from the fragments and from Catullus, we have lost the most beautiful expressions of sympathy with the sensuous charm of the marriage day that were ever penned. Spenser's is the only similar song in modern literature that rivals these odes of Catullus: the imitations of a Herrick are forlorn. But it is all Watteau, or Watteau intensified; there is no touch of Angelico or Perugino. One may imagine Sappho saying of herself,

> My blood was hot, wan wine of love
> And my song's sound the sound the sound thereof,
> The sound of the delight of it.

The sound of the delight of it, the sound of the sensuous and sensual delight of it, truly; but never the full appreciation of it, never the noble, inspiring aspects of it, never the breadth, depth, and grandeur of it. Modern poets have failed to express passion so convincingly as Sappho and Catullus and they have also failed to equal the ancients in the light love-lyric. The influence of Anacreon, the Anacreontea, and the Greek Anthology, on modern verse has been immense, and our lyrists have not improved on the originals. Theocritus is inimitable. Catullus's little lament for Lesbia's sparrow strikes a note between lightness and tenderness that has never been struck so charmingly since. Horace is no love poet but perhaps the most graceful light love poet we know. But for those of us who cannot, and would not, cease to insist on living in literature above ourselves the most enjoyable, the most appealing, the greatest lyrics are those that tell of a love that is infinitely more than either passion or a pretty plaything. Idealism of many sorts is beautiful, and the ancients were often idealists as well as realists. But in love poetry their idealism was almost entirely physical.

Paul Elmer

## Art. X.—PRAYER IN SCRIPTURE

Prayer in Scripture is the submission of the will of man to the will of God. Its simplest form of speech, as well as its sublimest strain, is "Not my will, but thine, be done." Its vital breath comes from the deepest depths of the soul as it says, even in the pain and agony of death, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." But this is the perfectly developed idea and condition of prayer in Scripture—the flower which opened so naturally and so beautifully in the garden of the soul's needs and filled the atmosphere of life with such a sweet and abiding fragrance. And yet even in the beginning this was the essence of prayer in Scripture. Some say not so; that at first prayer among the Israelites was only a blind groping after God, an effort to discover some talisman by which he might be approached. The conception of prayer then, we are told, was crude, and its practice belonged to the childhood exercises of the race. There are some who go further, and ask us to believe that prayer, even in Scripture, at first was merely the cutting of the flesh, a shedding of the blood by self-inflicted wounds of the one praying. They tell us that the spectacle of the priests of Baal on Carmel slashing their bodies with knives to make their gods hear was only an extreme exhibition of the practice that actually obtained among the early Israelites. And for proof they slightly change the spelling of a word in the account of Elijah bringing the widow's boy back to life again, and thereby represent the prophet, not stretching himself three times at full length and with his whole weight upon the young child, but thrice cutting himself, shedding his own blood in the pious act of prayer. While the chief word for "prayer" in the Old Testament probably comes from a root word meaning "to rend," "to cut," and while the change made in the spelling of the word referred to in the Elijah and the widow's boy incident is one sometimes necessary to be made, yet this testimony is too meager and far too insufficient to make out a case against the early Israelites of committing self-torture as an act of prayer. The evidence is all and conclusively the other way. Even the first utterances of prayer which

we have in the record show an attempt, although feeble and fluttering, to spread the wings and fly to the hills whence cometh man's help, and where he can rest his soul in the Infinite.

We need not look long in the earliest narratives of the Old Testament to see that the fundamental idea of prayer, at the very beginning as well as at the end, was a submission of the spirit of man to the spirit of God. This we find to be true even although the form of prayer was a dialogue between man and God, and the expression that of a cry for help, or an expostulation, or an argument or demand. And it may be pointed out, too, that, whereas Jesus said "Not my will, but thine," Abraham and Jacob and Moses and David seemed to say, "Not thy will, but mine, be done." But this difference is one of form rather than essence. Jesus, as a matter of fact, demanded always that his will be done. His only will, however, was to do the Father's will. And so Abraham and Jacob, while seemingly making certain demands of God, in fact desired that his will, and not theirs, be done. So intent were they on having their prayers answered that they told God exactly what they wanted. So far as they were concerned there should be no mistake on the part of God as to the kind of answer they expected. And yet underlying their demands is a submission to the Eternal will. While in word they were demanding the fulfillment of their wills, in attitude they were earnestly wrestling with themselves to make their wills the divine will. They commended their destinies and the immediate affairs of their lives to the God who they believed had called them and who they knew was guiding them. To take only two illustrations, let us look first at the prayer of Abraham as he is interceding for the righteous in the city of Sodom. Who but an inspired scribe could have recorded that prayer? Only one who was living in the inner courts of the Eternal could have caught its spirit and worked it into his life so that when, centuries after its utterance, he wrote it down, his hand was indeed under the spell of divine impulse. The incidents that led up to the prayer are familiar. They began with Abram's first call to get out of his country and from his kindred and from his father's house unto a land that God would show him. So constantly did Abraham walk and talk with God that he truly became

the friend of God. And now in the incident of the destruction of Sodom we read that "Abraham stood *yet* before God." Where should the friend of God be standing but "yet" before God? And what is friendship if it does not give both the privilege and the opportunity of unburdening the soul? And what shall a friend pray for more intensely than for that which is most heavily upon his heart? And so, shall we declare here—with some—that Abraham was striking a bargain with God? How we should then miss the very soul of Abraham's prayer! "Peradventure there be fifty righteous in the city, will thou not spare the place for the fifty righteous?" Abraham immediately answered his own prayer. "Far be it from thee to slay the righteous after this manner. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" But would the Lord save the city for a less number? Abraham continues to wrestle with himself. In humility he falls before God, declaring he was but dust and ashes. He pleads for the saving of forty-five, then of thirty, then of twenty. But would God, his Friend, answer his prayer for a less number? Here indeed is a Garden of Gethsemane in the Old Testament. Drops of sweat rolled from Abraham's brow as he continued "yet," and all alone, in that awful stillness before God. "O let not the Lord be angry and I will speak yet this once. Peradventure only ten shall be found there"—and then he stops short as though his breath failed him, as though he dared not ask that only ten be spared. How these few short-breathed, ejaculated words color the whole scene and portray Abraham saying in spirit: Let this cup pass from me, the destruction of my beloved relatives—yet not my will, only thine, be done. Turn now to the other illustration—a prayer, the first one, of Jacob. Jacob had outraged filial love, he had trampled brotherly confidence in the dust, he had violated the sacred law of the family in obtaining "with subtlety"—to use the mild term of Scripture—the birthright and its blessings. He immediately became a fugitive, fleeing the wrath of his brother by day and groaning in the presence of heavenly visitants by night. In fear and trembling he appreciates the direfulness of his condition. He is pushed by the force of circumstances before the very face of God. He begins to pray. And here is the record of his prayer:

"If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then [and by implication, only then] shall the Lord be my God: and this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee." This prayer has been characterized as the shrewdest kind of bargaining. And it does seem far removed from the "Not my will, but thine, be done." There is not a word, not a suggestion, of repentance or remorse. The conditions put are coldly calculated and set in a plaster-of-paris form. And yet to see in this prayer only an attempt to traffic with God is again to miss the real spirit of prayer as we find it reflected in the very day-dawn of the Israelite consciousness. Let us hasten to say that this prayer was answered to the letter. Jacob was furthered on his way, he received food in sufficiency and raiment in plenty, he was brought to his father's house in peace. Before this came to pass, however, there were the vicissitudes of daily toil and conflict, of defeat and victory. There was that night-long wrestling under the still and starry heavens; the utterance of that second prayer of Jacob, so different in spirit from the first; the change of name from Jacob, the earthy, to Israel, the heavenly; and afterward came the long life of worthy and true service, and the hoary head that stood in honor before Pharaoh to bless him, and the pure lips out of which came the benediction upon his sons. But all this dates back to the prayer which Jacob prayed to God after that first night spent as a fugitive on the hard ground with only a heap of stones for a pillow. And why? Because that prayer was the turning of Jacob to his God. Bold and unshamefaced as that prayer was, lacking every sense of respect due to God, it, nevertheless, evidenced the right attitude of prayer. And we are clearly shown that God interpreted the words in the spirit of the attitude.

> Father in heaven! humbly before thee,
> Kneeling in prayer, thy children appear;
> We in our weakness, we in our blindness,
> Thou in thy wisdom, hear us, O hear!

Sin in its hot pursuit had laid its iron clasp on Jacob's soul. But

he turned to God and knelt humbly before him. He surrendered to him long before the conditions he made in his prayer were fulfilled. In fact, he did not even wait for their fulfillment; he acted as though they had already been fulfilled. Now, as we fix our attention on these two prayers, what a foregleam of the Christ spirit and consciousness do we find at this early period in the Old Testament! We should lack all power of appreciation and perception did we not read between and beyond the meager lines of such narratives the clear insight the chosen people at the very beginning had into the deep truths of the Eternal and the strong hold they had on the very facts of God's nature. These prayers could have been uttered only by men brought up in the atmosphere of true devotion, and true devotion could have been engaged in only as a result of rightly apprehending the nature and the nearness of the object of devotion. Early in Genesis, in the fourth chapter, we are told that "men began to call upon the name of the Lord." They called upon his name because they felt that he knew them and they knew that he was near.

The Psalms, as we have them, are the written records of songs that were sung, many of them, among the Israelites from time immemorial. They are pervaded with such a calm, glad sense of God's nearness, and with such a simple yet earnest yearning after him that we cannot help but catch the real prayer spirit from them.

> Whom have I in heaven but thee?
> And there is none on earth that I desire besides thee.
> As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
> So panteth my soul after thee, O God.
> My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:
> When shall I come and appear before God?
> Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
> Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?
> If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:
> If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.
> If I take the wings of the morning,
> And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
> Even there shall thy hand lead me,
> And thy right hand shall hold me.
> If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me,
> Even the night shall be light about me.

Even the darkness hideth not from thee,
But the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.
How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!
How great is the sum of them!
If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand:
When I awake I am still with thee.
The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me.

Such were some of the early Israelite prayers, if not in this same form, yet in the substance. And still we are asked to believe that the first truly moral prayer in the Bible is found not earlier than in Chaper I of Isaiah. Sublimely spiritual as the prayers of the great prophet were, we cannot concede to him the discovery of the fundamental conception of prayer which in his writings is found everywhere so fragrantly blooming. Those who are offended at the crude wording and commercial sentiment of such a prayer as Jacob's miss the spirit of the attitude, which is of the essence of the later Old Testament prayers, and indicates a spirituality as potential as Isaiah's spirituality is fact. It may not be amiss to remark that those who hold to the words and ignore the attitude of some of the cruder prayers of the Old Testament are apt to tell us, when they come to interpret other portions of Scripture, that they are freed from bondage to the letter and are actuated by the spirit in their interpretations. Again, we are told that the prayers in the Old Testament are for material and external needs, and fail to express the desire for spiritual blessings. If this is so, what does the psalmist mean when he says, "In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul"; or, again: "Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear unto my supplication. . . . My spirit is overwhelmed within me; my heart within me is desolate. . . . I stretch forth my hands unto thee: my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land"? And what is the oft-repeated answer to such frequently recurring

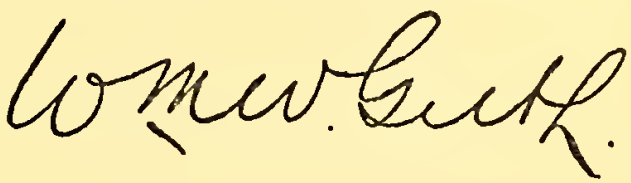
prayers? That God has given material or external blessing? Not so. "Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord." Read the conclusion of Solomon's prayer at the beginning of his reign. "Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?" And hear the answer. "God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life; neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies; but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment; behold, I have done according to thy word: lo, I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart; . . . and I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honor. . . . And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, . . . then I will lengthen thy days." The record says that this prayer with its answer was only a dream. But the very fact that such a dream could have been imagined shows what the conception of acceptable, answerable prayer was. The very soul of prayer, even then, was the longing for spiritual communion and its blessings. To attain these man was ready, eager to submit his will to God's.

Turning to the New Testament for a brief moment, we come at once to the Master who taught his disciples how to pray. And this teaching was by example more than by precept. Jesus did not change nor add to the fundamental idea of prayer as found in the Old Testament. He gave it his stamp of approval by making his life a submissive life and hence a life of prayer. We understand what prayer is and can be by looking upon his life. He recognized that his Father knew what things he had need of, and yet he asked of him unceasingly according as he desired to receive. He regards his Father as the complete embodiment of perfect Love and believed that this Love would go out to him to the uttermost, enabling him to give himself wholly to the Father. Thus was he ready for the toil of life with its conquests as well as defeats, its pleasures and joy as well as its sorrows and agony. Therefore when he felt lonely in the midst of multitudes he went to the desert place or on the mountaintop and poured out his soul, through

the long night hours, into the soul of his Father; when the sin-sick and the bodily diseased came to him for healing he tarried first to speak with God, for such work could only be done by prayer and fasting; when he stood before the grave of Lazarus his heart, broken with his own grief and that of the sisters, heaved and throbbed within him as he engaged his Father in prayer until its utterance became a groan. In the night of betrayal, already crushed in spirit, he goes to the garden, grasping hopelessly for any support his disciples might give him—as if one should attempt to lean on a reed. The pains that shot through his body were sharper and more excruciating here than afterward when the nails were driven into his flesh. Drops of blood did indeed roll from his forehead. For his life was being put to the test. And his life was a prayer. "If it be possible"—he does not hesitate to make the petition—"let this cup pass from me." But immediately—as if surprised that he should have even thought of, much less uttered, the words—"Not my will, but thine, be done." Here was complete submission, the perfect expression of prayer. Was Jesus wrestling with God in the garden? Was he not rather wrestling with himself? And is this not a vital element of prayer in Scripture which we must note? A sainted teacher, whose study was the peaceful and inviting haven for students storm-tossed on the sea of doubt or trouble, and from which they always came out buoyant and strengthened, said that he never answered them as they sought his advice or reassurance. He tried, rather, to draw them out, as gently as he could, to talk at length of their desires, their doubts and misgivings. And so, in the assuring presence of one who knew them, who loved them and sympathized with them, they poured out their souls, wrestling with themselves, until the battle was won. Then they went forth, strong-hearted and unwavering, to face the trouble or undertake the task. May we not use this poor, imperfect illustration to get a clearer idea of the prayer-test through which Jesus went in the garden? There he poured out his soul, as he did during the temptation and so often during his ministry, and so often, too, as a boy and growing young man; there he wrestled with himself in the unyielding grip but true attitude of prayer. And all the while his Father—his

Father who knew him, who had counted the cost of the sacrifice and understood how dearly it must be bought, his Father who loved him with a love that comprehended infinite love—was looking on with all the sympathy and inspiriting resources of the Eternal Heart. And when it was over Jesus could say, "It is enough; the hour is at hand," and went forth majestically firm and gloriously serene—we can hardly refrain from shouting as we see him passing before us—the only person among those who tried him or who thronged the trial rooms who was composed and collected, and hence knew what was going on. Because Jesus submitted himself so entirely to God he was given the power to wrestle with himself until the last vestige of personal desire was gone, and the curtain of the human will was rolled up disclosing that of the divine. So it was with Jacob wrestling with the angel of his better self, hesitating, however, to submit until wounded, and ever after carrying about in his body the mark of that holy conquest. But with the submission came strength and clear insight, and the vision that looked beyond the plane of the present into the very purpose of the Infinite.

This is prayer in Scripture: the submission of the human will to the divine will. In the Old Testament we find its deepest expression in the cry: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." In the New Testament, its natural utterance is that from the cross—your cross and mine: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."



## Art. XI.—THE SALOON IN ENGLISH POLITICS

"If the state does not soon control the liquor traffic the liquor traffic will control the state." This warning of Lord Rosebery's, uttered nearly thirteen years ago, has been brought vividly home to the English people by what has happened since the introduction of the Licensing Bill. For many years the Licensed Victualers' Central Protection Society has openly adopted the motto, "Our Trade our Politics." But the significance of this watchword has scarcely been realized until quite lately. The Peckham election has illustrated the power, to quote once more from Lord Rosebery, of "a political ring which threatens to throttle and control the commonwealth itself." During this contest the orgy of demoralization went so far as to evoke protests from one of the leading representatives in London journalism of the party in whose behalf the liquor interest exerted its influence. It is now a practical certainty that in every English constituency in which a byelection is held during the next few months the same struggle will be renewed and the same discreditable methods employed.

Before I proceed to describe these methods in detail it may be as well to recall briefly the main object and provisions of the Licensing Bill itself. Its purpose is, as Mr. Asquith declared in introducing it, "first, an immediate progressive reduction in the excessive facilities which are now allowed for the retail sale of intoxicating drinks; and, second, the gradual but complete recovery, with due regard to existing interests, by the state of its dominion over and its property in the monopoly which has been improvidently allowed to slip out of its control." The license which a saloonkeeper has to take out before being permitted to engage in his business has in the past been granted for one year only, with no more than an expectation of renewal at the end of that period. Except, however, when serious misconduct has been proved it has been usual for the licensing magistrates to grant such renewal; and in consequence, although reminded again and again by judicial decision that their legal status was insecure, the saloon-

keepers have come to regard a license once obtained as a freehold property in perpetuity. It is now proposed that the state shall reassert its claim and shall once more treat an application for the renewal of a license with the same impartiality as though it were an application for the granting of a new license. To avoid hardship to existing license holders, this policy is not to come into force until fourteen years from April, 1909. During this interval the number of licenses is to be reduced steadily, but in the case of all saloons thus closed within this period compensation is to be paid by means of a levy upon the remaining licensed houses. This method of compensation is suggested by the precedent set in Mr. Balfour's Act of 1904, and is based on the theory that the saloons which remain will increase their own profit to a certain extent owing to the suppression of competing neighbors. The introduction of this bill was immediately followed by a storm of denunciation from the partisans of the liquor traffic. In an editorial the next morning the Daily Telegraph applied to it the epithets "unprincipled," "narrow," "intolerant," "cruel," "flagitious," and "predatory." It stigmatized it as "robbery of the worst kind" and "a measure of revolutionary violence." The same high level of invective has been sustained in a series of editorials in the same journal and has been successfully rivaled in other quarters. For example, the mayor of Bolton has described the bill as "a most dastardly and dishonest measure," and a councilor of the same important Lancashire borough has said that "a more wicked and thievish act was never proposed by any responsible government, and if passed it would provide a lead in rapacity which the most abject apostle of socialism could not excel." Columns might easily be filled—as they actually have been filled day by day in the correspondence of some of the daily papers—with the most rabid assaults on the bill itself and denunciations of the "fanatical teetotal blackguards" in whose interests it is alleged to have been prepared. One of the most frequent of the specific charges brought against the bill is that it contemplates a shameless robbery of the widow and orphan. When we remember how many homes have been ruined by the expenditure in the saloon of the resources which should have gone to their upkeep we might naturally suppose that

an unselfish zeal for such dependent classes would exhibit itself in supporting temperance reform rather than in opposing it. But the widows and orphans for whom a plea is now made are those whose savings have been invested in brewery shares and debentures, and who, it is predicted, will be reduced to absolute penury if the bill should become law. Pitiable forecasts are made of the fate of other innocent investors now threatened with ruin. A typical example is the case of a governess who, after many years of hard work, and by the greatest economy, had saved a few hundred pounds which she invested in brewery shares. "I am now told," she writes, "that if the present Licensing Bill is passed, my money will be lost. Is it possible that Englishmen will allow me and thousands of others like me to be ruined in this way?"

In reply to this and similar appeals all that need be said is that this so-called investment was really a speculation of the most reckless type. If investors are today threatened with ruin it is not upon teetotalers or the government that they must cast the blame. To quote the sober judgment of the financial editor of the Times: "The Licensing Bill, whatever it may threaten, has not killed the brewery market; the market was dead before, and dead as the result of the speculation by brewers in tied houses which culminated ten years ago and has been collapsing year by year ever since." (A "tied house," by the way, is a saloon which is the property not of an independent saloonkeeper but of a brewery company which runs it in the name of one of its own agents, who, of course, is not permitted to sell any liquor but what is manufactured by that particular company.) Between 1897 and 1905—a date when the Conservative government was still in office—there was a fall of over 80 per cent in the value of the shares of some of the leading breweries. In one instance, that of Allsopp ordinary shares, the drop was no less than 92 per cent. This extraordinary slump is mainly due to the fact that ten or twenty years ago brewery companies, greatly overcapitalized, bought up saloons at prices which made a remunerative return impossible. The brewers are therefore now endeavoring to turn upon the government the odium of unhappy conditions which are the direct result of their own "frenzied finance." Obviously, the investors in any brewery company

which was in a sound position previous to the introduction of the Licensing Bill need have no fear of the sweeping away of their savings by a measure which, it has been estimated, will simply require them to set aside five per cent of their profits during the next fourteen years for the provision of a sinking fund. Closely allied to this appeal is an argument which is intended to arouse the opposition of a far larger circle—of everybody, in short, who is a property owner of any kind. The bill is represented as the first item in a wildly socialistic program of general confiscation. "The whole object of the Red Flag," says the Daily Telegraph, "is to apply a time limit to every form of capital. . . . The cause of the trade [the liquor trade] is, in this business, the cause of every trade. The whole security of commerce, property, and investment is in the balance. The interests of every man who has saved a farthing are at stake in the struggle against the first great scheme of public confiscation." Judicious observers can discern that an argument of this kind is really playing into the hands of the most extreme doctrinaire socialists, whose contention it is that the right to land or to any other kind of property has no better basis than has the saloonkeeper's interpretation of his annual license as equivalent to a freehold. The Manchester Guardian pertinently asks whether any real owner of property relishes "the placing of his title to his house, his land, his savings in consols in the same class as a brewer's right to a freehold which by law is not his," and declares that if there were no other reason for withstanding the brewer's attack, it would still be worth withstanding on account of its menace to the institution of private property. But, sound as this reasoning is, it has little effect for the moment in allaying the scare which the brewers have so adroitly raised, and the beating of the antisocialistic drum will rally against the bill a large section of the community which owns no brewery shares and the value of whose property would in the long run be increased by the relief from taxation and other burdens which would be one of the results of greater national sobriety.

The opponents of the bill, however, are by no means contenting themselves with arguments and appeals. They are bringing direct and severe pressure to bear upon the members of certain

occupations and classes with the object of securing their coöperation. They say, in effect: "If we are to suffer from this measure, we will take care that you suffer too, so you had better make common cause with us without loss of time." Thus a motor company receives from a brewing firm the notification that the contemplated purchase of an additional motor lorry is indefinitely postponed owing to "the alarming character" of the Licensing Bill, but "we take it that if political events should permit us to reconsider the matter, you will be prepared to supply us." The threat is held out that, if the bill passes, the services of builders, plumbers, carpenters, decorators, etc., who have found employment in the construction and repair of saloons will no longer be required, and that thousands of workmen engaged in these occupations will, accordingly, be thrown out of employment. Farmers are told that the brewers, "in order to save what they can from the wreckage of their property," will use foreign malt, and substitutes for malt, instead of malt made from English barley. At Mincing Lane there is a monthly sale by auction of isinglass, largely bought by brewers for the purpose of clearing the brew. At the first sale after the introduction of the Licensing Bill only 180 packages were sold out of 900. The reason was given, and widely published, that brewers were afraid, owing to the government's proposals, to make any considerable purchases. It has since leaked out, however, that the bulk of the supplies for which there were no public bids were privately sold within a few days to the brewers' agents at full prices. No one but Mr. Dooley could do adequate justice to the spectacle of sudden and hopeless destitution which the poor brewers are now displaying to the public gaze. The glorious sport of fox-hunting is in danger of being crippled. Sir Gilbert Greenall, for instance, is impelled by the economies that will be necessary through this "revolutionary measure" to give up his mastership of the Belvoir Hounds. All over the country the subscriptions that brewers and brewery shareholders have been making to charities are being withdrawn, and the officials of some charitable institutions have been foolish enough to fall into the trap and appeal to the public to assist their agitation. The directors of Meux's Brewery, who have annually subscribed about $525 to the charitable

funds of Saint Giles's parish, Bedford Square, write to the rector regretting that "they are quite unable to allocate any sum to charity at a time when the very existence of their legalized business is threatened by the iniquitous bill of robbery and confiscation introduced by the present socialistic government." One brewing firm has gone so far as to issue a notice declaring that, if the bill passes, it will stop payment of the retiring allowances it has been making to its own ex-employees. Contributions to church funds are also being discontinued, in the hope of persuading the clergy to join in the opposition to the bill. Accordingly, the question of "tainted money," which has often been raised in connection with such gifts, now bids fair to settle itself. But in spite of their terribly impoverished condition the representatives of the liquor interest can still find money to support the most lavishly financed agitation known to modern English politics. At the same meeting of Meux's Company at which the withdrawal of charitable subscriptions was announced the chairman reported that he had sent a check of the company for fifty guineas (over $260) to the help of the Conservative candidate at the Peckham election, and that personal checks amounting to twenty guineas had been sent to the same object by himself and two colleagues in the directorate. This was a little too unblushing to be tolerated, and the company's check was accordingly returned by the candidate. But the Corrupt Practices Act unfortunately puts no hindrance in the way of lavish expenditure on the part of associations with which the Parliamentary candidate is not officially connected, and it is notorious that many times the value of the rejected check was actually spent in debauching the constituency. Many years ago Mr. Bass told the public that for every pound put down by the United Kingdom Alliance (the leading temperance reform organization) he and his friends would put down a hundred. One of the first things done by the Brewers' Society on the introduction of the Licensing Bill was to call upon its members to form a guarantee fund of not less than $500,000 to oppose the bill, this fund to be placed at the disposal of the National Trade Defense Association. This Defense Association has promptly entered upon a vigorous propaganda, in which it is being supported by the Licensed Victualers' Defense League, the

Beer and Wine Trade Defense League, and a newly formed and influential committee "to protect the interests of the holders of debentures secured upon breweries and licensed properties." One form the protection of "the trade" is taking is a series of organized attempts to break up meetings called by the supporters of the bill. For two hours the other evening, in the lecture hall of his own church, Dr. Clifford endeavored in vain to speak himself and to secure a hearing for two Parliamentary friends. The opponents of the bill had been urged by a printed "whip" to meet at a certain neighboring saloon and march to the meeting place. Those who secured admission hurled abusive epithets at the veteran minister, and shook their fists in his face, while their confederates outside howled imprecations through the keyholes and ventilators. "We have to fight," as Mr. Lloyd George said at the Queen's Hall meeting, "a dangerous and powerful traffic, well organized, skillfully directed, and hampered by no qualms of conscience. . . . We know that we have reached one of those crises in the history of nations when there is a fundamental conflict between the lowest appetites of a people and their highest interests—a conflict on the result of which depends whether the race shall continue to ascend toward a purer, a cleaner, and a brighter firmament."

Herbert W. Horwill

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

## NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

### THE ROOSEVELT MYTH

BISHOP NUELSEN, of Omaha, using the methods of some biblical critics, has constructed the following myth of Theodore Roosevelt, which may remind some of Bishop Berkeley's doubts of the historicity of Napoleon Bonaparte, and possibly others of a Congo critic's skepticism about the Spanish-American war:

Allow me a digression. I wish to apply these same principles of analysis and comparison to a modern personality, following strictly the methods of Professor Jensen. Suppose Lord Macaulay's famous New Zealander, whom he pictures as standing upon a broken arch of London Bridge, in the midst of a vast solitude, to sketch the ruins of Saint Paul's, should come over to America and dig in the sand-hills covering the Congressional Library in Washington. He finds a great pile of literature which originated in the first few years of the twentieth century. In the very learned book which our New Zealand scholar publishes he refers to the fact that at the beginning of the twentieth century the head of the great American nation was supposed to be a strong and influential man by the name of Theodore Roosevelt. His name has gone down in history, but our scholar proves that Theodore Roosevelt was no historical person at all. He never lived; he is merely the personification of tendencies and mythological traits then dominant in the American nation.

For instance, this legendary hero is commonly pictured with a big stick. Now, this is plainly a mythological trait, borrowed from the Greeks and Romans, and represents really the thunderbolt of Jupiter. He is pictured as wearing a broad-brimmed hat and large eye-glasses. This mythological feature is borrowed from old Norse mythology, and represents Woden endeavoring to pierce through the heavy clouds of fog covering his head. A great many pictures show the legendary hero smiling and displaying his teeth. This is a very interesting feature, showing the strong African influences in American civilization. Many coutradictory legends are told about this man. He was a great hunter; he was a rough rider; but he was also a scholar and author of a number of learned books. He lived in the mountains, on the prairie, and in a large city. He was a leader in war, but also a peacemaker. It is said that he was appealed to by antagonizing factions, even by warring nations, to arbitrate. It is self-evident that we have here simply the personification of prominent character traits of the American people at various stages of their historical development. They loved to hunt, to ride, to war; reaching a

higher stage of civilization, they turned to studying, writing books, making peace; and all these contradictory traits were, in course of time, used to draw the picture of this legendary national hero. Some mythological features have not yet been fully cleared up; for instance, that he is often represented in the shape of a bear or accompanied by bears. For a while these "Teddy Bears" were in nearly every house, and it seems as if they even were worshiped, at least by the children. There is no doubt that some remote astral conception lies at the root of this rather puzzling feature.

But two reasons are conclusive to establish the legendary thesis. 1. The American nation, at the beginning of the twentieth century, had hardly emerged from the crudity of fetichism and witchcraft. Many traces of fortune-telling, charming, sorcery, and other forms of superstition can be found by studying the daily papers. Even this hero Roosevelt was given to some such superstition. Whenever he desired to bring anyone under his spell and charm him, he took him by the hand and pronounced a certain magical word. As far as I can discover it spells something like "dee-lighted." 2. The other conclusive proof is the name. Theodore is taken from the language of a people representing the southern part of Europe and means "Gift of God"; Roosevelt is taken from the language of a people representing the northern part of Europe, and means "Field of Roses." The idea is evident: This hero personifies the union of the two European races which laid the foundations of early American civilization—the Romanic and the Teutonic races; and the Americans imagined that a man who united in himself all those wonderful traits of character must necessarily be a miraculous "Gift of God," and furthermore they thought that if a man personifying their ideals really had full sway, their country would be changed to a "Field of Roses."

This explanation is strictly scientific. No doubt a good many machine politicians and heads of trusts would be delighted to awake some morning and find out that Theodore Roosevelt is nothing but a mythological figure. But, thank God, he is a living fact and tremendous power in the life of our nation. And so is Jesus Christ.

This illustrates how easy it is to show the contemptible pettiness and silliness of some very pretentious, pompous, and impudent biblical criticism.

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## THE EPISCOPAL ADDRESS

UNLESS the Church has sadly bungled its business and erred in its selections, the bishops are among its ablest and most devoted ministers. And unless the bishops have shamefully neglected their extraordinary opportunities for knowledge and shirked their vast responsibility for knowing, the aggregate of knowledge and wisdom in the Board of Bishops should be greater than that of any other

equal number of men. The quadrennial address of the Episcopal Board to the General Conference and the Church is a document of momentous import. It is weighty with wisdom, worthy of utmost respect and serious consideration. We feel bound to spread upon these pages so much of it as we have room for.

"We rejoice to report that the Church of your love still grows and prospers, and we refer you for minute information to the reports of the several great interests and activities of the Church, which will be laid before you by those who have them in charge. It is certainly inspiring to know that the gain in communicants for this quadrennium is 275,357—the greatest gain in any quadrennium in sixteen years. The number of ministers in our Annual Conferences is now 19,353, including probationers but not local preachers, an increase of 1,127 in four years. The number subject to appointment as pastors, on trial and in full membership, is 15,722. The number occupying non-pastoral appointments and those attending schools is 2,038, leaving 13,684 in the service as pastors, not counting pastors who are local preachers. The number of local preachers serving as pastors is 4,439. Thus our pastoral army numbers 20,161. By the mercy of God, each General Conference represents a larger Church and a wider sweep of Christian influence. You answer in your roll call from every continent. Japan alone of our mission fields ceases to answer, not because our work has died in Japan, but because, mingling with other Methodist life, it has guided, tinctured, and ushered into being an independent Japanese Methodist Church. You come here from every state in the United States, and some from the isles of the sea. Thus you constitute in a large sense a world-wide Church. The officers whom you elect will exercise their functions under many flags. The ministry under your supervision preaches the gospel in 140 languages and dialects. This ministry has replaced in many hearts the chill of Buddhism by the warmth of Christianity; the caste of the Brahmin by the brotherhood of Jesus; the fatalism and sensuousness of Mohammedanism by the charity and spirituality of apostolic teaching. The philosophy of Confucius is, through this ministry, turning from a crystallized and immovable past to a life and growth compelled by the gospel leaven. In India, Siva surrenders to Jesus; in Africa, the fetish gives way to the 'Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.' In South America, Italy, Mexico, and Russia, the 'truth as it is in Jesus' is, under the ministry of our

Church, destroying superstition and bringing souls to a saving sense of the priesthood and sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and placing the Redeemer where the intercession of saints is seen not to be necessary to the good will of 'him who ever liveth above to make intercession for us.'

"As our ministry in Europe moves eastward from France, Germany, and Russia with the advancing wave of our evangelism they may soon meet in Western China the vanguard of our Pacific forces and so belt the world with our faith, our message, and our triumphant song. We know not whether they will meet at Thibet or at Pamir, the roof of the world. Preachers from West China are already on the borders of Thibet. The Korean has so turned to Christ that a decade may see Korea Christian. Another century and the world may belong to Christ.

"The gain in the value of our churches is $28,955,466; the gain in parsonages is $5,497,784. The total gain in church property for the four years last past is $34,453,250, while the total valuation of our churches and parsonages is $187,382,112. The increase since the last General Conference averages $8,613,312 each year. Our membership in the United States is now 3,016,389, while in the whole world the number is 3,307,275 at the close of 1907. Our foreign communicants number 290,886.

"The number of departures from us to the ministry of other churches during the last year is less by fifty than the number of those who joined us from other denominations.

COMMISSION ON EVANGELISM

"We gladly recognize the work, stimulated by the Commission on Aggressive Evangelism, created by you and placed by us under the presidency of Bishop Mallalieu. The Commission has been courageously and wisely led. The evangelical note, which seemed to be lost almost in some sections of the Church, has been largely recovered, and to this fact in large part, however originated, we owe the marked numerical progress of the quadrennium. In certain sections, where the yearly reports were of constantly lessening numbers, the situation has been wholly changed, and gains have been reported for the four years past. We rejoice particularly in the work wrought in our colleges and universities. We are convinced that the Commission should be continued.

"We rejoice also in the evangelistic work of our sister churches,

who are succeeding, by methods not unlike our own, in winning many souls to Christ, and in greatly stimulating the religious activity of individual Christians and of the churches. These movements show that the faith of the fathers is living still, that souls living in sin are believed to be in danger both for time and eternity, that we ourselves are in danger if we do not, with all our powers, try to persuade men to be reconciled to God and to bind themselves to Jesus Christ by open acknowledgment of his saving grace, as well as by the bonds of those holy sacraments Christ appointed for the expression of faith and the renewal of consecration.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOLS

"Our theological schools are doing such good work that they are eagerly sought, and the three leading ones are full of students, increasing their numbers during the quadrennium. The number of men who graduate from the college before going to the schools of theology constantly increases.

"We are glad to believe that the evil results of destructive criticism are passing away under the more recent constructive criticism, to which those sincerely loyal to the Church have turned. In our recent Conference visitations we have heard less of the preaching of doubts; more of the positive teaching of 'the faith once delivered to the saints' and of greater results from such teachings. There seems to be no departure from the doctrines we have held, nor disturbances concerning them. The noble summary of the creed of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which eight years ago Bishop Andrews included in the address of the Bishops, stands today as an accurate setting forth of the faith of our Church, and we quote it that we may thank God for the great man so recently gone from us, who, from the mount of vision, saw and phrased these great truths in such form that they constitute for him a noble monument:

**We believe in one living and personal God, the Father Almighty, who in perfect wisdom, holiness, and love pervades, sustains, and rules the world which he has made.**

**We believe in Jesus Christ, his holy Son our Lord, in whom dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, who was in glory with the Father before all worlds; who became flesh and dwelt among us, the brightness of the glory of God and the express image of his person; who died for sin, the just for the unjust, that he might bring man to God; who rose from the dead; who ascended on high, having received all power in heaven and earth, for the completion by grace and judgment of the kingdom of God.**

We believe in the Holy Ghost, very and eternal God, by whose operation on men dead in trespasses and sin they are quickened to repentance, faith, and loving obedience; are made aware of their sonship with God, and are empowered to rise into the full stature of men in Jesus Christ.

We believe in the impartial love of God to the whole human family, so that none are excluded from the benefits thereof, except as they exclude themselves by willful unbelief and sin.

We believe that faith in Christ, the self-surrender of the soul to his government and grace, is the one condition upon which man is reconciled to God, is born again, becomes partaker of the Divine Nature and attains sanctification through his Spirit.

We accept the moral law, confirmed and perfected by the Divine Teacher, and set forth authoritatively in the Holy Scriptures, and we believe in the eternal consequences of good and evil inherent in the constitution of the human soul, and declared with the utmost solemnity by him, the final Judge of human life.

"After eight years this summary seems as full, complete, and true as when it fell from the lips of the revered Andrews.

REFORMS

"The servants of Jesus Christ can never be indifferent to any reform involving moral questions. In these the Church must lead, or be willing to be thought untrue 'to the righteousness which is by faith.' We rejoice in the position of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She has always been a leader in ethical and social reforms. She suffered herself to be divided rather than have her Episcopate tinged, however remotely, by slavery. While so large a body, and one so widely distributed, is necessarily slow to climb to the white summit from which her Lord calls all to better things, yet her movement toward his position has, we believe, been more prompt on some questions than most of our sister churches, and equal to any on all.

"She cannot decide these questions from the standpoint of political expediency or political economy. With the Church the standpoint must be first of all and evermore ethical. Naturally our members sympathize with those political movements which are ethically and philanthropically based. We must never march with forces which seek to perpetuate moral wrong. The Church cannot ask her members to surrender the right of the individual to determine through what political organization he will seek an ethical aim. She does, however, expect them to protest against moral wrong everywhere and at all times. She must pronounce those unfaithful to her ideals who, by either silence or speech, agree to the rule of evil.

"We rejoice that so many of our public men, whether national or state officers, have been true to the churches which trained them. They have made good confessions in principle and conduct. Almost daily we hear the voices of men in office pleading for reforms or refusing to be governed by political expediency when moral questions are at stake.

CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS

"The last four years have been noteworthy for the quickening of the national conscience as to civic righteousness. The individual citizen, and especially the Christian citizen, has awakened to the importance of sustaining, independent of party, men who bring a Christian conscience to the care and administration of public trusts.

"We thank God for those who, in the high places of our country, have by word and life preached righteousness and rebuked iniquity, but especially for the growing independence of the citizens who cannot be driven, either by party clamor or neglect, into justifying methods of political life, sometimes called 'business methods,' and which strongly condemn business methods if they are common in the commercial life of the United States.

"We see clearly that within the next generation there are to be great social changes. The influence of wealth on political life and measures is to grow less, whether it be in the hands of individuals or corporations. The working men are to have more power; the idlers less. Anarchistic movements are less successful here than abroad because of universal suffrage, and the ease with which land can be transferred, and the relative ease with which the working man can secure a home. The man who owns is the man who wants peace.

"So now, with a restless and iconoclastic future before us, we must both lead and restrain by religious forces. The social philosopher and the sociologist can detect injustices and wrongs, but he can never create the desire to remedy the wrongs which are the issue of greed. The heart to do this is born of the Holy Spirit in the washing of regeneration. Only God can turn the soul of man from selfishness to brotherly love. We have good hope that in the better atmosphere thus created the destructive schemes of reckless anarchists may be impotent for mischief.

"Let it be remembered that nowhere in the world does wealth manifest its obligation to contribute to the public welfare as in the United States. If fortunes are here obtained which belittle the wealth of kings, let it be remembered that the rich give here for public uses

as kings have never done. While we have a class of rich people among us who live in idleness, luxury, and folly, they are the exceptions among the rich. Education, religion, philanthropy, all have received gifts of astounding munificence from the rich men of America. While we cannot doubt that some fail to set aside for public use any considerable portion of what they have gained by opportunities opened and worked by others, it is true that there is now great surprise if a rich man lives or dies without leaving to the community which gave him his opportunities, some substantial evidence that he appreciated the aid rendered him by those among whom he lived.

TEMPERANCE

"When some years ago the General Conference planted our Church on the heights of legal and constitutional prohibition, some in the Church and many in the world felt that we had passed from sobriety of judgment to fanaticism, and, in short, had become 'intemperately temperate.' Today we find that state after state has climbed to our position, and that unexpected aid has reached us from railway and other corporations, as well as from some trade unions. States which have been notoriously unfriendly to any temperance legislation, except general license, have passed local option laws which have been accepted by county after county until almost the whole state has banished the saloon. We can measure the sincerity of the organs of the liquor traffic, as well as of the politicians they control, in saying that 'prohibition does not prohibit,' by their frantic efforts to defeat all prohibitive or restrictive legislation. The well wishers of mankind will sing doxologies in view of the astonishing progress of the prohibitive idea; a progress so great that the middle-aged may hope to see this curse of curses, alcoholic liquor, put in the cabinet of drugs and no more freely sold than any other irritant or soporific poison. For a long time it has given joy to your General Superintendents to observe that this evil traffic has known that, when a Methodist Episcopal minister arrived in town, no matter how he came, an unsparing no-quarter enemy had arrived. On this account our ministers have been frequently chosen to lead the temperance army, whether fighting for local, state, or national prohibition, and we unfeignedly rejoice that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, so recently led by a sainted member of our Church, aided by the Anti-Saloon League, has prevented the reëstablishment of the canteen and the fouling again of the nation's hand by direct participation in the sale of liquor.

"We salute our colleagues, Bishop Wilson, as president of the Anti-Saloon League of the United States of America, and Bishop McDowell as president of the Church Temperance Society.

"We have no doubt that you will reinforce our position by some strong declaration which may, for the next quadrennium, serve as a war cry for the temperance forces whose victory, though in sight, is not yet wholly won. All great emotions are followed by reaction. But there ought not to be—nay, there must not be—any reaction from the wrath with which all good and Christian citizens pursue this sneaking, law-breaking, and murderous traffic. It deserves neither charity nor mercy. There is no law it will keep, no pledge it will honor, no child it will not taint, no woman it will not befoul, no man it will not degrade. It feeds upon dishonesties of conduct and on the shame of brothels. It stimulates all revenges and makes the murderer dance upon the body he has killed. It falsely claims to be a great public interest because it employs thousands and pays heavy taxes. But no money in the pockets of employes, and no taxes in the treasury of the city, county, state, or nation, can balance the monetary losses of the nation through this traffic. No profits, however real or immense, can compensate for the corruption of our politics, the emptiness of the drunkard's home or the fullness of prisons and graves. Rise here and now and pledge eternal enmity to this foe of man and God. [And the Conference rose with a mighty cheer.]

DIVORCE

"The consecutive polygamy permitted by the divorce laws of some of our states is a disgrace to our country. It continues to undermine family life and to break up into helpless and warring fractions that which God means shall be a unit.

"We greatly rejoice that the conscience of the nation is being quickened on this subject, and that the demand for uniform divorce laws increases. While we shall welcome any assimilation of legal provisions as to divorce by the action of the several states, it seems doubtful if uniformity can be secured except by national legislation. As the matter of divorce is not now within the scope of the general government, we can only hope that the individual states will perceive the need of so safe-guarding the homes from divorce for trivial and unscriptural reasons, that uniformity will be steadily approached in state legislation, and finally reached, and the time come when it will be possible for a constitutional amendment to permit a national

divorce law, and so prevent a marriage which is unlawful in one state from being lawful in another.

"We submit as an appendix to this address the conclusions reached by the National Committee on Divorce, of which our lamented Bishop Andrews was a member.

"We are of the opinion that paragraph 66 of our Discipline, which is wholly mandatory in language, ought to be placed among our laws; it being evident from the language of the paragraph that it is law, and as such, has no place among the special advices.

"Among the questions referred to the Bishops for legal decision is one relating to the duty of the Church in cases wherein husband and wife, one or both being members of the Church, are living apart, their home broken up, their children, if any, divided, and consequently robbed of one parent or the other. Whether this occurs by decision of either parent, or mutual action on the part of both, the question of moral and scriptural justification is so plainly raised that it would seem to be the duty of the Church to take cognizance of such cases. We therefore recommend the subject to your careful consideration in connection with the subject of divorce.

PEACE

"We have noticed with delight the great advance made since we last met toward a peaceful settlement, by Christian methods, of international disputes. We rejoice in the honor which came to Theodore Roosevelt, the President of the United States, on account of his successful efforts to bring the Russo-Japanese war to an end. It is a notable fact, also, that an American citizen, Andrew Carnegie, is building a home for the peace tribunals which are to meet at The Hague, and which have been created by the International Conference.

"Distant as the day seems, when 'they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more,' it is yet evident by the creation of the Hague Tribunal and by the revision of the laws of war, that the consciences of the nations are more sensitive as to the wickedness of war than at any other time; that strong efforts are being made to diminish its evils, both on sea and on land, and that the spread of democratic ideas is such that very soon rulers will not be able to go to war without the consent of those whose bodies must pay the cost in labor, wounds, and death. Questions of national honor are withheld from the jurisdiction of the Hague

Tribunal. This reservation greatly delays the day of abiding peace. It permits sudden passion, under real or supposed insult, to drive one nation to attack another, without waiting for the calm which comes by time and investigation. In the middle ages, and since, there were courts of honor for individuals. We can see no good reason, except despair of human nature, why there might not be a court of honor for nations to which such questions should be referred, and which should decide as to the fact and intent of the supposed insult, and as to the measure of the apology due.

WORKINGMEN AND THE CHURCH

"For those who labor with their hands, and whose reward is a wage, the Church has great sympathy. Their share of the profits of business is often such that, if they have families, they can have no hope of saving a competence for old age. In many trades the earning value of a mechanic almost ceases at forty-five. Unless promoted to supervision he must descend at old age to the wage of watchman and the day laborer. The freight trainmen seem to have nothing so surely before them as maimed hands, missing feet, and a dollar a day at grade crossings, and in old age not that. To those of us who are secured from accident by the nature of our employment, it seems as if it would be difficult to find men to meet the dangers of railway work. Information direct from the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that in the quarter covered by the latest accessible bulletin, 519 employes were killed and 8,273 injured. Making large allowance for the penalty of individual recklessness, we shudder at the cost in life and limb of our railroad transportation.

"The case is as bad, if not worse, among those who provide the fuel for our homes and factories. Men die by hundreds in one explosion. A poorly ventilated mine, from which a wicked economy fails to drive out the explosive gas, has, in some cases, permitted an ignorant and careless miner to open his safety lamp and blow into eternity the working force of the entire village. So far as greed makes such things possible the Master whom we serve demands from us the protest of his Church, and for the sufferers the tenderest sympathy. The love we owe our brother man warrants and compels us to plead for greater protection against accident and greater mercy and justice even to care, in old age, for the wounded and crippled from the industrial battlefields.

"While perceiving the dangers to American civilization and

especially to the wages of the laboring classes, if the immense populations of Eastern Asia were free to enter this country with habits of living which are hardly possible to the last extremity of American poverty, we claim for the immigrants from Eastern Asia who are already here, and for those who lawfully come, the most just and equitable treatment. Especially do we insist upon protection for them from the mob spirit, so often inspired and led by those who are themselves new arrivals on our shores. We deplore the unwisdom of those journals and agitators who fan the fire of the war spirit and of race prejudice, and fail to recall the fairness, the intelligence, and the deference to public opinion which guide the counsels of the Chinese and Japanese governments in their response to our exclusion acts, and to the difficulties which our national government finds under our constitution in rectifying the wrongs done against the immigrants from Eastern Asia and from all other countries.

### TRADES UNIONS AND THE CHURCH

"It is impossible that the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the command to love and serve all men, and appealing throughout her history to the masses and composed as it is in large measure of workingmen, can be opposed to the working classes. We hold the right of those workingmen who desire to do so, to form labor unions for the advancement of their interests, as we hold the right of individual laborers, who prefer to do so, to keep the control of their own labor.

"We are confident that a closer and unprejudiced study on the part of labor unions of the aims and principles of the Church will convince those who exalt Jesus at the expense of his Church that the difference in America between the Master and his disciples is much less than they have been taught to believe. The Church and the trades unions should seek each other's help for the uplift of mankind.

"There is one point especially in which the labor unions, as commonly voiced, mistake the Church. The Church is not a museum of perfected specimens. It is a workshop to which all who are willing to 'work out their own salvation with fear and trembling' must be admitted. The Church cannot refuse its help and countenance to anyone who professes to accept its principles and to seek a better life, be he either capitalist or laborer. By so much as a capitalist is selfish, miserly, exacting, oppressive, the Church has business with him. She cannot throw him off and away until the last day of his desiccated and shrunken life brings him before God. She must hold before him

the image of the unselfish Christ in the hope that in its light he will see how far he is from the kingdom of God.

"Just so the Church must love, embrace, care for, and welcome those whose chief capital is their mechanical skill and muscular strength. If ignorant, she must teach them; if drunken, she must sober them; if improvident, she must bring them to Christian thrift. She can ignore no soul. Whatever the future may promise of a different system, or the dreams of social philosophers may prophesy, the present system is likely to outlast our day and we must permeate it with the Christ spirit on both sides, or leave the employer in an insecurity which paralyzes and the workman in a helplessness which degrades.

"Some labor critics of the Church have said that the Church is a closed shop, and only those who comply with certain obligations are admitted to be foremen and workmen therein. The Church is certainly not a closed shop in the sense intended by these critics. It is no more closed as to its foremen than is necessary to ascertain their fitness to lead. The Protestant church does not attempt to interrupt the labors of those who do not work in their way, nor forbid the individual Christian worker from doing what good he can. Nor does it shut away from its most sacred ordinances those who belong to another church, nor exclude the seeking soul which does not belong to any. It does not hold down the labor of the most successful Christian to the level of the least successful, or prescribe how much or little any servant of Christ shall do. Nor does it socially or financially boycott those who do not think as it does, nor exclude the poorest unbeliever from its worship or its benevolent service. The obligation which the Church recognizes is to all souls.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS

"There is a close relation between the number of our communicants and the number of our Sunday school scholars. Our membership numbers 3,307,275, while our Sunday school forces number 3,346,483.

"Whenever any audience at an Annual Conference is asked to indicate by rising the number who acknowledged Christ before fifteen years of age, two thirds of the congregation will rise.

"When those who confessed Christ between fifteen and eighteen are asked to join those standing, five sixths of the audience will be on their feet. The number of those who acknowledge Christ after they are twenty-one is very small.

"Thus is emphasized what all know, that the life of the Church depends upon developing Christ in the children more than on the conversion of the mature.

"To this our Sunday school work is wisely directed. Its work is in part to convey and impress religious knowledge. But all this is only the preparation for its greatest work, namely, the leading of young souls to a glad testimony of conscious acceptance with God, and to the beginnings and development of Christian character. We believe that no church has better directed effort toward this result, nor more valuable helps as a whole in its Sunday school publications.

AMUSEMENTS AND PARAGRAPH 248

"We are moved by a profound conviction of duty in again calling your attention to the subject of popular amusements in relation to the spirit and conduct of spiritual life. We regret that the general prevalence of harmful amusements does not diminish. We still firmly hold that they are 'antagonistic to vital piety, promotive of worldliness, and especially pernicious to youth.' We have nothing to recall in the deliverance of our Church upon this subject, yet we feel it our bounden duty to say that, in our unanimous judgment, the testimony of our Church against questionable amusements will be stronger and the appeal to the conscience by our ministers more easily and forcibly made, if we combat this evil by spiritual rather than by legislative methods. Hence the General Conference of 1904 adopted the following declaration, which is now an integral portion of our Discipline:

AMUSEMENTS

Improper amusements and excessive indulgence in innocent amusements are serious harriers to the beginning of the religious life and fruitful causes of spiritual decline. Some amusements in common use are also positively demoralizing, and furnish the first easy steps to the total loss of character. We therefore look with deep concern on the great increase of amusements and on the general prevalence of harmful amusements, and lift up a solemn note of warning and entreaty particularly against theater-going, dancing, and such games of chance as are frequently associated with gambling; all of which have been found to be antagonistic to vital piety, promotive of worldliness, and especially pernicious to youth. We affectionately admonish all of our people to make their amusements the subject of careful thought and frequent prayer, to study the subject of amusements in the light of their tendencies, and to be scrupulously careful in this matter to set no injurious example.

We adjure them to remember that the question for a Christian must often be, not whether a certain course of action is positively immoral, but whether it will dull the spiritual life and be an unwise example. We enjoin on all our Bishops, presiding elders, and pastors to call attention to this subject with solemn urgency in our Annual and Quarterly Conferences and in all our pulpits; and on our editors, Sunday school officers, Epworth League officers, and class leaders to aid in abating the evils we deplore. We deem it our bounden duty to summon the whole Church to apply a thoughtful and instructed conscience to the choice of amusements, and not to leave them to accident or taste or passion; and we affectionately advise and beseech every member of the Church absolutely to avoid "the taking such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus."

"In view of these strong utterances now embodied in our Discipline, we recommend, not that Paragraph 248 be stricken out, but that it be amended by striking out the confessedly partial list of worldly amusements found therein, beginning with the last word in the eighth line, and ending with the word 'other' in the eleventh line, which were inserted in 1872, leaving as the ground for church trial, in case such trial becomes necessary, that portion of the paragraph reading, 'Taking such amusements as are obviously of misleading or questionable moral tendency, or disobedience to the order and Discipline of the Church,' and especially our original rule, 'the taking such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus.'

"Grave injustice will be done if this recommendation is interpreted as an abandonment of our early opposition to worldly amusements. Indeed, it is a return to the principles and to the exact words furnished by John Wesley—a return to the historic method by which Methodism combated worldly amusements for more than a hundred years; and to our unfailing testimony that it is the privilege of all Christians to be so absorbed and satisfied in communion with God, the service of men, and the blessings which our heavenly Father has provided that the appetite for worldly amusements shall entirely disappear.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE

"And now, having examined our own work, and having found abundant reason for thanksgiving, and having also reviewed those facts and conditions of progress which concern the whole Christian world, we seek in conclusion to answer the question we know to be on your lips, 'What of the future?'

"Our outlook prophesies the conversion of the world to Jesus Christ; the coming through Christian sacrifice of the day when 'the

whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord.' The wavelets only recede. The tide steadily rises. Politically humanity moves onward to its rights. The old tyrannies try to grip with the old grasp, but fingers slip on the larger humanity they are too small to hold. Emperors and kings keep their thrones by representing the people; not by dictating to them. Religious freedom advances with the disestablishment of the Roman Catholic Church in France, and the great concessions made to liberty in Russia and in the South American republics.

"The people who feel the weight of the ancient prejudices and proscriptions cry out, 'Who shall deliver me from this body of death?' Ideas follow the swift lines of communication. The walls of the ancient citadels are either down or falling down. No one can or will rebuild them. There is no longer a hermit nation. There can no longer be a people without schools. Modern knowledge must have its career and curriculum or the students desert their teacher. Men smile today at thunderings which once scared kings to Canossa. Ancient privileges are challenged. Ancient isolations give place to the world pilgrims. Twenty dollars transfers a man from Italy to America, and twenty more take him home again enlarged, broadened, enriched. The greatest commerce belongs to the nations of the highest Christian development, as witness England, Germany, and the United States. Ignorance and superstition diminish energy and lessen earning power. Men see this and throw both aside. Look at our former slaves in this country. Still bearing the mark of their chains, and kept down by the inherited weights of their servitude, they have yet turned their faces to light, order, knowledge, scholarship, purity. The house supplants the cabin. Chilled steel replaces wood. The blooded team banishes the scrawny and rope-driven ox. Patient under discrimination and deprivation of political rights, and in self-imposed labor, they have built churches worthy of any city and colleges of high curriculum. They are now producing men who have exchanged the chuckle and grimace of ignorance for the smile and repose of culture. Forty-five years ago they were a race without a dollar. Today their millions, as to numbers, must be multiplied by fifty to measure and assess the property they own. 'Our God is marching on.'

"Look at awakened Japan. Look at awakening China, and at India, assimilating as to nationality and religion by Christianity and education. Look at the Russian peasant and the Belgian artisan! Neither icons nor bullets can quiet them. The new, free, broad,

brighter life is thrilling them. When wind disturbs the lake, we can only see distorted images. Broken bars of light misrepresent the calm, clear stars and planets which shine above.

"So we look at the human world disturbed by ambition, greed, passion of all sorts, and see only broken images of the shining One who said, 'I am the Light of the world.' But the light we see is his light, and as he calms the race the world will show his form and image, even 'the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.' The Protestant churches have almost ceased to fight each other. Coöperation displaces combat. Fight is transliterated until it spells federation. The old battle between freedom of conscience and the spiritual director goes on, and must go on. There can be no truce between the domination of authority and the freedom of the individual. Christian charity brings Protestants to speak of Roman Catholics as 'our brethren of the Roman obedience.' It brings Roman Catholics to speak of Protestants as 'our separated brethren.' Courtesies and philanthropic coöperations make us think better of each other. We rejoice in them all, but the two ideas of authority and freedom can never be harmonized. The soul must find in Jesus Christ its one priest or surrender itself to those who claim to alone possess the keys.

"Of our Master His servant said, 'He will draw all things unto himself.' Christ has said of himself that 'He will draw all men unto himself.' Thus man and all that he has about him, great and small, is within the range of Christ's assimilative power. We see this in the weighty fact that the nations which know the most of nature know the most of him. Where the doctrine of the direct access of the soul to God most abounds, the keys to his mysteries are most in human hands. The old sunlight stored up in the coal condensed from ancient vegetation and restored to modern use shines most and brightest where his light is least tinged by human error.

"Christ remains the chief object of study as he is the subject of the largest literature. He is the reward of the deepest learning and the consolation of the truest penitence. His influence grows with the years. Eight years of the twentieth century have verified his testimony, accredited his claims, confirmed his apostolate, broadened his discipleship, exalted and glorified his Church. In his religion the essential ideas of all others are found. His heaven-born man is a better man than the Brahmin, and needs no sacred string to identify him. His disciple expects better things than an absorption into

Buddha, and an unconscious Nirvana, yet he hopes to be lost in the will of God. Christ gathers all the personifications of nature unto himself, and his adoring disciples declare 'By him are made all the things which are made,' and that 'all things are sustained by his power.' The Christian interprets life by Christ's word and all history in his light. Borne unto the end of earthly life by irresistible force, the Christian is calm, yea, joyful, because his Lord directs that force and gives to it a molding as well as moving energy. The believer is saved both by Christ's death and by his life. Almost two thousand years have proved that the vitality of Christianity inheres in a divine Saviour living and dying for men. This idea inspires and sustains enthusiasm even as it warrants and satisfies hope. Continually decried as improbable, incredible, impossible, the Godman lives in the heart of humanity, moved most of all by Christ's humiliation and his sacrifice. No other message bears such constant repetition; no other biography fascinates the world with such continual charm.

"Those who preach the philosophy and ethics of Christianity strengthen the intellect and aid the conduct of a few. Those who preach the living, dying, rising Christ grip the multitudes and rectify whole communities. Of virgin birth, a method of initiating life then existing and now existing in nature, and lifted up that he might live into the plane of that humanity within which it was then and is now hinted, Christ is indeed the Son of man and the Son of God. On this rock he builds his Church. 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'

"The gospel will win; is winning this world. The student of God's Word and of his providence can see it. We do not believe his message a failure. We dare not preach that his promised victory is to be won by a sudden appearance after the failure of his gospel and the coming of a new heaven and a new earth by a tremendous act of power. Christ works and wins through men. He comes in and through and by his Church. 'Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen.'"

## THE ARENA

### A LETTER ON SOME LUTHER MATTERS

*To a Protestant divine who is writing a long series of articles to a Catholic paper devoted partly to aspersing Protestants, especially Luther.*

In regard to objectionable sayings of Luther, it is fair to ask (1) Is he correctly quoted? (2) If so, did he speak (a) ironically, or (b) sarcastically, or (c) jokingly, or (d) by way of concession to an opponent? (3) Was it some sudden ebullition of indignation or passion occasioned by the onset or misrepresentation of an enemy, and which ebullition should not be taken as representing a deliberately formed conviction? Was the expression like Paul's in Acts 23. 3? (4) Was the passage removed or modified in a later edition? (5) What light has the context to throw on the expression? (6) Did the other main teachings of his writings silently modify or cancel the expression?

Your method apparently is to pick up what Janssen says or quotes and bring it out against Luther, without observing one of these six rules, and, besides, giving it the worst interpretation possible. Kindly quote me any Luther scholar who "defends" Luther's attitude in the second marriage of Philip. Is not the most that they do to *historically explain* it, or give the facts, or mention circumstances which serve to palliate it? What Protestant scholar gives a "defense" of Luther?

Two or three years ago I showed in a letter to you that Bossuet, according to my edition of the Variations, misrepresented Luther in this matter in several particulars—I think six or seven. But whatever his misrepresentations are, I hardly think they are more gross than yours when you say that Luther and his colleagues gave their "consent" "on the understanding that he should represent to the world that Margaret was his mistress." What the Beichtrat (confessional counsel or letter) says is: "As now your Grace has finally concluded to have another wife, we think that such is to be held secret, as is said above of a dispensation, namely, that your Grace and the same person, with certain trustworthy persons who knew your Grace's feeling and conscience, know in confession (under the seal of confession). So there would follow no special talk or scandal, for it is common for princes to have concubines. And as not everyone would know what the occasion was, reasonable people (who did know) would remind themselves, and have more pleasure in such modest behavior (eingezogen Wesen) than in adultery and other wild unchaste living."[1] There is not a word said here about his "representing" Margaret to be his mistress, or anything else. It is as though they said: "We have given you, Philip, half a dozen weighty reasons why you should live chastely with your present wife; but since you are bound

[1] See the correct text of the Beichtrat in *Zeitschrift f. d. historische Theologie*, 1852, 266-70.

not to do it, since you are bound to marry another, then to avoid public scandal, keep it secret. For the presence of ladies in your court would cause no special remark, for it has been the custom from time immemorial for almost all Catholic princes to have concubines."

If I were writing on Wesley for a Catholic journal, how would it do for me to give nine tenths of my space to his relations with Miss Hopkey and his marriage with Mrs. Vazeille, and to represent those relations in the worst possible light? Is that all of Wesley? You have probably given a dozen different treatments of Luther and the Philip marriage; but even that vast disproportion would not be so bad if you had given objective statements of the facts, instead of glaring (of course unintentional) misrepresentations. How would it do to leave Bossuet and Janssen and go back and make a study of the original documents, as your former fellow-townsman Rockwell did? How would it do, instead of repeating Catholic objurgations on Luther, to treat him in a spirit of historic justice and impartiality, as your friend Schaff did the mediæval men? No doubt some of your fearful epithets on Lansing are deserved, but (of course unintentionally) you follow his method exactly in regard to Luther and other men whom you dislike. Can we not dislike certain alleged faults in a man, and yet treat him with charity and justice? It is easy to grow indignant and heap all kinds of harsh words on Luther for the delectation of Catholics in the Philip matter, easier to do that than to historically account for the Beichtrat. Your scholarship could do this last, doubtless, better than I, but if I were writing for a Catholic paper, I would make at least an imperfect attempt to get back to the sixteenth century.

1. The immense significance of the Old Testament in the Middle Ages, inherited by the Reformation.

2. A certain legal external aspect of dealing—a second wife allowed in the Old Testament, not formally prohibited in the New. (I am speaking from the sixteenth century standpoint.)

3. Marriage looked upon too much from its external, fleshly aspects—a method handed down from Augustine, ruling the Middle Ages, and inherited by all in the sixteenth century. Not so much a spiritual union of soul to soul.

4. Marriage inherited the various rules, etc., of the Old Testament, but these rules, etc., for supposed good reason might be obviated by *dispensation*. The idea and vast scope of dispensation in the Middle Ages, inherited in the sixteenth century. Paul also deals somewhat freely with specific cases.

5. The idea of confessional advice, of making the best out of a bad case, of the pastoral duty to lessen the evil of a man *determined* on an objectionable course, of saving him, at least partially, as if by fire.

6. The idea of the validity of a secret communication in pastoral warning and advice, in the confessional so to speak, which has no validity and even no existence outside. I am speaking from the sixteenth century standpoint. This idea, interwoven in the whole Catholic system of the Middle Ages, went over into the sixteenth century and influenced all in

that time. This accounts for equivocation or denial which to a Protestant of the twentieth century sounds strange, but was natural to Catholics and Protestants of the sixteenth century, and to Catholics now. These, and perhaps other considerations, help to historically explain the Beichtrat of 1539 and the Philip history. Such orientation Protestant scholars constantly allow in the explanation of unpleasant matters in the mediæval church. But for Luther and his contemporaries by Catholic controversialists? O, no! Hard words, denunciations, misrepresentations. I should have added this to the above general historical considerations:

7. The high estimation of princes in feudal civilization, interwoven in the mediæval consciousness, inherited partly from the Old Testament, partly from the Roman empire, and by all parties in the sixteenth century (except perhaps by the Anabaptists, a section of whom were the only true through-and-through New Testament Christians in that century). This estimation led consciously or unconsciously to certain privileges or concessions granted to princes, and others high in authority, which would have not been thought of in regard to the common man.

As to whether the Beichtrat was a "consent" or not is an interesting question. Strictly and formally, it was not a consent, but by discussion of the difference between a law and a dispensation, by the statement that God permitted more than one wife in the Old Testament—and did not formally abrogate that permission in the New, and by saying that since Philip is determined to marry, he must keep it secret, instead of saying peremptorily, "No, under no circumstances on earth can a man marry more than one wife"—by that attitude of indecision on the one question at issue, accounted for by such considerations as I have stated, they gave a kind of moral consent. That was their fault, perhaps their sin. Who can judge? Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. In the Beichtrat, Luther himself added this sentence—horrible man!—"Therefore it is certain to us that we have the command from the Word of God to direct marriage and all human things upon the first and divine institution, and so far as possible hold them there, and to ward off all offense." Poor Luther! I suppose it is not often such sentences as these, and thousands of others better still, get before Catholic readers. It is only objectionable ones, torn from their context, distorted, misinterpreted. The advice of good old Dr. Routh, of whom the late Dean Burgon tells in his Lives of Twelve Good Men (London and New York, new edition, 1891), "Gentlemen, verify your quotations," is good advice in reading Catholic controversialists on Luther and other reformers. Perhaps their πρῶτον ψεῦδος is that Luther is an Antinomian, which you still echo with the rest of them. Perhaps between Paul and Wesley there was no man who had a firmer grip on faith as a transforming power than Luther. In the course of an exhaustive discussion of Luther's theology, Professor Seeberg says concerning this charge, that it is "utterly refuted in Thieme's work (*die sittliche Triebkraft des Glaubens: ein Untersuchung zu Luthers Theologie*, Leipzig, 1895), and adds with absolute truth: "It may be said on the contrary [to this charge] that in no other of the reformers does the moral principle penetrate so deeply and directly to the very center of the religious life"

(History of Doctrines, translated by Hay, vol. ii, p. 260, note). This everlasting "lie," if I might use a word of your own Catholic paper (referring to an alleged misrepresentation by Protestants), is one of the deep disgraces of Catholic polemics. They out-Lansing Lansing. It is echoed again in your ever-recurring remark that Lutheranism did not consider "love, good works, and pure living" as "essential to his [a Christian's] justification," whereas they did consider those things essential to justification—not anterior to it or as a condition, *but following it as the necessary evidences of the genuineness and reality of the faith.* Luther's view here differed in no essential respect from Paul's and Wesley's. You say that one of the reasons why the Reformers gave their "consent" in the Philip matter was that he threatened "to go back to the Pope." Kindly quote the passage. If I read aright, in his Latin letter of 1539 to the Reformers, he says that it occurred to him to refer the matter of the dispensation to the emperor, whose permission was not to be despised, but he had not done so because the emperor would do nothing without the dispensation of the Pope; and "*Pontificum dispensationem omnino nihilo faciam*" ("I will have nothing to do with the dispensation of popes"). He also speaks of the great money cost of a dispensation thus secured. I also understand him to say that he will, on no account, be led away from the gospel, and that for fear of some complication here he will not apply to the emperor, whose permission he does not value as much as one given before God and a good conscience. I do not find a threat to go back to the Roman Church, but please read that part of the letter for yourself.

In the Beichtrat there is no consciousness of fear that Philip thinks of returning to Rome. They speak of the possibility of his referring the matter to the emperor, and they dissuade him, partly for moral reasons (he—the emperor—thinks adultery a small sin and has the wrong faith) and partly for political (he prejudices the interests of Germany, etc.). Where does Philip threaten to return to the Pope? Doubtless they feared a possible recourse to emperor and Pope, and so their answer was not without political bias.[1] In the Beichtrat they hold a language before Philip in reference to his evil living, perhaps seldom heard by Catholic princes from their advisers. In fact, the case of Philip shows the awakening of the moral sense in the Reformation. Thousands of Catholic princes and lords had lived (and were yet to live) with their harem without the slightest consternation, knowing that such living could be forgiven before they died in the sacrament of penance. But Philip will live only with a second wife, according to God's dispensation of old, which he thought might still be valid under certain circumstances—in a sense a moral improvement, but a hermeneutical retrograde.

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[1] See Luther in Lauterbach, *Tagebuch*, hog. v. Seidemann (1872), 197.

## THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

### CHRIST'S INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS DISCIPLES

*(Continued)*

It is not the aim of these discussions to give an exhaustive exegesis of the Sermon on the Mount, as this is found in our critical commentaries, but to bring into relief some of the important teachings of our Lord by which he prepared his disciples for their great work and in which he has instructed and uplifted the church through all the Christian centuries. In doing so it is necessary to treat of the teachings of Jesus in the setting of the times when they were spoken. Sometimes our Lord has in view the rabbinic glosses which had been placed upon the Old Testament teachings and had distorted their meaning, and at other times he seems to refer to popular misconceptions of the teachings of the old covenant.

The subject of divorce was a topic on which there were wide differences of opinion among the Jews. How far and for what cause divorce was allowable was a question at issue. That divorces were tolerated and favored among the Jews is clear. A form of divorce is cited by Trollope in his commentary as follows:

> On the day of the week ———, in the month ———, in the year ———, from the beginning of the world, according to the common computation in the province of ———; I, N., the son of N., by whatever name I am called, of the city ———, with entire consent of mind, and without any compulsion, have divorced, dismissed, and expelled thee, M., the daughter of M., by whatever name thou art called, of the city ———, who wast heretofore my wife; but now I have dismissed thee: thee, I say, M., the daughter of M., by whatever name thou art called, of the city ———; so as to be free, and at thine own disposal, to marry whomsoever thou pleasest, without any hindrance from anyone, from this day forever. Thou art therefore free for any man. Let this be thy title of divorce from me, a writing of separation and expulsion, according to the law of Moses and Israel.

Our Saviour's words concerning divorce in Matt. 5. 31, 32, are very emphatic: "Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement." The passage to which direct reference is made in this is undoubtedly Deut. 24. 1: "When a man hath taken a wife, and married her, and it come to pass that she find no favor in his eyes, because he hath found some uncleanness in her; then let him write her a bill of divorcement, and give it in her hand, and send her out of his house." In interpreting Christ's teaching in Matt. 5. 31, 32, we need to make a comparison with his further utterances in Matt. 19. 3-6: "The Pharisees also came unto him, tempting him, and saying unto him: Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause? And he answered and said unto them, Have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave his father and

mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." From these passages it appears that divorce was not recognized in the original constitution of the marriage relation. Our Lord appeals to the primal creation of man and woman as a proof of the indissoluble character of the marriage tie. Language could not be more explicit as to his conception of the permanent character of the marriage bond. He affirms, further, that the law current among the Jews which allowed a man to put away his wife was not the complete expression of the divine will, but was an accommodation to the weaknesses and sins of Israel. When they responded to his statement, "Why did Moses then command to give a writing of divorcement, and to put her away? he saith unto them, Moses, because of the hardness of your hearts suffered you to put away your wives: but from the beginning it was not so." The Mosaic order found in Deut. 24. 1, was a concession to the spirit and temper of the age rather than an expression of the absolute divine will. At this point the whole order of divine administration by which he suffers imperfect things to exist under an educative process until the higher state can be attained is worthy of consideration. This permission of divorce, for the language is "suffered you," was for the protection of the woman, who in case of no regulation being established, would be subjected to much severer troubles, but was not a proof that this was the divine order. The divine order was undoubtedly the permanence of the marriage bond.

This brings into view the discussions which had arisen growing out of the different schools of interpretation on this subject mentioned in the commentaries, namely, the school of Shammai and that of Hillel, the former affirming that one particular sin was the only ground of divorce, the other that many things which were displeasing to the husband constituted a basis on which the husband could put away his wife. Our Lord in this passage teaches that divorce for any other cause than the one expressed was contrary to the divine order, and that the remarriage of the parties so divorced was forbidden by the gospel teaching. The teaching of Christ enforces the sacredness of the marriage bond, and declares that divorce is not to be tolerated except on the grounds of a necessity which has actually severed that bond.

The next subject of which the Master treats is that of oaths, chapter 5. 33-37. The question here was whether oaths as a confirmation of testimony or for emphasis in statement are allowable. The statement in this passage, "Swear not at all," is clear. Here we have the direct utterance of our Lord objecting to oaths in the most emphatic form, and he concludes by saying, "But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." Casuistry had its place then as now. There was a notion prevalent which was very dangerous to the moral standards, namely, that oaths were of different classes, or that some were of great significance and others were less sacred and, consequently, to be indulged in at pleasure or for purposes of deception. The ideal of the Master was "Swear not at all." Oaths had

been permitted in the Old Testament. Instances are found without criticism both in the Old and New Testaments. The utterance of the Master is that all oaths must have relation to God, and, secondly, those things which were taken as of least significance fundamentally had the full significance of an oath, and that men therefore cannot deal with them lightly or treat them as of no significance when uttered. It was the presumption that if one swore by the earth, or by Jerusalem, or by his head, it had no binding force. The Saviour teaches, however, that they cannot swear by anything that is not related to God. Heaven is God's throne, earth is God's footstool, Jerusalem is God's dwelling place, where he dwells with his people. His head and all his bodily faculties belong to God, and consequently an oath sworn by either of them must be binding, because they cannot exclude God from his world. Hence, he teaches them, the Christian requires but one form of communication—simply Yea, yea; Nay, nay. This is enough. It needs no outward attestation to the true man when one makes a promise of "Yea," which will mean all it says; so with the negations of the Scriptures. Any attempt to go beyond this kind of oath is useless and unnecessary. We do not imagine that Christ meant to teach the sinfulness of conforming to the laws of the country in official oaths which were established for the protection of society, but he utters a strong protest against trifling oaths and all forms of swearing so constantly indulged in by thoughtless and wicked people. In the kingdom which Christ came to establish there will be no need of oaths of confirmation. "Yea, yea, and nay, nay," will be all-sufficient.

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## THE IMPORTANCE OF ECCLESIASTICAL NOMENCLATURE

THE nomenclature of any subject is worthy of special study. Nomenclature is defined by Webster as "the technical names used in any particular branch of science or art or by any school or individual." It is intended to provide definition and convey information to those interested without extended statement. Every science or art has a nomenclature which is understood by its disciples and forms, really, the means of communication between them and those with whom they confer on their particular subjects. The value of the study of nomenclature is very apparent. It enables one to retain knowledge more readily. One is apt to forget the substance of a subject when he does not have in mind any special language in which it is expressed. In other words, the memory of words has much to do in the preservation of our past knowledge.

Nomenclature is also valuable for intercommunication. It is difficult to converse with one who does not understand our terms. If one is in a gathering where some special subject is discussed, whether it be science or literature or art, if he has no knowledge of the terms that are employed, he cannot understand the discussion fully, and must be contented with glimpses. A gathering of scientific men converse together with perfect ease and hold discussions which are very luminous to each other because they all understand the terminology that is employed. If they did not,

their whole proceedings would be confused. This is true of all people in their several departments of activity. They talk to each other on all formal questions, especially on questions demanding scholarly discussion, in the language of their particular profession or science, because they are able to compare their views without embarrassment and in brief terms.

All the various subjects of human inquiry have their special nomenclature. Philosophy has a well-defined terminology. Science has its terminology which is very extended because of its many departments. Language has its terminology. So it is in political life. The statesman has his special words which are familiar to him and to all his colleagues. This is true of theology as well. There are many terms in theology whose definitions have been wrought out with care and have been presented in formulated statements. To those who do not know the nomenclature the books which treat of these subjects are dull and obscure, but to those who are familiar with the language employed, the whole discussion takes on new life. The words most familiar to us in Christian thought—regeneration, adoption, sanctification—have their formulated definitions and are a part of the nomenclature of Christendom. This peculiarity has led to the construction of catechisms. Each particular church has its catechism. The Reformed Church has its Heidelberg Catechism, which is practically a concentrated statement of the theology of the church. Similarly, the Westminster Catechism defines the terms frequently employed in the pulpit and in Christian thought generally. So do other denominations. It does not follow that these terms are interpreted always in exactly the same manner, but when one has a mastery of the terms with a definite meaning he will find himself able to discuss it with a clearness and force impossible without such nomenclature. One of the values of the Catechism is that the elementary principles which it represents are in the mind of the student and will remain there as a perpetual reminder and a constant inspiration to the study of the subject. The writer of this has been indebted all his life to the mastery of a Catechism in early youth which, while not understood at the time, gave him familiarity with the terminology of Christian thought which has been a constant benediction.

But there is a special nomenclature which plays an important part in the activities of the various branches of the Church of Christ. Each denomination of Christians has a nomenclature especially relating to government and usages peculiar to it. Without the knowledge of the terminology of each one cannot properly understand the writings or speeches of the others. Newspapers often send reporters to make known to their readers the transactions of an ecclesiastical body, and the language is often misunderstood and consequently wrongly reported. One who is outside of the body may give a general statement, but only those who have been trained by a constant familiarity with the terminology of the particular church can make a full report. A striking incident of that kind occurred recently at the funeral of a minister of high ecclesiastical position. One of the leading papers, in giving an account of it, made this statement: "The service was conducted wholly by the associates and intimate friends, even the musical numbers being sung by ministers." The pastor had

prepared a program containing the names of the speakers as well as the names of those who were to announce the several hymns. The person who reported, seeing the paper and not being present, evidently did not understand what actually took place, and assumed that each person whose name was opposite one of the hymns was to sing the hymn alone, and so one paper gravely stated that Reverend Doctor ——— sang a hymn, giving the name of the hymn. The fact was that the doctor was there and simply rose and announced the hymn, perhaps reading one stanza of it, but no one of the whole number whose names were placed opposite to hymns sang the hymns at all except in concert with the choir. The point for which this is cited is to show that the person was not familiar with the nomenclature of such services, and hence was incompetent to report it accurately.

One of the important things for the minister is at as early a time in his career as possible to secure a knowledge of the nomenclature of the various public interests with which he has to do, and also of the various subjects with which he has to deal. We would advise the mastery of this nomenclature, committing the important terms, perhaps, to memory. This should include the theological and ecclesiastical terminology of his own denomination and, so far as possible, of other churches. At first he may have a very imperfect knowledge of their exact meaning. They may be mere words to him. But as time goes on, and as he reads about these subjects, he will find this terminology a point of departure and comparison, and that it will illuminate the various subjects with which he is called to deal in his theological thinking and in his church action.

This is an answer to the objection that is sometimes raised that people should not be taught that which they cannot understand; that is, that the teaching must keep pace all the time with the faculties of the student at that time. At the time when the memory is retentive the great words of theology and the great words of church government and the great words of religious experience—in other words, the nomenclature of these things—should be impressed upon the mind, and it will illuminate all his after thinking, and enable him to hold in balance the different interpretations of the same subject or the same word, and thus strengthen his intellect and give clearness to his conceptions and expressions of truth.

## ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

### SOME OF THE LATEST GERMAN BIBLICAL CRITICISM

Biblical criticism is still a living question among a limited number in Europe and America. We say a limited number, for the fact is that the great mass of clergymen, both in Protestant and Catholic communions, are not greatly concerned about the origin and sources of the Old Testament or the nature and development of the early religion of Israel. The vast majority of professing Christians, as far as they have any views at all on the subject, are traditionalists, whether they belong to the so-called historical school or to that known as the conservative wing. There can be no greater mistake than to believe that the man who has discarded the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch or has accepted the doctrine of two Isaiahs is any less of a traditionalist than he who holds the opposite view. One simply follows, and that often without much thought, the teachings of Wellhausen, while the other clings to the older opinions.

Thirty years ago, and much later, the Old Testament scholars of Germany with scarcely an exception taught the Graf-Kuenen theories, as perfected by Wellhausen. Indeed, it may be said that no book since the time of David Frederick Straus, author of the famous *Leben Jesu*, made such a profound impression upon biblical students, and Old Testament scholars especially, as Wellhausen's Prolegomena to the History of Israel. It was an epoch-making book. It revolutionized biblical criticism. This admixture of Hegelian and Darwinian principles came out at the psychological moment, when men, groping in the dark and tired of drifting, were anxious to anchor to something. Wellhausen's brilliant theories were greeted everywhere as the real panacea for which the world had been looking. In short, this book, after but little opposition from scholars, ceased to be regarded as a theory or hypothesis and quietly settled down as one of the exact sciences, and woe to the man who was foolhardy enough to dissent or criticise. There was a special fascination about it which captivated everybody. Professor Baentsch, of Jena, now, strange to say, a backslider, was one of the leading champions of Wellhausenism. Even not more than eleven years ago this Old Testament scholar wrote with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy criticising all who dared, in any way, disagree with the new high priest in Old Testament criticism; but more of this further on. There have been, however, for some time, all along the horizon, some signs of reaction, and, naturally enough, Wellhausen's followers condescended to come to the defense of their master, and in some way reassert his conclusions. One of the most recent defenders of this hypothesis is Professor Marti, who has published a little pamphlet entitled The Religion of the Old Testament Among the Religions of the Farther Orient. This, in the main, is pure and simple, orthodox Wellhausenism, attempting, however, to bring it into harmony with the more recent conclusions suggested by the Babel and Bible controversy.

His great burden is to prove that the religion of Israel shows four distinct stages of development, easily recognizable and pointed out:

1. *The nomadic stage.* This covers the period of the unsettled wandering, and is distinguished by its polydemonism, that is, a belief in supernatural forces, especially spirits. The dead were invested with superhuman qualities. Sacrifice, though offered, was not a direct offering to God, but a sort of sacrificial communion between the Deity and men. The distinguishing characteristic of this stage, however, was the belief in one supreme God. This was Jahweh, and Israel was his special people. True, there were according to popular belief many gods at that time. Israel, however, was permitted to worship Jahweh alone. Moses, a prophet, *not* a lawgiver, revealed Jahweh to Israel at Sinai or Kadesh. It is probable that the Midianites had worshiped Jahweh long before the Mosaic age.

2. *The peasant stage.* This begins with the entrance of the Israelites into Canaan, where they found a higher civilization than they had previously known, for the Canaanites had been engaged in agricultural and commercial pursuits centuries before the occupation under Joshua. The prevailing religion of the land at this time was adopted by the Israelites. It was an admixture of polydemonism and polytheism, imported from Babylonia and Egypt, with a fully developed system of sacrifices and religious festivals, in every way adapted to simple-minded peasants and tillers of the soil. Then there was a long struggle between the Jahweh and Baalim cult; the former, however, gradually prevailed and replaced the more ancient Baal worship. The worship of Jahweh became very general within Israel's boundaries, but never succeeded in extending to outside territory.

3. *The prophetic stage.* The prophets, beginning with Amos, emphasize the ethical side of religion, denounce outward show and ceremonies and, especially, practices derived from the ancient inhabitants. The religion of this period may be styled ethical monotheism. Though pure monotheism was proclaimed at the very commencement of the prophetic age, it did not become firmly established till the Deutero-Isaianic age. Sacrifices, though yet required, are regarded of less moment than purity of life and genuine morality. Jahweh, of course, is the one true God, whose will must be supreme, even though Israel be blotted out of the world's history. Nationalism recedes, but individualism and universalism begin to take root. The first reaches its zenith at the time of Jeremiah and the second in that of Deutero-Isaiah. The prophetic type of religion was never popular and secured a firm footing among the chosen few only. These few, however, scattered the precious seed, and the result of their activities became incorporated in the law: Deuteronomy, the Law of Holiness, and the Priestly Code. This brings us to our last stage, which has been designated as

4. *The legal stage*, or the period of priestly codification of the laws. The ethical teachings of the prophets as well as the elaborate ceremonial practices of the preceding ages are now accepted and united into one great system. Greater emphasis is placed upon the ritual of preprophetic time. This explains the general decadence, for the fourth stage is rather a

retrogression than an advancement. Piety wanes and becomes more and more supplanted by ritualism, legal ceremonies, and technicalities. The letter of the law is insisted upon rather than the spirit.

This, in brief, is a synopsis of the new Wellhausenism, as presented by Marti. It is needless to say that those who have broken with Wellhausen reject Marti too, and for nearly the same reasons. Professor Sellin points out that Marti does not sufficiently recognize the unique character of Israel's religion, which certainly stood on an entirely different foundation than the religions of Moab, Edom, and the neighboring countries. Then again, it may be asked, why are all the ancient Hebrew sources neglected? And why is the faith of early Israel, in general, of Moses, Samuel, Elijah, and others, in particular, reduced to the level of the religions of the surrounding nations? And, finally, is this not contrary to the teaching of Christ and the apostles, who explicitly state that God revealed himself to his people Israel during its entire history? It is easy to answer that both Christ and the apostles were uncritical in both comprehension and statement. Before proceeding farther, it should be stated that the views of Wellhausen, Marti, and their disciples, though accepted by a very large number of distinguished scholars in Europe and America, have been generally rejected by the more conservative, by the rank and file of the clergy, especially in English-speaking countries. In more recent times objections to Wellhausen have come from two sources, which are in no sense of the word friendly to the conservatives or positive theologians. We must first mention Professor Baentsch, of Jena, as the representative of one class. We have already spoken of him as an advanced follower of Wellhausen. It is less than eleven years ago since he wrote the following lines: "They [the views of Wellhausen] capture one theological chair after another. In spite of the disfavor with which conservatives in state and church regarded them, they, nevertheless, have forced men of mature judgment and unquestionable piety to accept and defend them." The above, from Professor Baentsch's pen, no doubt reflected the opinion of most Old Testament scholars in Germany for the past quarter of a century. Now, however, we see signs on every hand that there is a change going on. Wellhausenism though strongly intrenched is being gradually assailed and that from different standpoints. Strange to say, one of its most resolute assailants is Baentsch. He has gone so far as to write a very interesting brochure entitled The Monotheism of the Ancient Orient and of Israel, with the avowed purpose of reconstructing or superseding the teachings of Wellhausen and his adherents. The pamphlet is an appeal to this school of critics to abandon its very basal position, because they have overshot the mark in applying the principle of development in too rigid a manner to Old Testament criticism. Indeed he claims there is no certain proof that the religion of Israel made a steady progress from lower to higher. On the other hand, retrogression is clearly seen at various stages. Professor Nuelsen, now bishop, in his excellent little volume, Some Recent Phases of German Theology, speaking of this subject puts the matter thus: "Were the Israelites originally polytheistic, turning in the course of their historic development into monotheists, or were they

originally monotheists, constantly in danger of adopting the polytheistic beliefs of the surrounding nations? Were the prophets the originators of a higher form of religion, or were they reformers and spiritual interpreters of the more ancient religion?" According to Professor Baentsch monotheistic conceptions of the Deity were current long before the Exodus. In short, he seems to agree in full with the old orthodox views, that Abraham was no stranger to the doctrine of one supreme God and that Moses was "the preacher of a religious and practical monotheism." He goes further than the conservatives, for while admitting that Israel, from its earliest history, at least as far as its religious leaders were concerned, was monotheistic, he also maintains that the thinking people of Babylonia, too, believed in one Supreme Being. Though the masses practiced idolatry and were polytheists in belief, yet the prophets, seers, and religious leaders of all Semitic nations were practically monotheists. Indeed, the various names given to the deity or deities did not always signify that they believed in a multiplicity of gods, any more than the terms El, Elyon, Elvah, Elohim, El-Shaddai, and Jahweh of the Hebrew Scriptures prove that references are made under these different names to various gods. But by far the most violent opponents of Wellhausenism are the Assyriologists. These have united their forces in attacking its weak points and in assuring us that this highly extolled system rests upon untenable historical presuppositions and false premises. The discoveries in the ruins of the Euphrates and Nile Valleys during the past twenty-five years furnish abundant proof to show that events and phenomena once regarded as incredible are absolutely true. These new revelations from the mounds of the old Orient prove conclusively that what Wellhausen and his school had regarded as basal facts were, after all, nothing more than plausible but unfounded hypotheses, the fond fancies of dreamers. Hommel some years ago, without fully entering into the spirit of the discussion, exposed this weak spot in Wellhausenism. Winckler, one of the leading Assyriologists, was the first to attack Marti's pamphlet. He did this in one of his own, entitled *Religionsgeschichtlicher und Geschichtlicher Orient.* Whatever we may think of Winckler as a theologian, his knowledge of Assyriology is undisputed. He proceeds against Wellhausenism with ungloved hands and shows conclusively that the system with all its learned and plausible hypotheses is in direct contradiction to the cuneiform inscriptions, as they reveal to us the everyday life, the general culture, and, especially, the intellectual stage and religious development of the ancient Orient. He charges this school which poses as religio-historical with illogical methods and unscientific conclusions, with either gross ignorance of facts easily attainable, or with ignoring deliberately the recent discoveries in Bible lands, which throw so much light upon the life and beliefs of the ancient Semites.

Babylonia, according to the Assyriologists, possessed a well-developed system of theology—or shall we call it mythology?—at least as early as 3000 B. C. This system is designated as "*Die Urlehre*" (original teachings) and comprehended all natural phenomena, both of the heavens and the earth, down to the minutest details. This was not peculiar to Babylonia,

but the common property of all Semitic peoples, wherever settled. The origin of Israel's religious ideas must be sought in this *Urlehre*. Indeed, the religion of the Old Testament was at no time the religion of the Israelites at large but, rather, that of a select class or sect. It was international rather than national, for its confessors were found among the more cultured throughout the entire Orient. It was very often in direct conflict with the state religion of Israel. According to this new school, it is rank heresy to think that the lofty ideas of the Hebrews were derived from wandering nomads or even settled peasants; such noble conceptions could have arisen only in a cultured center. Even the legends of Genesis must have been written by a cultured class. Nor must we think for a moment, as Marti does, that the prophets of Israel were the real founders of monotheism, for a monotheistic stream flowed like a mighty river all through the Orient long before the sixth century B. C. And the efforts of a Hezekiah or a Josiah to turn this stream into a state religion stand on the same level, and were no more successful than the attempts of Khu-en-aten, in his monotheistic reform, centuries before.

This Pan-Oriental or Pan-Babylonian school, though very hostile to Wellhausenism, is in no sympathy with traditional views or orthodoxy. If anything the Assyriologists are more rationalistic than those whom they attack. According to them, Israel was only an echo of Babylonia. Every belief and law came to Palestine from Babylonia. They do not stop with the prophets and the Old Testament, but subject Christ and the New Testament to the same treatment. Not satisfied to reduce most of the Old Testament worthies to the realm of myth and legend, they boldly attack the history of our Saviour. According to Professor Zimmern almost everything in the life of Jesus finds its counterpart and origin in Babylonian mythology: his preëxistence, his miraculous birth, sufferings, resurrection, ascension, and return again to judge the world. Professor Jansen, in a large volume of over 1,000 pages, entitled The Epos of Tilgamesh in the World Literature, The Origins of the Old Testament Patriarch, Prophet, and Redeemer Legends and of the New Testament Jesus Legend, recklessly maintains that Jesus of Nazareth never existed, consequently never died for the sins of the world. He is nothing but a poetical conception, and the gospels are nothing more or less than a Jewish version of the Babylonian Epos, Gilgamesh. Thus, according to this German dreamer, we are all, notwithstanding our vaunted learning, piety, and culture, simple idolaters. We, who patronizingly pity the ignorance and superstitions of the Dark Ages and heathen world—yes, we too, "worship in our cathedrals and churches, in our meetinghouses and schools, in palaces and shanties, a Babylonian deity." Such is the latest from Germany, where much of our theology is made. Like most of the wild vagaries emanating from this land, these too shall pass without leaving even a trace. Strauss, Kuenen, and Wellhausen are passing away; so too these latest deliverances of Zimmern, Winckler, and Jansen. But Moses, David, Isaiah, Peter, John, and Paul are becoming more and more to the human race every day. Jesus Christ the same today, yesterday, and forever. The word of the Lord abideth forever.

## FOREIGN OUTLOOK

### SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

**Theodor Haering.** Already recognized as an able theologian he has increased his reputation by the recent publication of two works, *Der Christliche Glaube*, 1906, and *Das Christliche Leben*, 1907. The former, of course, deals with dogmatics, the latter with ethics, and both are published by the Calwer Verlagsverein, in Calw and Stuttgart. In his Christian Faith he begins with an apologetic portion. He does not think that the essence of the Christian religion is sufficiently expressed in the idea of the kingdom of God, even when this is defined in its relation to reconciliation, but thinks that it is necessary to supplement it by the consideration that the total Christian view is dependent on the revelation in Christ. He distinguishes sharply between faith and knowledge, and does not claim for Christian faith any compulsory proof based on reason. According to him the grounds of faith are, first, the fact that the Christian experiences the worth of the benefits of Christianity, such as the forgiveness of sin, power to do the right, and hope for the future; and, second, this experience finds its support in the historical revelation of God in Jesus Christ. In taking this position Haering follows the prevalent custom. And it is unquestionable that the only proof of the truth of Christianity that will finally satisfy the believer is the experience of the benefits Christianity offers. But it is certainly erroneous, on the one side, to make such a sharp distinction between faith and knowledge, and, on the other, to allow that Christianity is less able to support itself by proofs drawn from reason than other systems of thought. As to the doctrines themselves Haering is essentially orthodox. His summing up of the three great branches of Christian doctrine is good. He says that our faith has to do always with one single, unsearchable fact—the love of God to us; that is, concerning God, who reveals himself to us in Christ as love; concerning Christ, in whom God reveals himself to us as love; and concerning the Holy Spirit, in whom this love of God revealed in Christ is realized by us. In every part of theology, therefore, the same idea appears under different points of view. In his doctrine of sin he lays great stress on the distinction between sin and guilt. There is, he says, much sin in the world which is not chargeable as guilt to the individual for the reason that he is led into sin by the temptations of the world before he has reached that measure of insight and moral force which is requisite to resistance. He is surely a sinner, but not a guilty sinner. Sin is that which diverges from an objective standard; guilt is possible only when we sin with knowledge and will. That Haering is right in exonerating from guilt many who commit deeds ordinarily regarded as sinful can scarcely be doubted. But whether he is justified in calling that act sin which involves no knowledge of the nature of the deed is, from the Christian standpoint, exceedingly doubtful. It certainly does tend to

confusion to affirm that one can sin without guilt. And to make this distinction would also tend to rob Christianity of its inwardness and to make it outward and formal. The Old Testament did, indeed, know of sins of ignorance; but Christ certainly seemed to transcend that idea. All the more, therefore, are Christians under obligation to inculcate right principles, as well as set a holy example. Otherwise ignorance would be a great blessing. In his doctrine of the work of Christ he shows that by his revelation of the love of God he causes us to trust in his love, while, on the other hand, he so influences God as that God's influence upon us is fruitful. No doubt the first part of this view is correct. The second, however, seems inadequate. The work of Christ was undoubtedly influential with God. But to say that his revelation of God's love was influential with us, and that it made God's efforts in our behalf influential with us, is really to deny that Christ's work was influential with God.

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**Johannes Gottschick.** During the year 1907, in the early part of which he died, his son issued a work on ethics (*Ethik*) from the press of J. C. B. Mohr, Tübingen, which Gottschick had dictated in lectures to his classes, and which was practically ready for the press as thus delivered. The work is characterized by all the good qualities which distinguished its author while he lived, and as it was his last work, as well as, in a good degree, his lifework, it will be well worth while to study his ideas in the light of this book. He is a moderate indeterminist. The study of the moral consciousness leads to the judgment that morality, the ethical, is as truly a domain of the real as is the domain of nature, from which it is to be sharply distinguished. It is of the nature of the mind to seek after unity in all being and events. This unity may be sought in the uniformity of the laws of nature or causality. But when the mind takes note of content of consciousness it sees that the ethical element is predominant. Hence the idea of purpose, or teleology. For this nature is but the means, and the end is always superior to the means. This idea is not fruitful so much in affording us light on our conduct in specific instances as in the emphasis it places upon the ethical as compared with the scientific and the metaphysical. If Gottschick is correct, and we are inclined to think that he is, then the pursuit of science should not have the absorbing place it now holds in the eyes of scholars; nor should metaphysics, especially of the speculative kind, be permitted to drive ethics off the field. Then those old philosophers with whom philosophy meant moral philosophy were in the right. Theology is more important than metaphysics, the latter being at most the servant of the former. To this idea Gottschick ascribes what may be called in some sense a regenerative force. It tends to give unity to the will, or to the volitional activity. He does not, however, set much store by this fact, but holds that ethical development depends chiefly on the original ethical personality. We believe this position to be absolutely unassailable. It is based not only upon the idea of freedom but also upon the correlative idea of responsibility. Ordinarily personality is defined as the capacity for self-direction;

but while this is true in so far as it distinguishes the personal from the impersonal, it by no means exhausts the idea of personality. Only when we reach the thought of ethical responsibility do we reach the heart of personality. Responsibility to an external authority is not sufficient. Animals probably have some such sense as this, and not a few have thought that in this there is evidence of an ethical quality in animals. But ethical self-direction, or ethical responsibility, is another matter. Here there is no necessary reference to the will of another than ourselves. Were any individual the only person in the universe he would still feel the sense of ethical responsibility, though he might lack the material by which to judge which direction his moral activities should take. This deathless quality in human beings is the chief factor in moral development. It is that upon which those who would train the young or influence the old may confidently rely. When he comes to the discussion of theological ethics Gottschick points out that while doctrine asks, "On what activities of God do I know my salvation to be founded?" ethics inquires, "Knowing myself to be saved, what task is set for my personal activity?" This cannot be determined by reference alone either to the Scriptures or to the conscience. Evangelical theology must be guided by the conviction that the religious spirit of the Reformation, which gives to the personal religious life a distinct form, is the purest outflow yet known of the Spirit of God or of Christ. Hence he is a believer in the necessity of confessions of faith, and of these confessions he would pass by all (even the so-called Apostles' Creed) except the evangelical confessions of the period of the Reformation. Here, and here alone, can we learn what our self-activity as the redeemed must be.

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## RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

**Le Reveil au pays de Galles** (The Revival in Wales), and **Quelques reflexions sur la psychologie des reveils** (Some Reflections on the Psychology of Revivals). By Henri Bois. Toulouse, Société des publications morales et religieuses, 1906. The two books belong together; especially is the former a mere collection of facts concerning the Welsh revival, which demands the second of these books as an interpretation. However, Bois made an honest attempt during several weeks to study sympathetically the Welsh revival at the time it was in progress; and the records contained in his first book have all the value one might expect considering the high ability and the character and opportunity of the author. While the first book can scarcely lay claim to any kind of system, the second is a systematically arranged work. It begins with a study of individual and social psychology, which he finds to be both alike and different. Surely here is a phase of the work of the minister to which too little attention is given. Bois says that the sudden conversions, such as that of Saint Paul, are not only individual, but sometimes collective, and then we call them revivals. He might have added that the sudden conversion of the individual seldom occurs outside of the revival. This was really true even of Saint Paul; for he was converted in the midst of a

very great religious movement, which, though not so named, was in reality a religious revival. When he says that in fact these so-called sudden conversions are, after all, not sudden, but that they have been preceded by a proper preparation, he is stating a truism in one aspect, but he betrays a misapprehension on the other. Of course no one can be spiritually converted who has no sense of divine things beforehand. Either through parents, teachers, pastors, reading, or otherwise the presuppositions requisite to an appreciation of spiritual things must be present in one who is to be suddenly converted. But the conversion is intrinsically sudden and supernatural; and all attempts to reduce it to a prolonged psychological process, pure and simple, of which conversion is but the climax or conclusion, must inevitably fail. One chapter is devoted to the attempt to show that conversion in the Methodistic sense, no matter how healthy may be the conditions under which it takes place, is but an elementary form of the religious life which needs nursing and development. It should not be necessary to write such a chapter, but we fear it is necessary, and nowhere more than just for Methodists. With all the Methodistic insistence upon the necessity of growth in grace, and the distinction so commonly made between conversion and sanctification, conversion is with alarming frequency treated as though it were the end of all effort. A church will spend enormous amounts of energy in securing conversions during a revival and then trust to the conversion instead of to proper care to maintain the religious life thus begun. It is really to be feared that the majority of Methodists do, in fact, think that once truly in grace means always in grace. The chapter which is devoted to an explanation of the power of the revivalist contains much truth. Bois believes the revival to be dependent in a large measure upon what is called in modern psychology suggestion. This is undoubtedly correct; and it in no wise detracts from the dignity or sacredness of the work. It still remains to be explained why it is that some men have this power more than others, and that the same man has it in higher degree at some times than at others. And unless we were to maintain that God uses no human means for the conversion of mankind, it can surely do no harm to discover the particular human quality which is available for spiritual influence.

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**Paulus und Jesus** (Paul and Jesus). By Adolf Jülicher. Tübingen, J. C. B. Mohr, 1907. The question that has been so long before the thought of theologians relative to the place of Paul in the fixation of the Christian religion still keeps well to the front. The repudiation of the doctrine that all parts of the New Testament are equally authoritative, the modern critical view that in the synoptic Gospels we have a more authentic conception of the real Jesus than we have in the Gospel according to John, and many other factors, have combined to bring Paul and Jesus into contrast. This contrast has been pushed to the extreme in some quarters in the interest of the denial of the deity of Christ, as well as of the rejection of any objective value of the atonement in Christ. Some, how-

ever, more recently, have felt that the work of Paul was not so much a contrast to that of Jesus as a supplement to it, and they hold that this supplement was, on the whole, an advantage to Christianity. This is in reality the old orthodox doctrine in another form, according to which the apostles were not mere commentators and administrators of the gospel of Jesus but divinely chosen agents for its development. The old form of statement would have been that the apostles were men inspired of God to bring a revelation to men as truly as Christ brought one. Gradually, however, the distinction between theology and religion is opening the way to a recognition of the fact that there is very little difference between the religion of Paul and the religion of Jesus, however clear it is that while Jesus had no theology Paul had a quite elaborate theology. With this view of the case, which will probably become more and more current, the preacher may refer indiscriminately either to Jesus or Paul as his authority, if he will but confine himself to religion. And it is evident that the legitimacy of Paul's theology may be debated at will without the slightest consequence to the reality of religion. Also it is clear that Jesus was the founder of the Christian religion. So much is gained when this point of view is adopted. Jülicher is a vigorous representative of this point of view. Here, as in many other ways, he manifests his sympathy with the conservative position, though, of course, he does not train with the conservatives. Jülicher shows that there is no such contrast between Jesus and Paul as some have thought, but that Paul always followed the spirit of Jesus directly or else that of the primitive disciples. His conflict was with the primitive apostles alone, and here but seldom. The immediate comparison must be made between Paul and the primitive church, not between Paul and Christ. Well does Jülicher point out that the primitive church would not have tolerated him as a colaborer had they felt that in his doctrine of faith and redemption he brought them a new religion. Those ideas must have been in the mind of the primitive church or we should have found Paul reporting opposition to him concerning them as he reported opposition to his views concerning the relation of the Christian to the Jewish law. It is high time for this long-overlooked fact to receive its proper attention. Jülicher finds that the religion of Paul, like the religion of Jesus, consisted of hope, faith, love, and the emphasis on the moral view of things. The difference between Paul and Jesus he explains by reference to the nature of Paul, a man of reflection and of logical thought, and by the fact that, like the primitive church, he had to reckon with the death on the cross. But while Paul and the primitive church both had to reckon with the death on the cross, the fact that their interpretation of the meaning of that death must have been essentially the same is pretty clear evidence that it was at the same time the interpretation of Jesus. Of this we have hints, even in the synoptic Gospels. And so far as the doctrine of the preëxistence of Christ is concerned this, too, by the same line of argument, must have been the view of the primitive church, and hence the view of Christ himself. This gives its proper place to John's Gospel, as the real and true portrait of Jesus.

## GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THREE periodicals, Putnam's Magazine, The Reader, and The Critic, have been merged into one which bears the title, Putnam's and The Reader, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons; the result being a blend of the former characteristics of all three. In the June number there are poems by Richard Watson Gilder, Dr. Weir Mitchell, and W. C. Wilkinson, with six or seven stories, thirteen other prose articles, and editorial notes of various kinds. The third chapter of "Reminiscences of a Franco-American" affords some intimate glimpses of Parisian life and personages in the nineteenth century. Here is a picture of Renan listening to music at one of Madame Viardot's receptions: "His love of music amounted to a passion. Probably it accompanied fitly his philosophical dreams. His subtle, wavering, far-reaching thoughts, like music itself, went beyond the domain of mere words. He was, however, not a particularly poetic-looking person. His broad, shaven face, so like that of a good *curé de campagne*, is too well known to need description. What is less known is his beatified expression when a beautiful voice or the exquisite strains of a violin filled the air. His big, fleshy, sensuous nose, his overhanging cheeks, his half-closed eyes, revealed the inner joy and transfigured the man. Deeply sunk in his armchair, usually placed in the picture gallery, his episcopal-looking hands crossed on his bulging person, he could have sat as the very image of fat content. Renan was exquisitely courteous, with something of priestly unction in his manner. He greeted his daughter's partners at a ball with as much elaborate politeness as the distinguished strangers, or his fellow-Academicians, who crowded about him. To tell the truth, from the heights he had attained, as from some great mountaintop, all men seemed to him about on the same level. The differences were so small!" From the talk at Madame Viardot's dinner table we have this about the "artistic temperament": "In the course of conversation the artistic temperament was discussed, that peculiar double nature which can, while subjected to strong emotions, yet analyze its best—or worst—impulses. On one occasion, a favorite brother of Madame Viardot's broke his arm; the setting of it was horribly painful. At one moment a terrible cry shook the listening sister to the very depths of her nature—yet she caught herself thinking as an actress: 'If only, on the stage, I could utter such a cry!'" This is given us about the famous Russian novelist, Tourguéneff: "I noticed that at the big Russian's place at table a huge drinking goblet was set, as though everything belonging to him had to be unusual and very big. He told us of his life in Russia, of his long tramps through woods and fields, from which came the inspiration of his hunter's stories. Once his vanity had been sorely hurt. He had grown gray, then white, when still quite young. After a long hunting expedition, he had thrown himself on the ground and had gone to sleep.

A peasant going by roughly shook him, saying: 'Are you not ashamed of yourself—an old man like you—to lie there, drunk?' He added: 'I was not drunk, and I was not old; but I meekly got up and went my way.'"

From an article on the beautifying of interior home architecture we take a bit which emphasizes the importance of an open fireplace: "Human sentiments are so closely involved with those who love the fireside that every latitude in the way of ashes must be allowed. *For it is the fireplace which tells the whole story of a house.* One reads it in the kind of chairs drawn up to the blaze—the solitary chair, sometimes, with its table and lamp—and even in the way the chair is made to face. One sees it in the picture over the shelf, in the candles set out, in the things which one has chosen to place on the mantel, in the ashes on the hearth, in the way the logs are laid, the tongs and shovels, the extra wood or lump of ever-ready cannel coal. One knows at once whether refinement prevails, good housekeeping, regard for the niceties, or only sham; whether the daily intercourse is fed by sentiment, or whether the whole life is arid of finer touches. And all this is true whatever the fireplace, whether Gothic, or Jacobean, or eighteenth-century, whether it be found in summer camp or city house, in bedroom or in salon. Show me a man's fireplace, and I will show you the man."

In the same number of Putnam's and The Reader, that prolific author, Arthur C. Benson, writing upon "The Love of God," tells us that one of his childhood experiences of religious gloom was that he recognized that he did not love God at all. He regarded God as the enemy of all his pleasures. Hear what this son of an archbishop says: "I did not know God, I had no reason to think him kind; he was angry with me, I gathered, if I was ill-tempered and untruthful. I was well enough aware by childish instinct that my mother did not cease to love me when I was naughty, but I could not tell about God. And yet I knew that, with his terrible power of knowing everything, he was well aware that I did not love him. It was best to forget about him as much as possible, for it spoiled one's pleasure to think about it. All the little amusements and idle businesses that were so dear to me, he probably disapproved of them all, and was only satisfied when I was safe at my lessons or immured in church. Sunday was the sort of day he liked, and how I detested it!—the toys put away, little ugly books about the Holy Land to read, an air of deep dreariness about it all. Thus religion became a weariness at the outset. I would teach a child that God is the one Power that loves and understands him through thick and thin; that he punishes with anguish and sorrow; that he exults in forgiveness and mercy; that he rejoices in innocent happiness; that he loves courage, and brightness, and kindness, and cheerful self-sacrifice; that things mean, and vile, and impure, and cruel, are things that he does not love to punish, but sad and soiling stains that he beholds with shame and tears. This, it seems to me, is the gospel teaching about God, impossible only because of the hardness of our hearts. But if it *were* possible, a child might grow to feel about sin, not that it was a horrible and unpardonable failure, a thing to afflict oneself drearily about, but that it was rather a thing which, when

once spurned, however humiliating, could be forgotten, perhaps, but certainly be forgiven; a shadow upon the path, out of which one would pass, with such speed as one might, into the blitheness of the free air and the warm sun. I remember a terrible lecture which I heard as a little bewildered boy at school, anxious to do right, terrified of oppression, and coldness, and evil alike; given by a worthy evangelical clergyman, with large spectacles, and a hollow voice, and a great relish for spiritual terrors. The subject was "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," a proposition which I now see to be as true as if one lectured on the exceeding carnality of flesh. But the lecture spoke of the horrible and filthy corruption of the human heart, its determined delight in wallowing in evil, its desperate wickedness. I believed it, dully and hopelessly, as a boy believes what is told him by a voluble elderly person of obvious respectability. And it depressed and disheartened me. It left me in despair." About the perplexing problem of life's afflictive experiences, Mr. Benson has this to say: "We are confronted in our own lives, or in the life of one very near us, by some intolerable and shameful catastrophe. A careless sin makes havoc of a life, and shadows a home with shame; or some generous and unselfish nature, useful, beneficent, urgently needed, is struck down with a painful and hopeless malady. This, too, we say to ourselves, must come from God: he might have prevented it if he had so willed. What are we to make of it? How are we to translate into terms of love what seems like an act of tyrannous indifference, or deliberate cruelty? Then, I think, it is well to remind ourselves that we can never know exactly the conditions of any other human soul. How little we know of our own! How little we could explain our case to another even if we were utterly sincere! The weaknesses of our nature are often, very tenderly I would believe, hidden from us; we think ourselves sensitive and weak, when in reality we are armed with a stubborn breastplate of complacency and pride; or we think ourselves strong, only because the blows of circumstance have been spared us. The more one knows of the most afflicted lives, the more often the conviction flashes across us that the affliction is not a wanton outrage, but a delicately adjusted treatment. I remember that once to a friend of mine was sent a rare plant, which he set in a big flowerpot, close to a fountain basin. It never throve; it lived indeed, putting out in the spring a delicate stunted foliage, though my friend, who was a careful gardener, could never divine what ailed it. He was away for a few weeks, and the day after he was gone the flowerpot was broken by a careless garden-boy, who wheeled a barrow roughly past it; the plant, earth and all, fell into the water; the boy removed the broken pieces of the pot, and seeing that the plant had sunk to the bottom of the little pool, never troubled his head to fish it out. When my friend returned, he noticed one day in the fountain a new and luxuriant growth of some unknown plant. He made careful inquiries and found out what had happened. It then came out that the plant was in reality a water plant, and that it had pined away in the stifling air for want of nourishment, perhaps dimly longing for the fresh bed of the pool. Even so has it been, times without number, with some starving and

thirsty soul, that has gone on feebly trying to live a maimed life, shut up in itself, ailing, feeble. There has descended upon it what looks at first sight like a calamity, some affliction unaccountable and irreparable; and then it proves that this was the one thing needed; that sorrow has brought out some latent unselfishness, or suffering energized some unused faculty of strength and patience." About the best of all Christ's parables Mr. Benson writes thus: "In the parable of the prodigal son, it is not the poor wretch himself, whose miserable motive for returning is plainly indicated—that instead of pining in cold and hunger he may be warmed and clothed—who is the hero of the story; still less is it the hard and virtuous elder son. The hero of the tale is the patient, tolerant, loving father, who had acted, as a censorious critic might say, foolishly and culpably, in supplying the dissolute boy with resources, and taking him back without a word of just reproach. A sad lack of moral discipline, no doubt! If he had kept the boy in fear and godliness, if he had tied him down to honest work, the disaster need never have happened. Yet the old man, who went so often at sundown, we may think, to the crest of the hill, from which he could see the long road winding over the plain to the far-off city, the road by which he had seen his son depart, light-heartedly and full of fierce, joyful impulses, and along which he was to see the dejected figure, so familiar, so sadly marred, stumbling home—he is the master-spirit of the sweet and comforting scene. His heart is full of utter gladness, for the lost is found. He smiles upon the servants; he bids the household rejoice; he can hardly, in his simple joy of heart, believe that the froward elder brother is vexed and displeased; and his words of entreaty that the brother, too, will enter into the spirit of the hour, are some of the most pathetic and beautiful ever framed in human speech: 'Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine; it was meet that we should make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost, and is found.'"

In the same June magazine, H. W. Boynton narrates, estimates, criticizes the life and work of Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet-banker. We are glad to mention Stedman in these pages because some years ago, conveying his regret that he was unable, by reason of insufficient time and strength, to furnish us an article, he spoke of "the grand old METHODIST REVIEW," indicating thereby that he was aware of its great, lofty and lasting rank in American periodical literature. Love of literature was Stedman's ruling passion. He left journalism and entered the Stock Exchange because he wanted financial independence in order to have time and strength to study and to write. Journalism was too mercilessly incessant in its demands, too exacting and exhausting. This is what he said about it: "If a poet, or aspiring author, must labor for the daily subsistence of a family, it is well for his art that he should follow some other calling than journalism; for I can testify that after the day's work is over —when the brain is exhausted and vagrant, and the lungs pant for air, and body and soul cry out for recreation—the intellect has done enough, and there is neither strength nor passion left for imaginative work."

Stedman blending finance and literature reminds Mr. Boynton of Walter

Bagehot. Comparing the two, Boynton says: "Stedman was a capable financier—not, like Bagehot, a great one. He possessed the excursive imagination but not the vivid humor, at once frolicsome and controlled, pervading and embracing, of the irrepressible economist. Stedman's style lacks the spontaneity, the vigor, the vocal quality of Bagehot's. He is rather painstaking than energetic, thoroughgoing than lucid. He writes more like a professor than a banker or a poet, and there is not a trace in him of journalistic smartness. Perhaps the quality of his criticism cannot be better suggested than by comparing it with Bagehot's. An early pupil and lifelong admirer of Tennyson, Stedman declares him to be not only the poet most representative of his age, but 'the noblest artist' among English lyric poets of every age. Bagehot, writing a trifle earlier, regards Tennyson simply as a brilliant practitioner of an inferior form of poetic art which he calls 'the ornate.' He admits that ornate art is in its way as legitimate as pure art. It can deal with materials which would be of no account to pure art. 'Illusion, half-belief, unpleasant types, imperfect types, are as much the proper sphere of ornate art as an inferior landscape is the proper sphere for the true efficacy of moonlight. A really great landscape needs sunlight and bears sunlight: but moonlight is an equalizer of beauties; it gives a romantic unreality to what will not stand the bare truth.' The reader will very likely recall Bagehot's ruthless and rather malicious reduction of 'Enoch Arden' to its elements, by way of illustrating his point: 'A sailor who sells fish breaks his leg, gets dismal, gives up selling fish, goes to sea, is wrecked on a desert island, stays there some years, on his return finds his wife married to a miller, speaks to a landlady on the subject, and dies.' Tennyson's treatment of this story results, Bagehot admits, in 'a rich and splendid composite of imagery and illustration.' Nevertheless, it is not a theme for great art; it lacks, in Tennyson's hands, simplicity, definition, conviction; it deals in 'illusion, half-belief, unpleasant types.' After all, Bagehot says, 'a dirty sailor who did not go home to his wife is not an agreeable being: a varnish must be put on him to make him shine.' Stedman never wrote anything in the least resembling this, in mood or manner. He sees nothing inferior in that form of poetic art which he takes to be representative of our very respectable day. 'Enoch Arden' he finds 'is in its author's purest idyllic style; noticeable for evenness of tone, clearness of diction, successful description of coast and ocean—finally, for the loveliness and fidelity of its *genre* scenes. In study of a class below him, hearts "centered in the sphere of common duties," the Laureate is unsurpassed.' Of Tennyson's poetry as a whole, Stedman does not hesitate to say: 'It exhibits that just combination of lyrical elements which makes a symphony wherein it is difficult to say what quality predominates.' Stedman's early name as a poet was made on the score of certain sentimental verses, and a few ringing measures inspired by the war. 'How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry,' 'Kearney at Seven Pines,' and 'Gettysburg,' are among the best things flung off by such occasion. Of his familiar poems 'The Doorstep' will hold its own, as should 'Country Sleighing'—that delightful bit of rollicking song:

"In January, when in the dairy
The cream and clabber freeze,
When snowdrifts cover the fences over,
We farmers take our ease.
At night we rig the team,
And bring the cutter out;
Then fill it, fill it, fill it, fill it,
And heap the furs about.

The merry haste of it all, the rustic fun and romance which are also realism—we have few poems more indigenous than this."

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To the London Quarterly Review, which is maintained by the British Wesleyans, and among them corresponds with our REVIEW among Methodist Episcopalians, many reasons make us turn always with especial interest. Edited for some years by Dr. W. L. Watkinson, and now by the Rev. John Telford, both of them contributors to our pages, it engages our attention in an exceptional degree. A fine table of contents enriched the April number, among the articles being one on "Wesley's Sociological Views," by our Professor Faulkner, of Drew Theological Seminary, from which we quote the following: "Wesley was specially severe against the liquor trade. 'We must not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all the liquid fire commonly called drams or spirituous liquors. It is true these may have a place in medicine; they may be of use in some disorders, though there would rarely be occasion for them were it not for the unskillfulness of the practitioner. But all who sell them in the common way, to any who will buy, are poisoners general. They murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale. Neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them! The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their graves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell,' and more to the same effect. His was one of the first voices raised in England against the liquor business, and it was raised with tremendous effect. With his practical instinct Wesley incorporated his temperance principles immediately into his societies, which were virtually total abstinence organizations from the first."

Professor Faulkner's article closes as follows: "Wesley was no socialist; he had no social program. He was not a reformer, nor an agitator. He did little more than reëcho the words which once sounded down the Jordan valley—'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' But he was a wide-minded man, with a broad outlook, who took intense interest in everything which touched humanity, with great ethical passions, with intense enthusiasm not only for saving men but for enlarging their lives on all sides. Most of the wrongs of the day he struck with burning words; others he condemned unconsciously. His great object was to make men the sons of God in truth. That work went deep into the English race."

## BOOK NOTICES

### RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

*Paul, the Mystic.* A Study in Apostolic Experience. By JAMES M. CAMPBELL, D.D. 12mo, pp. 285. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

A SANE, discriminating, well-balanced book on mysticism, ~~with~~ Paul as the pattern mystic. In times past much has been made of Paul as a logician. Matthew Arnold emphasized Protestantism's debt to the great apostle as a theological system-builder. But Henry Ward Beecher said it was no more possible to construct a system of theology out of Paul's writings than to build a system of political economy out of Shakespeare's works. And now comes the author of this book declaring that Paul is "first of all a poet, who writes with the exuberant imagination of a true Oriental, often sublimely indifferent to logical sequence, and displaying a subtlety of thought incomprehensible to the mere textual critic." Doubtless the truth is found by combining all these views. In Paul there are logic *and* poetry, system *and* imagination. The dialectical side of Paul's character has been made to overshadow the mystical, and a sound book on Christian mysticism is not untimely just now, when so many vague mystical vagaries are propounded by various esoteric cults. It is quite possible to show that the only sane and safe mysticism is not in "Christian Science" or Theosophy, but in the teachings of the New Testament, with Jesus and Paul as oracles. Professor A. B. Bruce recognized that Paul was "a man of profoundly mystical religious temperament." And the study of his religious experience, presented here by Dr. Campbell, is helpful for deepening the spiritual life. Everywhere in the history of religion it is seen that mystical feeling is the most genuine and fruitful source of religious life and thought. Christian mysticism is, in fact, the experience of the Holy Spirit in the heart, the indwelling of Christ in the human soul, the communion of a finite personality with the Divine Person. Paul's knowledge of spiritual realities was not inferential but immediate, conclusive, satisfying. Dr. Denney is shy of the expression "mystical union" because it has been abused; but our marriage ritual speaks of "the mystical union of Christ with his church"; and Paul says "it is no more I that live, but Christ that liveth in me." Even Pfleiderer, utter rationalist as he is, sees and says that "Paul's personal relation to the cross is never a mere relation of objective theory but always a mystical communion with the death on the cross and with Christ risen." Josiah Royce says that "the mystics are the only thoroughgoing empiricists; like the scientists they base everything on experience." He also says that "mysticism has been the ferment of the faiths, the forerunner of spiritual liberty, the inspirer of countless youths who knew no metaphysics, the comforter, through devotional books, of the despairing." Ritschl did his utmost to construct a religion without mysticism; but Professor William James declares that "personal religious experience has its root and

center in mystical states of consciousness." In our day there is small danger that the mystical side of religion will get undue emphasis. Nor is the mystical necessarily the unpractical, as some suppose. One admonishes us that "in this world we need not only wings for the sky, but also a stout pair of boots for the paving-stones." True, but more people lack wings than are destitute of boots. And the inner life of religion is ultimately something mysterious and incommunicable, a great deep unplumbed by the discursive intellect. Conversion is a mystical experience. For a striking illustration of how a man of a severely Pauline type may become the subject of pronounced mystical experience, turn to the account given by President Finney of a crisis in his religious life, when he received "a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost." He says: "Without any expectation of it, without ever having the thought in my mind that there was any such thing for me, without any recollection that I had ever heard the thing mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Spirit descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression, like a wave of electricity, going through and through me. Indeed, it seemed to come in waves of liquid love; for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God. I can recollect that it seemed to fan me, like immense wings. No words can express the wonderful love that was shed abroad in my heart. I wept aloud with joy and love; and I do not know but I should say, I literally bellowed out the unutterable gushings of my heart. These waves came over me, and over me, and over me, one after the other, until I recollect I cried out: 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me.' I said: 'Lord, I cannot bear any more'; yet I had no fear of death." Never did the most fully fledged mystic speak more positively of direct contact with God, or portray more boldly his spiritual experience, in physical terms, than this young American lawyer. How much of his experience was due to overwrought nerves, let the physician or the psychologist answer. That there was at the heart of it a potent energy, mighty to transform, his after life abundantly proved. Under the general heading "Paul as a religious mystic" Dr. Campbell notes particulars as follows: 1. Paul was struck through and through with a sense of the existence of the living God. 2. In Paul's thought God is both transcendent and immanent. 3. Paul believed that he possessed a perception of the Infinite. 4. He sought direct communion with God. 5. He cultivated a sense of contact with the unseen and the eternal. 6. He tells of an extraordinary revelation with which God favored him, about six years after his conversion (see 2 Cor. 12. 1-4). 7. Paul believed in the existence of good and bad angels, the one class the friends, the other the foes, of the good. 8. Paul saw a vision of the consummation of God's kingdom on the earth and in heaven (Rom. 8). Paul's doctrine of the Holy Spirit is set forth. The Christian is (1) Possessed by the Spirit; (2) Indwelt by the Spirit; (3) Taught by the Spirit; (4) Led by the Spirit; (5) Controlled by the Spirit; (6) Helped by the Spirit. Paul's Christology is also given by items. To him Jesus Christ is (1) The Crown of Creation; (2) The Medium of Creative Power; (3) The post-existent Saviour of men; (4) The preëxistent Son of God;

(5) The sole Mediator between God and men; (6) The bond of union in the Universe; (7) The conqueror of Death; (8) The Lord of the Future. Dr. Campbell points out that Paul, the evangelical Christian mystic, was also "A Rational Mystic"; and in proof shows (1) That he was logical as well as mystical; (2) He tested his subjective experience by objective Revelation; (3) He linked his experience on to that of his fellow-Christians; (4) He held that the mysteries of religion are verifiable; (5) He gave himself to the cultivation of what was normal in Christian experience; (6) He grounded his belief in spiritual phenomena upon the testimony of consciousness; (7) He did not despise the use of means. How Paul nourished his religious life is given thus: 1. By prayer. 2. By meditation. 3. By detachment from outward things. 4. By silence. 5. By concentrating the mind upon heavenly things. 6. By the cultivation of inward purity. 7. By self-surrender. 8. By appropriating the Divine. 9. By cultivating dependence on the Divine. 10. By coöperating with the Divine. 11. By embodying the Divine in action. That Christ visits every soul is illustrated in the fact that when Phillips Brooks first spoke to Helen Keller about Jesus she said: "O, I never knew his name before, but I always knew *him*." How God treats the human personality with respect is told in Browning's lines:

> God, whose pleasure brought
> Man into being, stands away
> As it were a hand-breadth off, to give
> Room for the newly made man to live,
> And look at him from a place apart,
> And use his gifts of brain and heart.

The peace which God can give to the weary and troubled and care-laden is promised in the words of Paul who says: "Live the life of faith, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus"; and the comfort of resting in God is voiced in Mrs. Browning's song of trust:

> O, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
> And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,
> Round our restlessness his rest.

This book notice ends as it began by commending Dr. Campbell's volume as sane, illuminating, and spiritualizing.

*The Beliefs of Unbelief.* By W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. 12mo, pp. 293. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

A notable output, indeed, to come from one man in so short a time, is Dr. Fitchett's half dozen volumes on a variety of subjects. The book now before us should be put on our shelves alongside its brother volume, The Unrealized Logic of Religion. Both are valuable, modern, cogent, and illuminating. This one consists of studies in the alternatives to faith: Part I. The Christian belief in God; and the alternatives to such belief—Atheism, Pantheism, or Agnosticism. Part II. The Christian faith about Christ; and the alternatives to such faith—that Christ never

existed, that he was an impostor, or that he is only a myth. Part III. The Christian belief about the Bible; and the alternatives—that the Bible is a forgery, or only one of the sacred books of the race, or a book of dreams. Dr. Fitchett's aim is to show how many things hard to credit one must believe in order *not* to be a Christian—how far more credible Christianity is than any of its alternatives. Goldwin Smith might well attend to this true statement: "Science is the friend of revelation. Redemption by Christ gains an ever new credibility from each new discovery of science. The cross of Calvary, with its tremendous significance, could hardly find standing room beneath the low skies of early human knowledge. But the measureless heavens as we now know them, rising ever higher, and the vast scale of the physical universe with its constantly expanding horizons, make credible the once almost incredible story of our redemption with its enormous reach and implications." As to the existence of God, William Arthur argued, in his Religion Without God, that we are shut up to one or other of three conceivable starting points: An Eternal Nothing, which originated both mind and matter; or Eternal Matter which originated mind; or an Eternal Mind, which originated all things. The first assumption is inconceivable, the second is impossible and absurd, the third is the only theory in which the sane mind can finally rest. And that is the teaching of Christianity, that belief in God is the first instinct and the last conviction of sane intelligence. As to the evidences of Christianity, undoubtedly the most convincing proof is its results in character and life, its effect on individuals and communities. "Our chief business with Christianity," said Chalmers, "is to proceed upon it; it will justify and prove itself." "Do not ask me for evidences of Christianity," said Coleridge. "*Try* it. It has been in the world over eighteen hundred years, and nobody who has *tried* it on its own terms ever called it a failure. When given a fair chance it does all it promises to do." "As to Christianity," said Bacon, "the question is to be settled not by argument but by trying." And, generation after generation, men who actually try Christ's teachings find that they work, and work for human happiness and welfare. Dr. Fitchett says: "Over the symbols which make up a chemical formula it might be possible to wrangle indefinitely; but science accepts the test of the laboratory as final. If every chemist who puts together the elements named in the formula produces the same desired solution, what room is left for doubt as to the correctness of the formula? And the test of the validity and truth of Christ's teaching lies within every man's reach. Take His teachings as the rule of life; in everyday affairs use them as the seaman uses chart and compass and nautical almanac, and your voyage will be safe to the desired haven. Imagine a sea captain being told that his compass is a cheat, his chart an idle picture, and his nautical almanac a book of myths. He would not attempt to defend his system of navigation by philosophy, metaphysics, or syllogisms. He would simply say, 'I have sailed by compass and chart and nautical tables for forty years, and they have always brought me safe to port.' What reasoning can be so conclusive, what proofs so comprehensible and absolute?" Writing of the Bible, the author says: "One fact which proves the Bible to be divine is

that, somehow, it holds the secret and teaches the art of happiness. The supreme aim of the Bible, of course, is not enjoyment, but character. It treats happiness as one of the by-products of character. But it is a fact of much significance that happiness, which all men crave, is to be found by keeping the laws the Bible teaches and in no other way. There never *has* been a Golden Age in the stormy history of the human race; but one would arrive within the next twenty-four hours if the Bible suddenly became the universal rule of action. What of happiness the world now knows comes from the laws of conduct revealed and inculcated in the Bible. And if we track back to their origin what may be called the running sores of civilization—the inequalities of social condition, the hatred of class against class, the cruelties of a social order built not on brotherhood but on merciless selfishness, the mistrust between nations which finds expression in ever-expanding fleets and armies, the vices that consume the life of the world as with fire and waste it as with famine—each of these will be found to spring from some latent or open discord with the teachings of the Bible and the spirit of Christ. Let there be imagined one city on earth governed absolutely by Christ's teaching, with brotherhood linking class to class, with the Golden Rule as the regulating principle of all business, and the law of love as the rule of life. That city would be the actual realization on earth of the city which John saw in his vision, descending out of heaven from God. . . . He who drew the plan of man's nature and created him, alone knows the secret of man's well-being and happiness. He has told that secret in the Bible." And, as Joseph Cook said, "if the Bible, so attested by universal Providence under the law of the survival of the fittest, is not a trustworthy religious guide, then God has put around the orb of human experience a Saturn ring of coruscating falsehood." One of Dr. Fitchett's pages bears this testimony from that fine thinker and true saint, William Arthur: "When I kneel at the throne of grace and say, 'Our Father which art in Heaven,' it seems as if all my being were flooded with the light of a countenance full of unutterable life and love. 'Thou art a shield for me,' I cry; 'a shield for me. My glory, and the lifter-up of my head.' Yea, even so! And therefore unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Saviour, be honor and glory forever. And let all the people say Amen! This then be our witness before the living and those yet unborn: we which have believed do enter into rest." As another witness Heine is allowed to present his oft-quoted words: "How great a drama is the Passion of Christ! And how finely it is justified by the prophecies of the Old Testament! It was foreshadowed and inevitable; it was the red seal of faith. . . . How gracious a figure is the Man-God! Moses loved his own people with touching affection; he cared for that people's future as a mother would. But Christ loved all humanity; that Sun sent the flames of its benevolent rays over all the world. His words are a balm for all the wounds this world can inflict, and the blood that was shed at Golgotha became a healing stream for all that suffer. . . . The white marble gods of the Greeks were spattered with that sacred blood, and they sickened with inward terror, and could never more regain their health." From another

source we append to this notice an illustration of the absurdity of the substitutes for a personal God which are suggested by some scientists and philosophers. Substitute for the familiar terms of personal piety, which speak of the individual soul and a responsive God, any of the suggested equivalents, and see how ridiculous they make religion. Try it and see the effect. Will the Benedicite swell with the same tones of joy when it has sung, "Bless the Eternal Law, all ye its works, Bless the Eternal Law, O my synthesis of organs"? Will the contrition which now cries, "A broken heart thou dost not despise," pour out its sorrows to a deaf ideal, and shed its passionate tears on an abstraction that cannot wipe them away? Will any moonlit form be seen kneeling in our Gethsemanes, and rise from prostrate anguish to sublime repose through the prayer, "O, Thou Eternal, not ourselves that makes for righteousness, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt"? Will any crucified one lose the bitterness of death in crying: "O, stream of tendency, into thy hands I commit my synthesis of mind"? And to the martyr, stoned to death, will the "Religion of Monism" offer any satisfactory heavenly vision of celestial reward, when he exclaims: "Great Ensemble of Humanity, receive me"?

## PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

*The House of Quiet.* An Autobiography. By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. Crown 8vo, pp. 253. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

The problem presented in this book is: How a man of gentle temperament, without robustness but with a sense of duty and a wish not to shirk responsibility—how such a man when suddenly set aside from energetic activity, pushed into a backwater of life, made by some impairment of vigor into an invalid (a word which conceals many of the saddest tragedies of the world), may yet lead a wholesome, contented, and helpful life. In many a life the best that the sufferer can do is to gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. This book was written for all whose life has been broken by some calamity, and who feel so dismayed, bewildered, listless, that they cannot summon courage to try to save anything from the wreck. The book inculcates the faith that God knows best, and that we should hold fast to a belief in his strong and loving purpose, however dark the shadow on our path. The man who ostensibly writes this "autobiography" does not appear to be an invalid but is obliged for reasons of health to live a very quiet and retired life. Hence the title of the book, The House of Quiet. He has had to relinquish all his ambitions and plans, and submit to many limitations and diminutions of life. Physical and mental sufferings have been his lot. He says: "I have borne privations, humiliations, dark overshadowings of the spirit; in some moments I have peered, as it were, into the dim-lit windows of hell; but I have had, too, my fragrant hours, tranquil joys, imperishable ecstasies. Amid the good and evil, which life has brought me, I strive to obtain and preserve that inward peace which can be found, possessed, and enjoyed." For the sake of health and quietness the man lives in a peaceful little village, with his mother,

of whom he says: "She is large-hearted and intensely affectionate, yet is capable of taking almost whimsical prejudices against people. She is deeply religious, though she could not give reasons for her faith; and she tolerates religious differences which she never even attempts to comprehend. In the village she is almost adored by men, women, and children to whom she has been good in simple little ways. If there is trouble in any house, she goes there straight by instinct rather than by any definite sense of duty. A laborer's wife who had passed through a tragedy, said of her: 'It isn't as if she did or said more than others—everybody was kind to us—but she used to come in and sit down by me quietly and look at me sweetly until after a little I would feel that all was well.'" The man, looking back over his forty years, sees that the two most agonizing crises of his experience were the coming of Dwight L. Moody to Cambridge, where he was a university student, and the subsequent breakdown of his health. He says his life in the university was almost entirely selfish, his sole ambition being for social and literary distinction. But one hour on a certain Sunday night in Cambridge turned him from a careless boy into a troubled and anxious man. He tells how it happened. In the morning he had attended a dreary service in the chilly college chapel, in the evening he was sitting with others in a fellow-student's room, when someone said carelessly that a great revivalist was to address a meeting that night. Someone else suggested that they should go, and the rest laughingly assented. "The Moody and Sankey meeting was held in a hall on a side street. We went in smiling and talking and took our places in the crowded room. The first to appear on the platform was a bilious-looking man, with black hair and baggy eyes, who seated himself at a small harmonium near the front of the platform. He touched a few simple chords and then a marvelous transformation came over the room. In a sweet powerful voice, with exquisite simplicity combined with irresistible emotion, he sang the 'Ninety-and-Nine.' The man seemed transfigured. A deathly hush came over the room, and I felt my eyes fill with tears: the simple music of that sincere, impulsive Christian man spoke straight to the heart. Then the preacher himself—a heavy-looking, commonplace man, with a sturdy figure and no grace of carriage or gesture—stepped forward." And now note what a testimony to a true preacher's irresistible power is given in the following description of Moody: "I have no recollection how he began, but he had not spoken half a dozen sentences before I felt as though he and I were alone in the world. After a scathing and indignant invective on sin, he drew a picture of the hollow, drifting life, with only worldly ambitions—utterly selfish, giving no service, making no sacrifice, tasting the pleasure of the moment, gliding feebly down the stream of time to the roaring cataract of death. Every word he said burned into my soul. He probed the secrets of my innermost heart; he analyzed, before the Judge of the world, the arid and pitiable constituents of my most secret thoughts. I could hardly hear him out; . . . his words fell on me like the stabs of a knife. All at once the powerful preacher paused, and then in a peroration of incredible dignity and pathos he drew us to the feet of the crucified Saviour, showed us the bleeding brow and hands and the dimmed eye, and the infinite heart behind. And he cried

to us all: 'Just *accept* him! In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, you may be his—nestling in his arms—with the burden of sin and guilt and selfishness rolled off at the foot of his cross!' But pierced as I was to the heart with contrition and anguish by his words, I somehow strangely felt that this was not for me. He invited all who would be Christ's to remain after the sermon and pray. But I went out into the night, like one dazed and dizzied by a sudden blow. A tutor of my college, passing out the door, spoke to me and praised the eloquence of the address, but found me unresponsive. My only desire was to escape and be alone; I felt like a wounded creature, who must crawl into solitude. I went to my room, and after long and agonizing prayer for light I fell asleep from weariness. I awoke at some dim hour of the night in the clutch of intolerable fear. For days depression and nervous misery beset me. My studies were neglected. I read the Bible incessantly and prayed for hours together; but my prayers seemed like waves battering against a stony cliff, and no comfort slid into my soul. Then in my distress I did a strange thing: I wrote two letters—one to an eminent Catholic priest, and the other to a minister who was an old friend. The answer from the Romanist irritated me; he told me my only refuge was to submit myself to the direction of the church, and said it was clear that I was being tormented for some sin which I had not confessed to him. I burned his letter with a hopeless shudder. The answer from the old friend appointed a time for meeting me, and said that he understood me—that I was not alone in such an experience, and that I need not despair, for light and peace would come. His words were sane and manly and tender. When I went to see him, he heard me with patience and sympathy; he told me I must simply submit my heart and life to the Holy Spirit, trust Christ and obey him, and God would show me the path step by step. I owe him unspeakable gratitude for the loving way in which he brought me out into liberty and peace, with all the faithfulness of a true father in God." This was his religious crisis, and he goes on to tell how his faith cleared up on point after point until it became adequate to the needs of mind and heart. The other serious crisis of his life was when an eminent physician whom he consulted found in him premonitory symptoms of an insidious and dangerous disease, and announced that his only chance for life was great carefulness, strict conformity to a prescribed diet, and immunity from all strain and excitement. He must employ his days in light and congenial ways, living the simplest and quietest life possible. So he gave up his profession, moved to the country, and life became to him "The House of Quiet." Interesting himself as much as possible in his surroundings, he found special pleasure in the clergyman of the parish, a man of sincere, unselfish, and austerely simple life, who felt he ought not even to have two coats, and who gave away a large part of his salary. Some of this minister's sayings are given in the book. One day he was deeply engrossed in the Life of Darwin, when a friend came in, to whom he said: "What a wonderful book this is! It is, from end to end, nothing but a cry for the Nicene creed. This man, Darwin, walks along, doing his duty so splendidly, with such single-heartedness and simplicity, and barely misses the right way all the time. The gospel he needed and wanted is just the

other side of the wall. But he is where he must know now, I think. Whenever I visit Westminster Abbey I always go straight to his grave and kneel down by it and pray for him that his eyes may be opened. Very foolish in me to pray for the dead, I dare say, but I can't help it." One day a university professor strayed into this rural parish, and meeting this devoted clergyman expressed to him the opinion that the ordinary village sermon was of a futile sort, too much occupied with doctrinal and theological teaching and too little attention to practical matters and the real life of the people. The clergyman asked the professor what the clergy ought to preach about. "Sometimes on great social, industrial, and political questions, moral and economic reforms, and the like," answered the professor. Afterward the parish minister said to a mutual friend: "An amiable and unselfish person, your friend, the professor, seems to be. How good of him to interest himself in reforming the clergy and improving their sermons! But, my dear boy, the intellectual academic atmosphere in which he dwells is a difficult one to live in. A man living in such a critical sphere needs to be humanized by some real personal trial to keep him humble and sane." And he added with a kindly smile: "I wonder if a long illness wouldn't be good for the professor? O, I dare say he is good enough in his place, and perhaps does real work for Christ; but in these wilds he is a man clothed in soft raiment. You must do all you can to prevent him from rewriting the Lord's Prayer; for I'm afraid he thinks there is a sad lack of 'the intellectual element' in it; and he must be distressed to think how often the church uses that prayer which has not one single allusion to politics in it, and not even a reference to measures of social, civic, or industrial reform." And then the parish clergyman excused himself to go to the bedside of a poor suffering woman, broken and perplexed with life's hardships, and afraid of death; so worn out by this world that she had no imagination left to deal with the next; whom he tried to soothe and comfort and encourage with the good cheer of the gospel of mercy and peace. Though this village pastor neglected to preach on public questions of social reform, his sermons showed that he kept in close and sympathetic touch with the lot and the lives of his people. One winter there was a bad epidemic of diphtheria, and a shepherd employed on one of the large farms lost two little children on Christmas Eve. The pastor spent part of that night with the rough, humble man, who was almost beside himself with grief. On Christmas morning the minister in his sermon described the first Christmas Eve and the shepherds watching their flocks, then quoted from Christina Rossetti's Christmas Carol the line, "If I were a shepherd, I would bring Christ a lamb," and then he stopped and stood silent for some seconds, looking out upon his congregation, and then he said with tender quivering voice: "I spent a long time last evening in the home of one who follows the calling of a shepherd among us. He has just given *two* lambs to Christ." A wave of emotion rolled over the congregation, as the preacher went on: "Yes, our brother is passing through deep waters; but God will not altogether withhold from him the sweetness of Christmas joy. He knows that his two dear lambs are safe in the Great Good Shepherd's bosom; they are safe with Christ, and waiting

for him there; and that will be more and more of a joy and less and less of a sorrow as the years roll on till heaven restores to him the children now removed from earth. We must not forget our brother in our prayers." Then, after a pause, he went on with his discourse. One who heard it says: "It was such things as this in his sermons that gave him a hold on his people. There was no rhetoric or oratory about it; but I never in all my life heard anything so affecting and moving—any word from the pulpit so irresistible, going straight to every heart. It was preaching filled with the very genius of humanity."

## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

*The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer.* By GEORGE HERBERT PALMER. Crown 8vo, pp. 354. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, cloth, gilt top, with several portraits, $1.50 net. Postage, 14 cents.

"POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 10.—Every member of the graduating class of Vassar College received from Mrs. John D. Rockefeller today a copy of the biography of Alice Freeman Palmer." So reads the telegram in the newspapers. We wish that every schoolgirl in the land, graduate, undergraduate, or preparatory, and every home where girls are growing up, might possess a copy of this book; no more stimulating biography for young women to read is known to us. Ten thousand dollars cash to each graduate would probably prove a less precious and less profitable gift than this exquisitely told story of the brave, loyal, beautiful, and beneficent life of one genuine, unaffected American girl—a life of early struggle with narrow circumstances, ill health, and family affliction, but of victorious success, immense usefulness, and brilliant distinction. One of the tenderest, rarest, and choicest of biographies is this inspired and inspiring volume. With delicate propriety, utmost fidelity, and extraordinary artistic skill has Professor Palmer portrayed his wife. Seldom have love and truth and art coöperated so perfectly in any literary achievement. Alice Freeman, a farmer's daughter, was born in an obscure western village and at twenty-six became the president of Wellesley College. In six short years she stamped her own image on the institution, achieved imperishable renown, fought off pulmonary disease, and then retired from public position to marry Professor Palmer, of Harvard, entering upon an ideal domestic life. Of this President Eliot, of Harvard, says: "After six years of masterly work at Wellesley College, in which she exhibited the keenest intelligence, large executive ability, and a remarkable capacity for winning respect and affection, she laid down these functions, married at the age of thirty-two, and apparently entered on a wholly new career. Alice Freeman thus gave the most striking testimony she could give of her faith in the fundamental social principle that love between man and woman, and the family life that results therefrom, afford each sex the conditions of its greatest usefulness and honor, and of its supreme happiness. The opponents of the higher education of women had always argued that such education would tend to prevent marriage and to dispossess the family as the corner stone of society. Alice Freeman gave the whole force of her

conspicuous example to disprove that objection. She illustrated in her own case the supremacy of love and of family life in the heart of both man and woman." Professor Palmer, of Harvard, and President Freeman, of Wellesley, were married at the home of Governor and Mrs. Claflin in Boston on Friday, December 23, 1887, at 11:30 A. M. Up to that hour of the previous night, the splendid little woman was hard at work in her college office at Wellesley, toiling away at her great task till the last possible moment. Alice Freeman saw clearly that it was right for her to leave Wellesley, and Professor Palmer felt justified in taking her. He held that a growing institution must acquire a life of its own, and not stake itself on any one leader. Hear him reason about it: "There is always something green and immature in an institution that hangs much on a single person. It is in unstable equilibrium. Solid organizations welcome great men, but are not dependent on them. A western college may die if it does not get a suitable president; the great universities of Germany change their rectors every two years and are totally unaffected." In addition to all other considerations, Miss Freeman's health was seriously shaken; she needed to lay off the load, and find a less exacting life. And she welcomed her freedom with the eager gladness of a child. The next summer after marriage she and her husband went abroad for fifteen joyous months of rest and change of scene and novel interest. Her husband writes: "In going abroad I felt that my chief object must be to teach her to eat, sleep, and loaf. But she required no teaching; she took to all these useful arts instinctively. In fact, they had been the secret of her previous endurance. She never worried. When a job was completed she turned her mind to other things. During her severest times at Wellesley she slept soundly and immediately. Once, some years after her marriage, when, after a public address, she was hurrying to catch a train for another similar engagement, a worn woman halted her a moment with the question: 'Mrs. Palmer, how are you able to do so much more than other persons?' The earnest woman, as she flew away, with a merry little laugh, flung this witty answer: 'Because I haven't any nerves, nor any conscience, and my husband says I haven't any backbone.' Next day she got a solemn letter from the worn woman aforesaid, asking if one could properly dispense with a conscience. She could, when her work was done. She could throw it all behind her and welcome a holiday like a twelve-year-old schoolgirl. In this she was assisted by her responsiveness to natural beauty, the vivacious interest she took in every moving thing, and her disposition to fill small matters with romance." Of a winter in Europe Professor Palmer has this to say: "We much desired sunshine, but learned how rarely it can be had in a European winter. That the sun works throughout the year is apparently a discovery of Christopher Columbus, our America showing between its wintry storms such skies as Europe seldom sees. One spends weeks and weeks abroad with no sight of the sun. For half the year gray days prevail; while the feeling of the American is that it is the business of clouds to rain, and that when not engaged in this they should leave the sky." Of their favorite haunts in Europe, he says: "Grasmere, among the English lakes, was one of them, where we lived with

Wordsworth, the wild roses, the rattling ghylls, and the mists which curl about the slaty peaks. Paris and Venice and Florence always claimed us. Each of these is a city of the soul and completely sums up a single mental attitude. In Paris can be had more exactly the kind of life one wishes, whatever that kind may be, than perhaps in any other city on earth. All is clean, tasteful, and well regulated. The French, it is true, are the Chinese of Europe, and possess an intelligence rigidly circumscribed by custom and locality. They lean helplessly on institutions, have small individual power, and little curiosity about anything which does not fall within their usual experience. Deep insights, resulting in beauty, invention, or religion, are therefore denied them. But prettiness abounds, convenience, dignified courtesies, and ceremonials. The people are kind and attachable." Venice was the one spot in Europe which best met Mrs. Palmer's ideas of paradise. "The Venetians have fashioned their own world. Into it they have abundantly admitted religion, law, and enjoyment. Everywhere they have demanded beauty. All this was congenial to her. Loving pictures as she did, she prized every gallery in proportion to the number of Venetian masters. In the beautiful city itself she cared as much for the works of nature as for those of man. Its morning and evening lights she thought lovelier than elsewhere, as was also the foliage which at intervals overhangs the watery streets, and the sky sharply cut by the graceful architecture." Professor and Mrs. Palmer bicycled over parts of Europe, keeping clear of railroads and tourist regions, so as to meet the common people in their homes and fields. Professor Palmer says: "Among the peasants we learned always to make our inquiries of the women, who are far less lumpish than the men. The women take the produce to market, supervise the children, and in general manage the intellectual side of the farm. In consequence they have their wits about them and are often capable of an immediate answer. To bring the man's mind into action requires at least three questions." In Paris they took an apartment for housekeeping, and this is Mrs. Palmer's account of it: "Our servant can neither speak nor understand anything except French, but she is a creature of many perfections. With Marie Louise in command, housekeeping is play. We are growing fat under her providing care. She does our marketing and restricts all extravagance. We have protested against limiting us to *two* chops, pieces of bread, etc., for us. She seems to eat nothing herself. We have been compelled to forbid her cleaning the whole apartment every day, for we were sometimes kept up at night by her labors with the dust cloth. She feels the deprivation, and when we announce that we are going out for the day she indulges in a genuine spring cleaning. After doing everything else, she searches my clothes to find a possible stitch to take, and takes it most daintily. If you could see this middle-aged, never-smiling, spotless woman and the manifold ways she contrives for guarding us, you would be amused and touched. She seems to love us, or at least to regard us as a pair of babes to be cared for." Of the Parisians Mrs. Palmer writes: "These throngs of pleasure-loving French people impress me as grown-up children who want pretty things and a good time, but are far more thoughtless than intentionally wicked—as

the Puritan is in the habit of regarding them. Good nature and politeness are everywhere; yet when these give way, a Frenchman is capable of more brutality, I think, than any other human being." Of Mrs. Palmer as a public speaker President Angell, of Michigan University (her alma mater), has said: "Few speakers have in so large a measure the magnetic power of captivating, charming, and holding complete possession of assemblies from first to last." Yet her husband says she ordinarily came home despondent from such engagements. To his inquiry how she had gotten along, she would say: "Wretchedly! Why did you let me accept that invitation?" And just before an address she was often equally depressed. Mrs. Palmer's life, after returning from Europe, was full of demands and busy activity. Dr. Harper tried to capture her and her husband for Chicago University, to make her Dean of Women; but, though it would mean a joint income of twelve thousand a year instead of four, they preferred to stay in their happy Cambridge home and their summer country place. Not all her public life took away her womanish tastes and habits. She was fond of sewing. Her husband gives us this: "With me at her side, reading aloud to her, she would hem napkins and tablecloths as peacefully as a cat purs. Usually there was mending at hand, and embroidery could be taken at a pinch. Sometimes I would miss her for the day; she had hid away upstairs. At night she would present herself in an old gown which she had just reconstructed, or a spring hat remade into an autumn one, asking my admiration for her skillful work. Over such triumphs she rejoiced. . . . During winters busy with engagements, we snatched an evening now and then for poetry. I would read aloud while she sewed or gazed into the open fire. There is no such means for cleaning cobwebs from a weary brain as sweeping it with disinfectant rhythms. Better than music it is for me because, while it is no less sportive than music, its play is ever with rationalities." This busy and happy housewife writes to a friend: "You should taste the nice things I have cooked. G. says my bread is the very best he has ever eaten, and my currant jelly and preserves are beautiful to behold." Under a linden tree at their summer home she gently captured a butterfly, and then wrote about that exquisite child of the air these lines:

Now I hold you fast in my hand,
  You marvelous butterfly,
Till you help me to understand
  Life's infinite mystery.

From that creeping thing in the dust
  To this shining bliss in the blue!
God give me courage to trust
  I shall break my chrysalis too.

Almost every week in the hot summer, Mrs. Palmer used to leave her peaceful country home and go to Boston to talk to children of the slums in the vacation schools. One hot July day she found the school room full of girls, most of whom held in their arms the baby which it was their task to tend. "Now," said Mrs. Palmer, "what shall I talk to you about this morning,

girls?" Up spoke a small, pale-faced, heavy-eyed child, with a fat, heavy baby in her lap: "Tell us how to be happy." And the rest took up the word: "Yes, tell us how to be happy." With pitiful tears in her eyes, at the sight of those poor children of the dirty, sickly, miserable slums wanting to find happiness, Mrs. Palmer gave them three rules for being happy. First, commit something to memory every day, something good. It needn't be much—three or four words will do; a Bible verse, perhaps. "Do you understand?" she said, much afraid that they didn't. But one little girl cried out: "I know; you want us to learn something we'd be glad enough to remember if we went blind." "That's it exactly," answered Mrs. Palmer, with delight, "something you'd like to remember if you went blind." Her second rule for happiness was: "Look for something pretty every day—a leaf, a flower, a cloud, a star—and stop long enough before it to say, 'Isn't it beautiful?'" and the girls promised they would, every day. And her third rule was: "Do something for somebody every day." "O, that's easy," the girls cried; "we have to tend babies and run errands every day. Isn't that doing something for somebody?" And Mrs. Palmer told them it was. The next week when she went down into the slums, a tiny girl lugging the proverbial heavy baby on the street, grabbed Mrs. Palmer by the arm, and said: "I done it." "Did what?" asked Alice Palmer. "Done what you told us, last week." And the dear, Christlike woman made the child put the sleeping baby down on the sidewalk and tell her all about how she had done it. Mrs. Palmer had never expected long life. She died in Paris in 1902, aged forty-seven. Her clear, strong creed was that of the orthodox faith. Her husband's tribute to her closes thus: "She seemed built for bounty, and held nothing back. Gaily she went forth throughout her too few years, scattering happiness up and down neglected ways. A fainting multitude flocked around to share her wisdom, hardihood, peace, devoutness, and merriment; and more easily afterward accommodated themselves to their lot. Strength continually went forth from her. She put on righteousness and it clothed her, and sound judgment was her daily crown. Each eye that saw her blessed her, each ear that heard her was made glad." A farmer's wife wrote of her: "To meet her at the railway station in the morning made the whole day bright. If she passed me in the late afternoon on the long hill, she seemed the fairest object in all that stretch of sweet country. I remember, too, how beautiful she was in the country church at the communion table, with her uncovered head and sensitive face, in her summer dress. I cut her picture out of a newspaper after her death, and pinned it on the wall above my table. I often look at it and say: 'I will be a better woman, Mrs. Palmer, because you have lived.'" Richard Watson Gilder's exquisite tribute to Alice Freeman Palmer is prefixed to this volume. A rare book this is, indeed.

*Seventeenth Century Men of Latitude.* By Edward Augustus George. 12mo, pp. 199. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

The period covered by this book is from the birth of John Hales, 1584, to the death of Richard Baxter, 1691. Besides these two worthies, the men

written about are William Chillingworth, Benjamin Whichcote, John Smith, Henry More, Jeremy Taylor, and Thomas Browne. In a time of narrow thinking, fierce tempers and ferocious speech, they were men of sweet reasonableness, breadth of vision, and kindly tongues. In an age of militant intolerance, malignant partisanship and bitter controversies, when Protestant and Romanist, Calvinist and Arminian, pompous Anglican and rampant Puritan, were vilifying and anathematizing each other, these men of forbearing spirit, gentle manners, and charitable hearts, illustrated the mind that was in Christ and counseled patience, peaceableness, and kindness toward all men. The author characterizes these sane and saintly men, but chiefly lets them speak for themselves by numerous extracts from their writings, finding in their works much which after three hundred years is obsolete, but also much that is vital, pungent, and immortal. He says his search through their writings has been like hunting for arbutus under dead leaves and finding plenty of the fresh aromatic flowers. In this book he brings to us the fragrant beauty of their thoughts, the sweet aroma of their spirit. In the seventeenth century Anglicans and Puritans, mutually intolerant, differed chiefly in this, that the former, while allowing much freedom of doctrine, insisted on rigid uniformity in worship; the latter, who permitted freedom as to forms of worship, enforced rigid uniformity of doctrinal belief. Against the narrow intolerance of both Anglican and Puritan, the good men whose wisdom is celebrated in the book before us gently protested, counting such intolerance to be unnecessary, unchristian, and inexcusable. They held that schisms and heresies are created by enforcing non-essentials as if they were fundamental and indispensable. John Hales, an Oxford man and a Canon of Windsor, wrote: "It is a common disease of Christians to be unwilling to content themselves with such doctrines as God, in the Scriptures, has expressly and indubitably declared; but out of a vain desire to know more than is revealed they devise conclusions concerning matters on which we have no explicit teaching either from reason or from revelation. And, not resting here, they have, upon pretence of church authority (of which there is none), attempted to impose peremptorily upon others the necessity of accepting these individual and peculiar devisings of doctrine. And these factions arise, man opposing man and synod contending with synod, until the peace of the church vanishes beyond possibility of recall, and true religion is set aside by brawls." Hales insisted that one of the marks of a true church is benignity. A favorite text was: "Him that is weak in the faith receive ye"; and he exhorted men to a gracious interpreting of each other's imperfections. To theologians he said: "If it be the cause of God which we handle in our writings, then let us handle it as becomes the prophets of God, with quietness and moderation, and not in violent passion as if we were possessed of the devil rather than divinely inspired." Hales held that gentleness is due even to the guilty and lost. He cited Abraham's manner of addressing Dives, "Son, remember." "Son!" exclaims Hales, "a word of tenderness and mercy, teaching us that in all cases, however desperate, and to the greatest delinquent, however sinful, we must let some gleam of goodness and kindness shine through." And he cites the

master of the feast who, when he came in to his guests and saw one there without a wedding garment, though he was constrained to pronounce a severe doom, yet used Abraham's method of address, and said, "Friend, how comest thou hither?" "'Son!' 'Friend!'" cries Hales, "here is the true art of chiding; this is the style in which we ought to reprove." An incisive man is this gentle John Hales. Listen: "Let no man presume to look into the third heaven, to open the books of eternal life and death, to pronounce peremptorily of God's purpose concerning himself or any other man." As to "Original Sin," he will not on the one hand allow that doctrine to cause despair in any soul, nor on the other hand to cloud for a moment the sense of personal responsibility. Man's sinfulness is more through his fault than from his nature. "There is none of us," he says, "but is much more wicked than any primitive corruption can excuse." If our nature be originally weak, fullness of power is imparted to us through Christ; our strength is from Him by whom we have been redeemed. If the devil seeks to inspire evil thoughts, much more does the Holy Spirit inspire good thoughts which it is our privilege and responsibility to receive and cherish. Two excellent rules for interpretation of Scripture are given by Hales. First: "The literal, plain, and incontrovertible meaning of Scripture, without any addition, is that alone which we are necessarily bound to accept for ground of faith and doctrine." Second: "In places of ambiguous and doubtful or dark and intricate meaning, it is sufficient if we religiously admire and acknowledge and confess, neither affirming nor denying either view." Hear John Hales pray for the dismembered Body of Christ, rent and torn with discord: "O thou who wroughtest that great reconciliation between God and man, was it possible to reconcile man to God? And is it impossible for Thee to reconcile man to man? Be with those, we beseech Thee, who are engaged in church controversies, and like a good Lazarus drop one cooling drop upon their tongues and pens. Teach Thy church wherein her peace consists, and warn her from the world, and bring her home to Thee." William Chillingworth, the second of the worthies presented in this book, was at one time converted to Romanism, but soon returned to Anglicanism, and wrote the treatise by which he is best known, "The Religion of Protestants A Safe Way of Salvation." When he came to professing his acceptance of the thirty-nine articles of the Anglican Church, he halted over the damnatory clauses which were repulsive to him; and he would not sign them until he had explained as follows the sense in which he, on the whole, accepted them: "I approve generally of the doctrines of the Church of England. In her Articles good men of former times have done what they could to express their highest Christian thought against heretical perversions of the truth. They would have succeeded better if they had refrained from defining where Scripture itself has refrained. Still, on the whole, I receive their doctrine, or at least I have no wish to dispute it. And I accept the Articles as articles of peace." In that frank statement the ethics of creed-subscription are not evaded, trifled with, or treated with disrespect. In the Civil War Chillingworth was captured by the Parliamentary Puritan Army at the surrender of Arundel Castle, and being ill was confined in the Bishop's palace at

Chichester. There Francis Cheynell, a bigot of the party then in the ascendant, set himself to correct what he considered the heresies of the dying Anglican. Cheynell was a zealous Presbyterian, rigidly orthodox, a member of the Westminster Assembly, very unwilling that anybody should be suffered to go to heaven except in the right way, which was, of course, *his* way. He himself tells of one of his inquisitorial interviews with the dying heretic: "Finding him one day more hearty than usual, I bade him tell me whether he conceived that a man living and dying a Turk, Papist, or Socinian could be saved. All the answer I could gain from him was that he did not absolve them, but would not condemn them." Chillingworth stated the difference between Papist and Protestant thus: "The Papist judges his guide to be infallible; the Protestant finds his way to be manifest." He held that faith in the divineness of the Bible is established not by external authority, but by internal evidence; the Scriptures shine with their own inherent light, and one believes in them as he believes in the sunshine. Chillingworth declared that the worst schismatics are they who make the way to heaven narrower, the yoke of Christ heavier, the conditions of church communion stricter than Christ and his apostles made them. The spirit of the man is seen in his plea for liberty of opinion: "This presumptuous imposing of the senses of men upon the words of God, the special senses of men upon the general words of God, and laying them upon men's consciences together, under the equal penalty of death and damnation; this vain conceit that we can speak the things of God better than in the words of God; this deifying our own interpretations, and tyrannous enforcing them upon others; this restraining the word of God from that latitude and generality, and the understandings of men from that liberty, wherein Christ and the apostles left them, is and hath been the only fountain of all the schisms of the church, the common incendiary of Christendom. Take away these walls of separation, and all will be quickly one. Take away this persecuting, burning, damning of men for not subscribing to the words of men as the words of God; require of Christians only to believe Christ, and to call no man master but Him only; let these leave claiming infallibility that have no title to it, and let them that in their words disclaim it, disclaim it likewise in their actions. In a word, take away tyranny, which is the devil's instrument to support errors and superstitions and impieties in the several parts of the world, which could not otherwise long withstand the power of truth; I say, take away tyranny, and restore Christians to their just and full liberty of captivating their understanding to Scripture only; and as rivers, when they have a free passage, run all to the ocean, so it may well be hoped, by God's blessing, that universal liberty, thus moderated, may quickly reduce Christendom to truth and unity. These thoughts of peace (I am persuaded) may come from the God of peace, and to His blessing I commend them." Benjamin Whichcote, third of these seventeenth century worthies, was preacher and tutor at Cambridge. When, in the Civil War, the town was occupied by Cromwell's troops, and its libraries were rifled, and chapels abused, and the stately university turned into soldiers' barracks, Whichcote with the rest was driven out, but survived and even prospered. Possessed

of a plentiful estate, he was frugal in personal expenditures in order to be lavish in benevolence toward the poor. Instead of making reason and revelation foes, as was the fashion of his time, he insisted that they were born bosom friends. "No sooner doth the truth of God come into the soul's sight," he said, "than the soul recognizes her as an old and first acquaintance; and though they have been by some accident unhappily parted for a long time, yet having now by Divine providence happily met, they greet one another and renew acquaintance as those who were originally friends. . . . We are as capable of religion as we are of reason. Creation and the gospel are alike divine. There is nothing in the after-light of God reconciling through Christ which is contradictory of the primal-light of God creating." To Whichcote religion was not an external adjustment of relations with God, but the introduction of a divine life into the soul. Neglecting the judicial phrases of a formal theology, he described religion as spirituality, heavenly mindedness, participation in the divine nature; and he gave conscience a most beautiful name—the "Home-God." Insisting that men must not be rude to each other because of differing opinions, this Christian gentleman said: "I aver that it is everybody's right to be fairly used and handsomely treated." John Smith, the fourth in this cluster of gracious spirits, was also of Cambridge, a student, a fellow, and a provost; in whom intellectual culture and profound scholarship did not quench but served to promote evangelistic fervor, so that he soon resolved to "travel mainly for the salvation of men's souls, after whose good he most ardently thirsted." He died of consumption at the age of thirty-five. He was two hundred and fifty years ahead of his time. The themes of his preaching were those of our time. No theologian of today speaks more beautifully of Divine Immanence. He passed beyond the legal metaphors of Paul's dialectic to the high orthodoxy of Paul's ethical mysticism; from the thought of Christ as a mediator throned in heaven to the thought of Christ as a divine life-power throned in consenting souls, "Christ in you, the hope of glory." The fifth picture given is that of Henry More, born in a Puritan home, student at Cambridge, given at one time to mystical ecstasies, but interested in physical phenomena, a friend of Descartes, and a mediator between science and religion. Even as a school-boy he wrestled with the dark doctrines of necessity and free-will, election and reprobation. He gives us the following picture from his early religious meditations: "I had so firm and unshaken a persuasion of the divine justice and goodness, that on a certain day in a ground belonging to Eton College, where the boys used to play and exercise themselves, musing concerning these things with myself, and recalling to my mind this doctrine of Calvin (Predestination), I did thus seriously and deliberately conclude within myself, namely, if I am one of those that are predestinated unto hell, where all things are full of nothing but cursing and blasphemy, yet will I behave myself there patiently and submissively toward God, and if there be any one thing more than another that is acceptable to Him, that will I set myself to do with a sincere heart, and to the utmost of my power, being certainly persuaded, that if I thus demeaned myself, He would hardly keep me long in that place. Which meditation of mine is as

firmly fixed in my memory, and the very place where I stood, as if the thing had been transacted but a day or two ago." In 1634 a young man of twenty-two came up to London from Cambridge to preach at Saint Paul's in place of his room-mate, Risden, who was prevented from filling the engagement. He created a sensation. His handsome face and figure, his musical voice, his exuberant fancy, carried the audience by storm. His florid beauty, sweet and pleasant manner, and sublime discourse, made his hearers take him for some young angel newly descended from visions of glory. This was Jeremy Taylor, the sixth of our author's apostles of peace and charity. He is famed as a brilliant rhetorician, whose writings are ornate with gorgeous imagery, but he was also a power for good in an evil time. The author's seventh man is our familiar friend, Sir Thomas Browne, the Norwich physician and author of that immortal book, Religio Medici. The eighth and last is Richard Baxter, the Kidderminster pastor, chaplain in Cromwell's army, and author of the Saint's Rest. In a bitter time these men were forerunners of a better day. In their moderation and sweet reasonableness, their abhorrence of strife and desire for Christian unity, their views of the Bible and doctrine of divine immanence, they were modern men. The church in general has been several centuries catching up to them. Indeed there are some men now among us who are less modern than these ancient worthies.

## MISCELLANEOUS

*Camping and Tramping With Roosevelt.* By JOHN BURROUGHS. 12mo, pp. 111. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, cloth, $1.00 net.

A long friendship with Roosevelt, a trip with him to the Yellowstone Park, and a recent visit to Oyster Bay, enable John Burroughs to picture our many-sided president on the side of his love for and knowledge of nature. He is at home with Roosevelt in the camp, on the trail, in the wilderness, and on the mountains; and in this little book he vividly describes the breezy, alert, energetic, enthusiastic, whole-souled, out-door Roosevelt. Some idea of the president's knowledge of natural history is given in the gist of a letter which Roosevelt wrote in 1892 to Burroughs, differing with Burroughs about his opinion that the European forms of animal life were, as a rule, larger and more hardy and prolific than the corresponding forms in this country. Roosevelt wrote: "Now, I don't think that this is so; at least, comparing the forms which are typical of North America and of northern Asia and Europe, which together form but one province of animal life." And then he poured forth a surprising flood of accurate knowledge of the many of the animals of three continents. After touching on American birds, Roosevelt wrote of the men thus: "Did you ever look over the medical statistics of the half million men drafted during the Civil War? They include men of every race and color, and from every country of Europe, and from every state in the Union; and so many men were measured that the average of the measurements is probably pretty fair. From these it would appear that the physical type in the eastern states had degenerated. The man from New York or New England, unless

he came from the lumbering districts, though as tall as the Englishman or Irishman, was distinctly lighter built, and especially was narrower across the chest; but the finest men of all physically were the Kentucklans and Tennesseeans. After them came the Scandinavians, then the Scotch, then the people from several of the western states, such as Wisconsin and Minnesota, then the Irish, then the Germans, then the English, etc. The decay of vitality, especially as shown in the decreasing fertility of the New England and New York stock, is very alarming; but the most prolific peoples on this continent, whether of native or foreign origin, are the native whites of the southern Alleghany region in Kentucky and Tennessee, the Virginians, and the Carolinians, and also the French of Canada. It will be difficult to frame a general law of fecundity in comparing the effect upon human life of long residence on the two continents, when we see that the Frenchman in Canada is healthy and enormously fertile, while the old French stock is at the stationary point in France, the direct reverse being the case when the English of Old and New England are compared, and the decision being again reversed if we compare the English at home with the mountain whites of the southern states." John Burroughs's book teems all through with evidence of the president's enthusiasm for, and extraordinarily full and accurate knowledge of, natural history, and also of his abounding vitality, and his democratic at-home-ness in all sorts of places, with all sorts of men. Burroughs says the Rough Riders, wherever they are in these years, look to their old Colonel whenever they get into trouble as some of them are pretty apt to do. Around the camp fire in the Yellowstone one night the president enlivened the evening with some stories about them. One of them got into jail in Arizona, and wrote President Roosevelt something like this: "Dear Colonel: I am in trouble. I shot a lady in the eye; but I did not intend to hit the lady. I was only shotting at my wife." There is no mystery in the enthusiastic admiration of such men as John Burroughs and Jacob Riis for Theodore Roosevelt.

*Lexicon to the English Poetical Works of John Milton.* By LAURA E. LOCKWOOD, Ph.D., Associate Professor of the English Language at Wellesley College. 8vo, pp. 671. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $3.

This stout volume aims to provide a means by which the student may readily find the signification of any word in Milton's poetry. The reception given to Schmidt's Shakespeare Lexicon proved that students found it valuable; and it is believed that this present work may be similarly helpful in the study of Milton. The author says that her years spent in teaching the poetry of Milton to college classes have disproved to her the statement that "no one would nowadays read Paradise Lost for pleasure." The aim of this lexicon is definition, as exactly as may be, of all words used by Milton, and in making the book every word in his poetry has been subjected to careful examination. Many annotators of Milton there have been and from Newton and Todd down to Masson and Jerram they have done much to clear up difficult passages; but there is much they have not explained; and, besides, the student who depends on annotators must have about him a small library of books. This one book is intended to take the place largely of that library.

# METHODIST REVIEW

## SEPTEMBER, 1908

### Art. I. BISHOP JAMES N. FITZGERALD

James Newbury FitzGerald. Born July 27, 1837; died April 4, 1907.

Few students have failed to recognize the influence of mountain ranges upon the course of history. They determine the fertility or unproductiveness of the contiguous territory. They reach up with their giant peaks into the sky, intercept the currents of moisture, and make the land a desert; gather the snows of winter on their crests, which, dissolved under the genial rays of spring, become the creeks and rivers that enrich the valleys and serve as highways for the nation's commerce. They guard the frontiers of a country and beget patience, endurance, mettle in the men who must needs climb them. Art and literature are vastly indebted to them, and not only architecture and landscape owe much to mountains but the sky itself takes gorgeous hues and rich colorings from them. There are even special diseases of the mountains, nausea and vertigo, like the pride and bewilderment that sometimes seem to afflict men of great place. So mountain men influence the countries and communities in which they dwell. They uplift the policies of the state and protect the feeble growths of equality against selfish privilege and distinction. They inoculate with their own lofty sentiments the mediocrity of thousands who but for the contagion of their enthusiasm and the contact of their virility would have remained commonplace and dull.

BISHOP JAMES N. FITZGERALD

The march and movement of the many gather about them and they bequeath to posterity honored names, the memory of great deeds, legacies of reproof, the stir of emulation in every organization with which they were affiliated, and in the afterglow of their descending suns we catch visions of God and glimpses of the city celestial. It is just, therefore, that the history of a nation or church should be the biography of its great leaders. The fountains of honor and aspiration are thus unsealed, and memory that warns, rebukes, encourages, and commands is thus perpetually invoked. Our Bible, the sacred writings of both Hebrew and Christian, employs biography almost exclusively and illustrates its age-preserving power. Genesis is, in its last analysis, not an account of creation, but the life of Abraham; Exodus recounts the biography and achievements of Moses. Aside from the four Gospels, which are the life of Jesus, the New Testament has little to offer except the biographies of Peter, Paul, and John. A biography is a painting and statue combined. The finest pictures are those painted in words and the finest statues are those chiseled in language. Moreover, they outlast all others. In his college of the New Atlantis Bacon erected a statue to the inventor of sugar as imperishable as any that can be erected in marble to Nelson or Washington. All the galleries of the world are cheap and common when compared with those biographies of saints, captains, and sages which, in smaller or greater compass, tell how each in turn helped to push the race upward to the dawn.

There is, in biographical writing, little danger that its subject shall be overappreciated or the estimate of his services unduly heightened. Rather the danger is that some knightly, flame-crowned soul shall be attenuated to an aspect, or relegated to some unvisited corridor of the museum for classification and comparison by the curator. How some of the Popes are bemeaned by putting their pictures on the long row in the interior of "Saint Paul's without the Walls," labeling them a John XXII, a Pius X, or enumerating them. The piety and sanctity of many of them deserved better of the Christian world, and, possibly, some of them earned a more significant pillory. And this deserves

emphasis when considering the work of some humble and self-sacrificing preacher who, by virtue of his calling; put aside the rewards and distinctions which the world often confers and submitted himself in some supreme moment of choice to poverty and the misjudgment of being called mediocre, narrow, and sectarian. To underestimate such an one, who had no authority but his character, no commission but the confidence of his brethren, is not only an injustice to the dead, but no slight injury to the living. This chief pastor, James Newbury FitzGerald, Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Laws, one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose biographical estimate is to be here attempted, had, with his simplicity of life and calling, all of the aptitudes and qualities which carry men far in public favor. His teacher and model in the profession of law came to be secretary of state in the cabinet of President Arthur; few men of judicial mind would esteem Bishop FitzGerald inferior in breadth of sagacity or less engaging in courtesy and bearing than he. His law partner came to be our government's ambassador to Germany; less eminence could hardly be predicted of the other member of the old Newark law firm, granted the impulses and opportunities of the same profession. No judgeship in New Jersey, in our day, has been filled by a man more skilled to penetrate the subtleties of argument or compass the reach of precedents than this humble bishop of Methodism. Not Blaine himself, at the acme of his greatness, nor Reed, nor any other Speaker of the House, was more skilled in parliamentary law or quicker-witted in its application than James N. FitzGerald, who never once, in his many presidencies of great bodies, hammered the table with a gavel nor had a ruling successfully challenged. His life is a subject to be recounted with affection and followed with admiration. Yet no effort will here be made to bring him before the reader as he preached and talked, meditated and administered. We do not seek mere observation of the externals of the man but we yearn to possess a real apprehension of his character and aptitudes. There are in every man whose life is real life in any true sense of the word some central principles which animate and control his work, and it is these we strive to penetrate and attain. The

artist passes over the features of a landscape which make it commonplace and uses only those which render it picturesque. These were in Bishop FitzGerald a prayerful spirit, personal integrity, lucidity of thought and utterance, quick application of general principles to concrete facts and the corresponding induction of general principles from casual occurrences, and a genius for organization. His capacity for leadership, ability as a presiding officer, intensity in favor of the prohibition party, opposition to any change in the rule on amusements, and earnest views of holiness were all concerned and involved in these moral and intellectual traits. In his Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire Gibbon makes courage, personal honor, patience, resourcefulness and the habit of command the test of Roman greatness. The nation persists and advances and declines with these. All of them, plus the inward reverence that made him almost saintly, are discoverable in Bishop FitzGerald.

Henry Ward Beecher was fond of saying that a man's training should begin a hundred years before he is born. This is happily illustrated in the subject of our sketch. The paternal FitzGerald and the family of the Rev. Samuel Dunlop, said to have been president of New College, Oxford, the maternal forebear, rooted themselves in the colonies some years before the Revolution. The FitzGeralds had strong bodies, clean blood, and the habit of long life. Several of them served as judges and members of legislative bodies. From that side the Bishop inherited sound viscera, the habits of abstemious living, slow eating, physical vigor, and the mental traits of fraternity, courtesy and constancy. The maternal root was rich in descent from a clergyman with classical training, into which the blood of the Boylans, a family of lawyers with great intellectual ability, rising now and then to moral earnestness and spiritual fervor, had infiltrated itself. His mother, a daughter of Dr. James Boylan, was a predominating personality, and direct from her the Bishop had spiritual insight and the peculiar facility for quoting hymns and scriptures by which he often rose from ordinary exegesis to the loftiest Christian eloquence. From this Dunlop-Boylan strain he acquired self-mastery, imagination. poetic fervor, and an element

indefinable, not easy to describe, which, for lack of a better term and because it is essential to the spiritual life, we call spirituality. We amend by the insertion of a single word and employ the summing up which the Christian Advocate makes of the whole question of his heredity: "It suffices to say that on both sides he was born of lines which could be expected to continue religious, intellectual, and physical power to succeeding generations." A genial disposition added to the expectancy of long life; he was fond of good stories, happy in repartee, sometimes almost careless in dress, a light sleeper, and enjoyed chess as a diversion. He gave up the use of tobacco after the General Conference action on that question and wholly abstained from its use. His record of ministerial service, dating from 1862, when he entered the Newark Conference, was that of pastor until 1878; then as a presiding elder until his election as recording secretary of the Missionary Society, and in that office until his elevation to the episcopacy in 1888. It seems commonplace to predicate of Bishop FitzGerald that he was a man of prayer. His antecedents, calling, and bearing would lead us to expect that. But we mean more by this statement than petition in the market place or congregation, though there his power was significant. It was his custom to pray with a family the first time he entered the home, maintaining this rule while performing his episcopal duties. Once in a New York hotel, long after midnight, when all the party had retired he went to the room of a burdened friend and prayed with him; no cant nor lecturing, but wrestling with God on his behalf. His prayer at the session of the Northwest Indiana Conference at Brazil the day President McKinley died was an event in the lives of all who heard it. By resolution the Conference requested him to lead in prayer, and at once bowing before the throne he led all hearts in an utterance so tender, so direct, so passionate in confession and contrition, so humble, and with such simplicity of language that the hush of God's presence fell on all hearts, and men unaccustomed to pray felt the mystery of existence and humbled themselves under the mighty hand of God. He brought the gift of solemn awe and helped men to come from the moment of that stupendous mystery with faith, trust, and even comfort.

The administrative sagacity of Bishop FitzGerald has many illustrations. His headship of a presiding elder's district brought him practical experience in the matter of making appointments which many of his compeers have lacked. There was much greater challenge of the office then than now. Few now question that it has maintained our country work not only for the country's sake but as a recruiting ground for the young men and women who ultimately drift to the cities and renew and reinforce our congregations there. He had often heard presiding elders assailed as careless of their engagements and unmindful of distinct promises, and he formulated some rules to enable those whom he appointed to preside over districts to retain the loyalty of their men and a reputation for veracity. This writer had them at first hand about as follows: 1. Look after the appointments of the men on your own district and those alone. 2. Talk with deserving men about promotion and a larger field but never mention a place. 3. Never promise an appointment even if your judgment approves it; your bishop may not underwrite it. 4. Never recommend a transfer into your Conference; let the bishop do that. 5. In disputed questions between pastor and people, if possible side with the preacher. These scintillations of the man's own experience show his knowledge of human nature, his devotion to fact, and his determination to judge administrative matters from a human standpoint. He was a strong man; and this leads to the reflection that no amount of saintliness can protect the rights of the average man when in the power of a weak one. The episcopacy is no place for an evangelist, if that is all he is. The five hundred district superintendents of the church will agree that these rules penetrate deeply into the difficulties of the office, and though of independent worth were enhanced tenfold by the setting he gave them in the mind of a new appointee. They are no abstractions, nor do they suggest a religion of pews and altar cloths. And by contrast they remind one of the constitutional question once submitted to a bishop not of our own Methodism. His name is well known, and his ruling was that preachers should not be concerned about the constitution of the church, but they should be "good." Saintly —yes; but that bishop menaces by his weakness every man over

whom his administration extends. "Our truest steps are human still." Bishop FitzGerald's sagacity protected him from the attempts of men to procure unmerited promotion by manifestations of interest in prohibition or by professions of holiness. He knew that "spiritual blessedness" was sometimes the portion of men not built for large places. Many preachers thought such arguments would secure greater consideration of their claims. He no doubt made unwise appointments—let us freely grant that. But be it remembered that they were not made because men recommended themselves to him by such specious pleading. The writer was present when an urgent plea was made that a certain brother should be appointed to a district because he was a third-party prohibitionist, tried and true, and was a teacher and preacher of santification. The man had many claims to the place, such as experience, ability as a preacher, and solid worth. Bishop FitzGerald listened attentively to the representation and replied essentially as follows: "I am a prohibitionist. I hate the liquor business and love the men who have gone through the fire to which we have all been subjected. Nevertheless, I am to administer for the whole church. In this section our Quarterly Conferences are largely made up of old-party men; they go to county, district, and state conventions. Many of them think almost as much of their party as they do of their church. It is touch and go with a presiding elder any way. A single ill-advised utterance which in some moment of depression he might make would set the whole district by the ears. I have thought this over carefully; my heart goes out to him, but my judgment is that the appointment would not be wise." His absolute sincerity and his considerate discussion of the situation attached all the parties in interest to him. Few men were so broad-minded as to political parties and no bishop in the connection was less influenced by them than he. The hearty welcome to President McKinley at Ocean Grove in August, 1899, is another case in evidence of his sagacity and broad-mindedness. Mr. McKinley was swinging around the circle with his ears to the ground listening to what folks had to say and wished to be done in the Philippine Islands and on public policies generally. Some prophesied that he would not come to Ocean Grove—and wholly for lack of an invitation. It

was the closing week, with religious fervor at high tide, and young people's meetings, holiness meetings, surf meetings and children's meetings would all be affected, and this was ample excuse for not inviting him. Bishop FitzGerald's word was law in the case. The Bishop personally invited him, welcomed him, and twenty thousand people heard him speak. Not since General's Grant's last appearance there has such a crowd surged through the place. The president's popularity and Ocean Grove were both gainers thereby. A man of less breadth of view might have made a muddle of the whole situation by dividing the friends of the camp meeting, affronting the chief citizen of the United States and gaining newspaper notoriety. The Bishop knew men—their penchant for popular leaders, their hero worships—and, besides, his own heart was beating wildly over the new opportunities and responsibilities before the country; he felt the invisible antecedents and consequents and kept his charity undimmed by any mists of prejudice and party. No man among us was more able in his defense of the prohibition party but he discountenanced a prohibition church; he was too sagacious and loved his mother Methodism too much for that; other prominent men in the church egged it on through the Voice newspaper, and talked prohibition instead of the missionary, educational, and philanthropic addresses they were expected to make. He, chief of the cult, went calmly on preaching Jesus and the resurrection and working in the church and for the church as though it were really the bride of Christ. The providence of his election grows more plain as we look back over the history of the church saved not only from schism but from any large defection, which, except for his election and conservatism, might in some sections of our country have been serious.

His great work for the church was his presidency of the Epworth League. He was reared in Newark, where he was also buried, and was a member of the Young People's Society of the Central Methodist Church of that city. These young people, long before Christian Endeavor or Oxford League had been thought of, formed a society to develop the intellectual and spiritual life of the young members and friends of the church. He participated in the debates, spelling matches, and social occasions which the

organization provided as diversions. Thus when he was selected as president of the Epworth League he was in touch with the social and religious aspirations of the young people. He was personally familiar with the action of the Omaha General Conference establishing the official plan, and presided at the Cabinet and Board of Control meetings held during its formative period. He wrote, rewrote, and carefully scanned every line of the resolutions and legislation passed by both bodies, and always insisted on a copy of the minutes, at the close of the session, for his own review and approval. He foresaw the questions of financial control that were certain to arise and guarded jealously every approach and attempt to vest it in the Book Concern. The skill with which the verbiage of the financial agreement with that body is drawn and the far-reaching implications deducible from it show that a man of affairs as well as a clergyman was the president of the Epworth League. There is no escape from the plain meaning of the Discipline and of that document save repudiation. Only a man of his firmness could have kept the new organization from becoming the agency for exploiting fads and reforms of greater or lesser merit. The most determined effort was made to use the Epworth League as a propaganda for party prohibition, as an adjunct for raising money for the Missionary Society, making it a purely evangelistic agency, reforming the dress customs of its members to conform to those of the Dunkers and Free Methodists, and for allowing the ecclesiastical campaigns of ambitious men to find seclusion, comfort, and support within its official ranks. Some of these men and measures had his hearty sympathy and countenance, but he stood against them like flint and never gave them official sanction. He was in abounding good health, enjoyed the work, was competent for it, and made it one of the great positions in the church. The work of organization was practically complete with his presidency. The Methodist Church, South, and the Canadian Church had each adopted it. Both Bishop Ninde and Bishop Joyce were broken physically when they were selected for this position. Bishop Berry came to the place full of health and energy and skill and personal knowledge of every working plan. But it is no disparagement to anyone to say that Bishop FitzGerald, by

reason of his being in at the beginning, with the opportunity and the incomparable ability for molding the new society and giving it its guiding principles, and sagaciously clearing its way from difficulties and dangers, was possibly the most lastingly influential president of the Epworth League. He persuaded W. W. Cooper to change his missionary campaign to purely educational channels; he refused point blank to attend a meeting of the National Prohibition Committee while sitting in Cleveland as a member of the Cabinet; he insisted that the Articles of Religion and the Church Rules, and not the pledge, were the doctrine and discipline for the young people. He kept the Board of Control from passing a resolution requesting the Cleveland General Conference to omit ¶ 248 from the Discipline. Whatever you may think of his policies, here was a man clear-headed to know what the church had intrusted to him and with force and capacity to maintain the trust. There was a magnificence about his great faithfulness and doing; in Spenser's sublime allegory Heavenly Contemplation never forgets the things of earth—for example, London and the queen. So this bishop, with his eye on the hills, did not forget his everyday duty; he was saint and great man, and if all the young people whom he blessed through the Epworth League should put a blossom on his grave, the whole city where he sleeps would have the perfume of flowers.

Though deficient in enthusiasm and imagination, as a preacher Bishop FitzGerald has been greatly underestimated. He did not weaken his sermons by insisting on a new text and matter for each occasion; neither did he permit himself to become flat, stale, and unprofitable by lifelong repetition. He had great range in his preaching, and was elevated in subject and sentiment. His sermon on "The Kingship of Christ" was worthy of the greatest occasions. In method, he began with a simple exposition, grew topical in plan as he proceeded, and usually culminated with some small part of the discourse undelivered. He never dealt in abstractions, and was seldom metaphysical. He quoted the Scriptures and hymns freely and was clear in outline and distinct in his transitions. His discourses had power to arrest, arouse and hold men in unexpected ways. He loved to dwell on the faith-

fulness of God, and as he beheld the vision of God in men he looked for faithfulness in patriots, judges, and the examples of the saints.

> The faithfulnesses of the past,
> How quiet and obscure and vast!
> They reach behind us, making sure
> The things that rise and that endure.

He was, as might be expected from his type, skillful in debate. In his rise to eminence he was pitted against the brightest minds of the denomination. His debate with Dr. J. M. Buckley on the subject of party prohibition, a drawn battle, attracted attention to him. Anybody who could conquer even an armed truce with the editor of the Christian Advocate was distinguished. To break a lance with such an antagonist was honor. But to retort wit for wit, sarcasm for sarcasm, to flash a Roland back at every Oliver, and to divide the applause and sympathy of the crowd—that was unusual. The Bishop's friends took care that the crowd was friendly. He also entered the lists with Bishop Merrill, through the columns of the Western Christian Advocate, on temperance legislation. Reduced to cold type—voice, bearing, passion, quick turn, all wanting—men will rise from reading the debate ready to crown him victor who championed their own opinion. This was one of the two questions on which he disagreed with Bishop Merrill. It was temperament more than logic. Antecedents decided the matter for each. The two bishops held opposite opinions also on the Sampson-Schley controversy. They argued it out one evening in a hotel lobby at the Chicago General Conference. Bishop Merrill, favoring the Sampson side, was no match for him on that occasion. But a man who can hold his own with two such giants has little to fear in debate, and the audience that knew Bishop FitzGerald's skill in charge, counter and *ad captandum* never doubted his ability to take care of himself. His diversion was chess-playing—an asset of his old law-office days. But his proficiency dates from the time when his son Ray lost his sight. The Bishop for the lad's comfort and companionship whiled away hours with him; taught him the game, had a board made with wire inclosures for each piece. Then, realizing the handicap that the dear boy was under,

he began to play with him from memory. For hours they played without board or piece—it was Queen's pawn to Queen's third, and so on. No wonder he became proficient. Darwin says that patience belongs particularly to animals that hunt their living food. He would have us believe that the "wild" where brutes dwell, unlit by resurrection or gleam of immortality, begets patience. Here was a man persistent in his search for truth, aspiring to immortality, who tenderly, lovingly, patiently, for years comforted his son's darkness and loneliness.

His position on critical questions must be understood rather by what he did than from anything he said. He left no body of writing from which the deeper soundings of his soul may be known. He was a devout believer in the supernatural. The ancient miracles were sacred to him, or, at any rate, he was unwilling to test them by the scientific methods of observation, experiment, and inference. He did not set himself up as an authority on questions of criticism and dogma but he did feel himself conversant with the law of the church. He is reported to have voted against confirming a certain theological professor; therefore say some: "Let him be anathema!" How he could have done otherwise is not clear. The only place where the ecclesiastical standing of a Methodist preacher which has been challenged can be determined is in his Conference. A Boston committee said the man was all right; but they had no authority to say it. They were high-minded, intellectually qualified, and went thoroughly into the matter. Granted; and grant, further, that a committee raised by the Central New York Conference might not be the equal of these men in ability. That does not alter the law in such cases made and provided. The only body which can give assurance to the Board of Bishops as to a man's doctrinal soundness is his Conference. Circuit riders they may be, but the Discipline takes their verdict. Why the Disciplinary plan for securing favorable action by the bishops in this case was not taken is still unexplained. There was long notice of its importance. For lack of it the Bishop was justified in voting as he did. His action in that case proves nothing as to the final attitude of his mind. He was reverent, grew broader and deeper with the passing of the

years, was refined in his piety, sane, free from extravagance, delicate, and pure. Legalist as Bishop FitzGerald was, any professor backed by a Conference committee would have had his affirmative support.

At the General Conference of 1888, held in New York city, for the first time a two-thirds vote was required for election to the episcopacy. The resolution to so proceed was adopted after a debate that was able, animated, and consistent with a determination to place the high office of bishop apart from intrigue and clique and the machinations of rings, and to keep it above the power and folly of factions. On the third ballot two men were elected—John Heyl Vincent and James Newbury FitzGerald. The seniority of Bishop Vincent was by but a single vote. The last to be elected in 1884, nearest before these, was the colossus of the Methodist pulpit and the American platform; following them came a simple-hearted circuit rider and evangelist. That ballot marks the flood tide of the church in democracy, and the juxtaposition of two such men in such a result shows how versatile is human nature and how wise is the church. The first, Bishop Vincent, was a poet, canny as Froebel himself in the psychology of childhood, epigrammatic, eloquent, and as an idealist incomparable among all who preceded him in the episcopal office or who as colleagues labored with him. With little memory for faces or relationships he had acquired vast knowledge in detail. Utterly innocent of organization, scarcely comprehending what a combine might be, he obtained the episcopacy as he attained the ultimate truths of human nature, through the supreme and indivisible energy of love, imagination, and thought. He revitalized the old camp meeting into a Chautauqua assembly and gave to thousands the initial impulse and the practicable methods which enable them to maintain student habits amid the hurry and humdrum of life. Bishop FitzGerald was his precise antipode and complement. He had eyes that really saw, ears that heard, a brain that retained all thought impressions, and so lucid and so lubricated that it could follow an argument, quote a precedent, recall a face, and leap at once to the proper induction from certain facts. His faculties were energetic, and as the structural arrangement of his capacity

became more complex and involved his power of grasp and delimitation correspondingly increased. He deepened steadily, as the years went by, in sure grasp of the known and in brooding intensity of gaze into the unknown. His mind, always precise, ripened to quickness; his will, early in life neither disturbed by the unexpected nor by impulsive promptings of his heart, instead of increasing to obstinacy expanded to charitable decision, and his emotions became more apparent and ampler in volume. He was an artist in tactics, and his dexterity can be traced in the minutest and greatest concerns of his career. He was a master of assemblies not only as a presiding officer but as an organizer. He had no superior as a parliamentarian; but he was more: he could discern the units of power, discriminate between the pieces and the pawns, and, while recognizing that some men and certain forces were inexorable, he had the shrewdness to know that some impregnable fortifications may be outflanked and some difficulties avoided. He was as sturdy and far-seeing in law and the sequence of conditions as Bishop Merrill, whom he most resembled, yet far exceeding him in ability to maneuver and in the daring to execute a plan. Some men are like the Egyptian obelisk—singular, individual. They thrive best alone. Others better employ their energies in an organization. They are not isolated peaks but belong to a range, upbearing and upborne by all the rest. Bishop FitzGerald's facility in associating men with him may be observed as far back as a certain clerical association which he organized in the Newark Conference. Its members were young, ambitious, and consecrated to their work. They greatly assisted each other, and all came to eminence; but he was *primus inter pares.* He was reticent and frank, tactful, and without the irritating egotism that weakens so many. He had been a successful pastor, a capable presiding elder, securing the loyalty of his men and the approval of his superiors in the episcopacy. He had broadened the position in the Missionary Society to which he had been elected; had visited the missionaries arriving and departing; had stood for holiness of heart and of life; had held his own in a debate on prohibition; and few General Conferences have responded so willingly and comprehendingly as did that of 1888 to the friends and well

wishers of the recording secretary of the Missionary Society. The antithesis between the two men elected on that third ballot continues to the very end of the chapter. Bishop FitzGerald was elected to succeed the late Dr. Stokes as head of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting. Some high officials of the church were opposed to it; they were opposed to camp meetings, preferred Chautauquas, and some of his episcopal brethren felt that it was derogatory to the episcopal dignity. It gave old rivalries a chance to flame. Besides, it was questionable whether the old camp meeting, which listened to sermons on holiness and invited sinners forward for prayers, could survive. Nowhere was there so favorable an opportunity as at Ocean Grove, and no man in the church was so personally representative of the old paths and experiences by means of which Methodism had become great. He had managed the Mount Tabor Camp Meeting. He put his love and strength into his new position, serving without compensation. He furnished the initial impulse for the great auditorium which outrivals the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake, brought to the Board of Trustees some rich friends, whom he infected with his own enthusiasm and consecration, and left it the center and heart of the Zion that he loved. He introduced new features but he retained the essentials of the camp meeting, and Ocean Grove remains a notable exception to the rule that camp meetings have had their day. A camp meeting, greatly to its usefulness, became a Chautauqua with Bishop Vincent at its head; a camp meeting remained a camp meeting with Bishop FitzGerald as its leader. The fact issues that the men were opposites—twin columns; associated in the hour of their elevation to the great office sought by so many, divergent in temperament and method, yet compassing like a double star the sanity, warmth, light, and enduring ideals of human nature and the truth of religious experience called Methodism. The two men were like Jachin and Boaz before the temple, combining strength with beauty, solidity with adornment, wisdom of administration with felicity of method and courtesy of bearing. Wise church that can so order, or, rather, let it be said: "Divinely ordered church that can interpret and follow the heavenly counsel."

His last months were like the rest of his itinerancy—full of

labors. He insisted on being appointed for the missionary tour and looked forward to greeting some whom he had been instrumental in persuading to undertake the foreign work. He was worn by the incessant labor at Ocean Grove but felt that the weariness would soon pass. By nature he was surcharged with physical vitality, muscles like steel springs, erect as an Indian, and his life expectancy, judged by family health and habit, was many years. The party, including his wife, his two daughters, his blind son, Ray, and his nephew, Rev. Mr. FitzGerald, traveled economically and simply. The work in India wearied him, his resiliency had failed him. He only attended the Malaysia Conference at Penang one day. Then came the awful shock of his daughter's seizure with loathsome smallpox, then her death. He was already smitten when he struggled up the gangplank for the quiet journey to Hongkong. Then there were four days at a hotel; then ten days in a hospital. On the morning of April 3 he said: "The longed-for end is not far away." In the vest pocket of the last suit he wore, well thumbed and worn as though by frequent readings, was the story of a young Scotch girl taken ill in this country and going back home to die. One evening just as the sun was sinking they bore her on deck to see the sun set. The west was aglow with glory, and for a few minutes she seemed to enjoy the scene. Someone asked: "Is it not beautiful?" "Yes," said she, "but I would rather see the hills of Scotland." For a little time she closed her eyes and then opening them with unspeakable gladness on her face she exclaimed: "I see them noo—and ay, they're bonnie!" Then with a surprised look she added: "I never kenned before it was the hills o' Scotland where the prophet saw the horsemen and chariots, but I see them all and I am almost there." Then closing her eyes she was soon within the veil. Thus, no doubt, the good Bishop was looking for his beloved America, and while thus eagerly looking and yearning for home the vision of the King's country burst upon his eye, and the "King in his beauty" came out to welcome him. Saint Paul spoke of the time of his "departure." Whether he meant by it the launching of the immortal ship or merely its sailing, when the disciplines of life have all been taken on board, we may not say.

In either case the figure is superlatively appropriate here. Bishop FitzGerald's soul had often been in sight of the eternal sea, and life's discipline had made him ready for decession. Steadily as a ship glides down the ways to the embraces of the sea, its destiny, its home, or as a stately vessel laden with precious treasure weighs anchor, his great loving spirit loosed its last earthly mooring and slipped out "across the bar." The sad circumstances of his last days recall the verse from the hymn which he so loved to quote:

> Ye winds of night, your force combine;
> Without his high behest
> Ye shall not in the mountain pine
> Disturb a sparrow's nest.

In his life he must be ranked with the great constructive jurists of Methodism—Soule, Harris, and Merrill; death on a missionary errand placed him in that galaxy where Coke, Kingsley, and Wiley forever shine.

Edwin A. Schell.

## Art. II. THE UNSPOKEN PRECEPTS OF CHRIST

In his last address before his crucifixion Christ said to the eleven, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." He then assured them that a new and infallible Teacher, the Spirit of truth, would continue and complete their instruction "in all truth." Thus the great errand for which Jesus, the Son of God, came into the world, "to bear witness to the truth," was not accomplished at the end of his life on the earth. When he bowed his head on the cross and said, "It is finished," his message had not reached its close, but, rather, a transition to a new messenger. "The teaching of the Lord in the gospels is a visibly progressive course, but on reaching its highest point announces its own incompleteness and opens another stage of instruction."[1] To know what those truths are which Christ left unrevealed we must investigate two fields of inquiry: first, the truths that his apostles could not endure, and secondly, what new truths they taught and what new institution they established after the pentecostal coming of the new Instructor. If the things not endurable before Pentecost are identical with the discoveries and inventions made by the church after Pentecost in the apostolic age we are justified in the inference that these are Christ's unspoken precepts.

Evidently, the things not uttered were not promises of good, for these are gladly received; nor were they threatenings of future woes to the Hebrews, for these had already been announced by Christ and the prediction endured by his disciples, even the destruction of the temple and the Holy City. Moreover, it is needful to define the time limit of the new Teacher, for if there is no limit to the period of his revelations, the standard of Christian theology will never be complete. We understand that the activity

[1] Bernard's Progress of Doctrine in the New Testament. Bampton Lectures. An inspiring volume, clear as crystal, illumining the Gospels as if an electric arc light had been hung therein, and by giving truth its proper perspective it exposes the baneful Liberalistic error of treating what is preparatory in Revelation as final—such, for instance, as that "the whole duty of man is to fear God and keep his commandments," given on Sinai, ignoring the last and all-inclusive command: "This is my beloved Son; hear ye him."

of the Holy Spirit in revealing Christ's deferred precepts was limited to the apostles, who had special divine illumination and guidance, and the church at large was always to have the benefits of these revelations and to know the Holy Spirit as the source of spiritual life and sanctification but not of plenary inspiration. One of the many intolerable things withheld by Christ was the spiritual nature of his kingdom. The apostles were all fascinated by the promotion awaiting them when their Master should mount the throne of David and distribute the high civil offices to his faithful followers. To disillusionize them by telling them plainly what he told Pilate the next day, "My kingdom is not of this world," would have chilled their love and loyalty. So strong a hold on them had the prospect of an immediate, visible, earthly kingdom that the death of Christ did not destroy it, for they eagerly inquired of him after his resurrection, "Dost thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" Knowing their weakness, Jesus mercifully gave an evasive rather than a categorical answer: "It is not for you to know the times and seasons which the Father hath set within his own authority," etc. The promise of something utterly incomprehensible not many days hence was sufficient to keep them from lapsing into unbelief, for what they could not understand might be a good. Christ's disciples would have deemed it little less than blasphemy for him to teach the abolition of the ceremonial law, the entire Mosaic Torah, except the Decalogue. The Jews did not make a distinction as we do between the moral, the ceremonial, the civil precepts of the law, but thought that all should be honored and kept with the same conscientious and pious regard. When Jesus said, "I came not to destroy, but to fulfill," he had his eye on the moral law, which he filled full of meaning. Having become the Antitype of all the types in the levitical law, he knew that his gospel would sweep it away as obstructive of the universal conquest of his spiritual kingdom, giving only one covert hint of the abrogation of the distinction between clean and unclean meats in the remark, "Not that which entereth into a man defileth him." This was all that it was then practicable to disclose. Back of the Mosaic law was an institution still more fundamental, yea, even the cornerstone of Judaism—the rite of

circumcision; deemed a saving ordinance, instituted by Jehovah, practiced by many Oriental nations, and established by Moses as a vital part of his religion. Of its abolition Jesus deemed it expedient to say nothing, leaving it for his apostle in the pentecostal dispensation to proclaim, "Circumcision is nothing," and to stigmatize the judaizing Christians as "the concision," or mutilation. If Jesus had said that, not a single Jew would have followed him and he would have died without leaving one disciple. Other utterances brought him into open conflict with the Jews and reduced the number of his disciples: "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you"; erroneously incorporated in the Anglican and Methodist liturgy of the eucharist, thus making it saving, *opus operatum,* as a mere outward work, instead of the appropriation by faith of Christ himself as the fountain of spiritual life.[1] The most distasteful utterance of Christ was in the synagogue of Nazareth, when he intimated that the Gentiles are the objects of Jehovah's regard equally with the Jews. He even went so far as to say that God passed over unworthy Hebrew widows and lepers to bestow his benefactions upon a worthy heathen widow and to heal a deserving pagan leper, thus foreshadowing the ingathering of the believing Gentiles into his kingdom. So infuriated were his townsmen that, in violation of all religious decorum, they interrupted his discourse and hustled him out of the synagogue with the intent to lynch him by pitching him head first down a precipice. Henceforth it was not the part of wisdom to proclaim even to his own apostles the future coming into his kingdom of outsiders regarded as dogs by the Jews, lest his chosen apostles would abandon him because of this unpalatable and unpopular doctrine. Yet he once hinted it obscurely when he said, "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also must I bring . . . and they shall become one flock, one shepherd." Every reader of the Gospels, even the most cursory, has been surprised at the many bitter attacks of the Jews upon Jesus for alleged violations of the Sabbath Day, when, according to our reasonable Western ideas, there was no occasion

[1] Thus teach Origen, Basil the Great, Luther, Calvin, and Wesley, and, especially, Meyer, who leave no ground for the doctrine of transubstantiation.

for their accusation other than the most trivial, such as the plucking of a head of wheat and rubbing it out of its chaff to satisfy hunger, and healing the sick, and opening the eyes of the blind. So absurd, proposterous, and ridiculous were the minute refinements of what constituted a violation of the Sabbatic law that Jesus could not respect these puerilities and preserve his own self-respect. Because Nehemiah forbade the bringing in of all manner of burdens to the city market on the Sabbath on the backs of asses the rabbis have defined food of the weight of half a dried fig to be a burden, and metal of the weight of a pin; if the Sabbath began when a man had a fig or an olive in his outstretched hand, it would be a sin to bring this burden to his mouth. A broken bone could not be set; a plaster might be worn, provided its object was to prevent the wound from getting worse, not to heal it, for that would have been a work. Food could be carried from a burning house only so much as was needed for the Sabbath, and only clothing that was on the person who might lay it off and go back and put on more. Women were forbidden to look in the glass on the Sabbath because they might discover a white hair and pull it out, which would be a grievous sin. A man might bathe, but it would be a sin to carry the burden of a towel. "It was a very serious question, which led to much discussion, what should be done if the tie of a sandal had been broken on the Sabbath."[1] In the Jerusalem Talmud such rubbish as this was elaborated in not less than twenty-four chapters, as if of vital religious importance—an idea which no one outside of an insane asylum would seriously entertain. In the Babylon Talmud one hundred and fifty-six double pages of folio are devoted to the enumeration and discussion of just such trivialities, a learned rabbi spending two and a half years on only one of its many chapters. A sect of the modern Jews is endeavoring to give an exact observance to this burdensome exposition of the Sabbatic law. One of them, who built a synagogue for his people in an American city, boasted of the superior qualifications of the rabbi whom he had selected, a graduate of Columbia University, whose great piety was indicated by his refusal to carry even so much as his nightlatch key on the

[1] Edersheim's Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah. Vol. ii, pp. 777, 787.

Sabbath. Do we wonder at Christ's disgust at and opposition to this amazing perversion by which an institution designed to be a delight was changed into a day of sadness and fear of sinning at every turn; a day which, so far from being a means of grace, did not contain a single trace of anything spiritual—not a word even to suggest higher thoughts of God, its Author! Now let us suppose that, knowing the impossibility of correcting this ingrained and inveterate abuse of the Sabbath without such heroic treatment as a change of the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day, Jesus would encounter two difficulties if he attempted it: he would break down the confidence of his disciples, and he would have no good reason to show to them for selection of the first day, which before his resurrection was not yet signalized as a memorial of anything. Hence the lameness of the logic of the Sabbatarians who say: "If Jesus intended to change the day why did he not do it himself?" The more one reflects on this situation the more certain it appears that this was one of "the many things" which Jesus referred to the agency of the Spirit of truth. The most that he could wisely do, in view of the veil of Jewish prejudices and misconceptions darkening the intellects of his disciples, was to lay in their minds a foundation for the change in the declaration, "The Son of man is Lord even of the Sabbath." So this change, as every other made by the Holy Spirit in the apostolic age after the ascension, had also been preceded by a pregnant saying of Jesus as a foregleam.

The Divinity of Christ clearly shines forth in the infinite wisdom and goodness displayed in the method of the Holy Spirit's doing the work assigned to him. The apostles, though wonderfully enlightened and gladdened by the incoming of the Paraclete, are still human and are influenced by their old opinions and prejudices. Hence the new Teacher must gradually teach the new lessons as the pupils could bear them. There was no attempt suddenly to wrench away their Jewish notions. They were not told to cease circumcising their male children because real circumcision is of the heart by the Spirit, or to refrain from the morning and evening sacrifice because the Lamb of God has been sacrificed. The entire altar ritual was left to die a natural death, being less

and less attended by believers in Christ till at length a providential event, the destruction of Jerusalem, an event highly favorable to Christianity, cut the umbilical cord and lifted it out of the swathing bands which would have made it a mere sect of Judaism instead of a world-conquering religion. It required several years to broaden the outlook of the apostles sufficiently to let them admit Gentiles to their fellowship, after what may be styled a preternatural trance to divest Peter of his hereditary contempt of the Gentiles. This was a cause in which Paul did one good day's work by rebuking him at Antioch for his cowardly dissimulation in changing his boarding house through fear of the unfavorable criticism of the judaizing Christian party on its arrival from Jerusalem. Before Peter died the "other sheep" were incorporated with the one flock under one Shepherd. But the method of changing the Sabbath was still more remarkable. There was no proclamation. So far as the Jewish believers were concerned it was done unwittingly. By common consent they preferred to meet on the first day, called once the eighth day, still observing the seventh with ever-lessening interest. On that day they were, both Jew and Gentile, so directed by Paul to lay aside their charitable offerings. It was the favorite day for the holy eucharist. When in Gentile lands it was Paul's favorite day for preaching—as in Troas, where he had his choice of the seventh day but used the first in preference, for he was there seven days. Of course his preaching to Jewish assemblies must usually be on their Sabbath. The first day soon came to be called the Lord's Day. John says: "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day," *in Dominica Dei.* This adjective is the vulgate version of the Greek *κυριακή*, Lord's. In the only other place in which it occurs it designates the Lord's Supper. This is an irrefutable proof that John did not mean the day of Jehovah, as some allege, but the day of Jesus, universally recognized by Christians at the close of the first century as the day of rest and worship. The manner in which this change was made must have been especially gratifying to our glorified Saviour, as indicating the loyalty of his disciples; for they had a share in the change. The Holy Spirit shed abroad the love of Christ in their hearts and then suggested to their willing minds this mode

of expressing their gratitude to their Redeemer. How much better was this than to make the change himself directly, before his death, by a decree for which he could give to his disciples no present reason. If George Washington is cognizant of what is taking place in the republic of which he was the founder, how much more gratifying to him must be the voluntary and grateful celebration of his birthday than to have secured it by a statute bearing his own presidential signature. The law requiring the observance of the Dominical Day is the law of love. There is certainly ample ground for changing the Sabbath to the first day. The resurrection of Christ was the climax of the scheme of redemption.

'Twas great to speak a world from naught,
'Twas greater to redeem.

The Spirit of truth has not failed to realize the unspoken precepts of the Great Teacher. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost."

Daniel Steele.

## Art. III. THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL SERVICE

Christianity has from the beginning been social in its ideal. It is indeed true that Jesus Christ dealt primarily with individuals rather than institutions. He was also more concerned about their spiritual problems than about their physical conditions and surroundings. He came to seek and to save the lost. The thing that, most of all, he sought to save men from was sin. But in his thought of salvation there was always a *terminus ad quem* as well as a *terminus a quo*. He sought to save men not only *from* something, but *to* something and *for* something. The meaning of salvation was deliverance from sin; the object of salvation was service. He meant men to be good—for something. The method of Jesus was not to cleanse a human life, then leave it hanging in the air stainless, aimless, motionless. Rescue from the mire did not anciently result, was not meant to result, merely in setting the feet upon a rock and putting a new song into the mouth, but in establishing the "goings." When Lazarus came from the tomb with the grave-clothes of corruption upon him the Master said, "Loose him, and let him go," having a big life for him to live, a place for him to go to, a work for him to do. He labored to save individuals, but to save them into a kingdom, to constitute a new society, with its own companionships, occupations, and enjoyments. In fact, the evil from which Christ sought to save men was likewise a social state—an evil social state, an entangling alliance. Both goodness and wickedness he regarded in their relationships, not simply as individual. The legions of light and of darkness were marshaled in cohorts, with their leaders, their joint tasks, their common victories. Moreover, in the kingdom of darkness was not only evil actively at work but the consequences of former and of existing evil—ignorance, pauperism, disease, and like limitations. The consequences as well as the evil itself were objects of attack by the forces of light, for these conditions of existence, resulting from evildoing, stunted and restrained the new citizens of earth, and goodness wanted a clean sweep and a clear field.

Also it was true that the evildoing was not so much a matter between man and God as between man and man. Most sins, in a word, are social. Evil is a kingdom divided against itself, a discordant and contentious multitude; goodness is not an isolated cleanliness, but a busy house of peace. True, sin, in any Christian conception of it, is primarily against God. But if the parable of the throne of judgment (Matt. 25) means anything, it certainly means that wrong against God, like good to God, is done mostly through the persons of God's children. A full deliverance, then, from the devil and his works means deliverance from sin itself, against God or man, together with some cure of the conditions resulting from sin. It means a readjustment to the universe, in particular to man, a change of human relationships into that benevolence and that beneficence which are combined in the Christian term "love." The church is on earth solely to carry on the work which Jesus Christ "began" to do. His activity had a threefold division: preaching, teaching, healing. In this simple but comprehensive program is the justification for evangelism, for education, and for reform. And each item must include all that is necessary to the object sought: "preaching"—all the means that consecrated wisdom can discover or devise to lead men home to God; "teaching"—all the search for truth which God-fearing men may long to set out upon, all the training for life and its multitudinous activities which may be demanded by the times and the places; "healing"—all that ministry to the physical needs of men, all that change of material surroundings and conditions with which modern philanthropy and reform may deal. Whatever makes for good—spiritual, intellectual, physical—is a part of the mission of Jesus Christ. He came that humanity might have life, and have it more abundantly. What he labored for was a transformation of individuals and of the world, the elimination of all that warred against the highest welfare of men in any part of their nature or their life. And what Jesus Christ did in miniature the church is to do in the large. "The works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these."

There is a class of people who feel that the Christian life is nothing more than a personal struggle against an unseen and

mysterious adversary. They throw ink-pots at him, they wrestle against his seductions, their thoughts are full of possible sins, and their days of resistance to temptation. They live in an unreal world—unreal and shadowy because it omits many things with which this solid world is crowded. These people are not to be denounced as unchristian; but others who live less vividly, yet more outwardly, more substantially, more usefully, are also to find a place within the Christian circle. The latter are more occupied in doing good than in resisting evil. Was it not John Wesley who, when asked if he could live without sinning, said that he was too busy to think about sinning? Such folks may have fewer inner ecstasies, but sometimes cause as much joy in others. They may talk less of their "experience," but they walk in the light of God's smile as they go about fulfilling his commandments to the love and service of men. Martha has a place as well as Mary. And when the open and loyal heart is joined with the busy and obedient hands, when the mystical and the practical live together in one Christian, then we have a Christian after the likeness of Jesus Christ. What do the New Testament writers teach? Are they concerned only with the inward, spiritual combat of a soul against the devil, or, rather, with life as we find it, with all its multiform miseries and its homely duties? The apostolic virtues are largely social. That is to say, reverence for God, faith in Jesus Christ, peace by the forgiveness of sins, trust in the continual goodness of a heavenly Father furnish foundations for Christian character but do not by any means complete the structure. Paul's and Peter's lists of the Christian graces take in not only faith, godliness, peace, joy, fortitude, but also justice, self-control, gentleness, patience, love of the brethren, love. One has but to follow these social virtues into their various applications to discover the precepts of all social righteousness and all social service. The apostles certainly believed in the supremacy of the commandment to "love the Lord thy God," but as certainly they believed that love to God included that desire for his righteousness and his kingdom which leads to love for men. Social service is nothing more and nothing less than the working out of the second great commandment: a genuine and practical regard

for another's rights. Individually and as a body Christ's people, because they are Christ's people, are concerned with all the concerns of their brother-men. The New Testament enters into the various fields of human relationships, as Professor E. L. Earp, among others, has reminded us in his recent book, Social Aspects of Religious Institutions, and without detailed discussion has indicated the principles which should govern in family, industry, and politics. Christ's kingdom was to the men of that day not *of* this world, but emphatically *in* it and *for* it.

The New Testament example Methodism has been peculiarly qualified to understand and to follow. From the first it has disentangled religion from creed and ceremony. Its emphasis has been always on experience, the root of life, tested by the life that grows out of it. The Methodist theory of Christianity, then, lends itself most naturally to a socialized religion, related to every political and industrial question. Its practice, too, in early days was in accord with the conception of the sacredness of all creed and all service. The number and variety of the things which John Wesley did in addition to spiritual ministry and organization need no rehearsal. He taught that "Christianity is essentially a social religion." He not only entered into philanthropic efforts for the relief of the poor, the sick, the unemployed, the orphaned, the enslaved—mere remedial work—but searched into the causes of social ills and sought to apply remedies at the root.

Of this social understanding of Christianity there have been diverse and worthy heirs. Carlyle (Past and Present), Ruskin (Crown of Wild Olives, Unto This Last), Maurice and Kingsley; Ecce Homo, with its imperial conception of Christ's work; the German socialists; Canon Fremantle with those Bampton lectures in which he affirmed, "The Christian Church is designed not to save individuals out of the world but to save the world itself"; Washington Gladden pleading for the Christianization of society in Tools and the Man, beginning, "The end of Christianity is twofold: a perfect man in a perfect society"; Hugh Price Hughes, with his sermons on war, gambling, intemperance, indifference to social duties, saying, "Christ came to save the nation as well as the individual"—all these in their various ways were helping

to show that public prayer and preaching with incidental beneficence did not constitute the ideal of the church's occupation; but that the church was in the world to transform the world. It was the leaven, whose business was not to keep itself pure and separate but to diffuse itself and leaven the whole lump of life. The mission of the church, in short, was to reorganize society on a Christian basis; to bring down from God out of heaven the new Jerusalem by changing earth's cities into cities of God, with clean streets, pure water, no tears, no crime, no oppression; cities in which the church itself is lost sight of not because religion fails but because religion succeeds and turns the whole community into the habitation of God and of the Lamb; cities without a temple, after the fashion of the Revelation, but filled with the light of the glory of God and with nothing in them that defileth, or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie. This means new ideals and practices in political life, in commerce and industry, in society and family. To write "Holiness unto the Lord" even upon the bells of the horses, to baptize all life into its rightful sacredness, to permeate all persons and all relationships with the spirit of Christ—this, it cannot be too often repeated, is the purpose for which the Church of Christ has been established and still exists. Growth in numbers, wealth, gifts may coexist with corruption and failure, but the winning of men into loyalty to Jesus Christ and the diffusion of his spirit everywhere—this for the church is success. The Christian Church itself is a society which is expected to furnish at once the pattern and the means for the final, universal society. To be more specific: the church is to be the stimulator, and, if needful, the creator, of agencies for the attainment of this object. She is to subordinate all other activities to the spiritual. She is not to admit that disease or poverty is the supreme evil. She is to insist that the first and great commandment is to love God; that "Hallowed be thy name" comes before even "Thy will be done on earth." She is to interpenetrate all agencies of her own or any other creation with the religious spirit, lest, sundered from the springs of life, charities and reform wither and die, or live barrenly.

Let it be added that many things which form a legitimate

part of the world's work and the world's progress, and into which Christians may and ought to enter, it is not the place of the church herself to perform. The church is not obliged to run railroads, or form political parties, or settle economic theories. The church is not a Jack-at-all-trades. Through her pulpit and her organized action she can but poorly pursue some lines of laudable endeavor. The principle of the division of labor is sound, even though liable to abuse. The church may be called upon to act as pioneer in many enterprises which later she may abandon to the state or to independent organizations. For example, the care of the insane and the sick, the business of education, it has been found well that she should at least share with the state. But there is much work the church can continuously do, much which she can do better than the state even; for example, in the care of the sick and the orphaned, or the business of higher education. Each to his own! "The Church of Jesus Christ can render its best service, not by devising economic schemes, or by proposing schedules of wages (for the church is not an economist), but, rather, by shaming low ideals, by overcoming greed, by opposing that lack of consideration between man and man which lies at the root of the trouble," writes the Rev. C. R. Brown in his suggestive book, The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit. It remains true, however, that too often this distinction is made the excuse for ignoring the whole social obligation of the church, and this obligation cannot be so easily shelved. Evangelism is supreme, there can be no kingdom of God without it; but there can be no complete kingdom of God with only this. A revival of religion, as "religion" and "revival" are commonly understood, does not settle everything. There must be careful study of human conditions; there must be genuine concern about all wrongs; there must be definite teaching of Christian principles, illustrated by their application to problems of today (general principles become real and vitalizing, as in the teaching of Jesus Christ himself, when taught by illustration rather than by broad statement); there must be frank recognition that those who labor for social betterment are doing the very work of Christ and not an alien thing. The church is to back with her sympathy and workers

every enterprise for the public good. She must not hesitate to be thorough. In one matter—that of temperance reform—we have come not only clearly to see the religious bearings of the work but to understand the necessity of thoroughness. It is no longer considered adequate simply to try to reform the drunkard; we must destroy the saloon and the living conditions which produce drunkards. To be consistent we must deal likewise with disease and vice and crime. It is a mark of sanity to turn off the faucet as well as to use the mop. We must seek not only palliation but prevention, and seek it in the name of Christ. Whatever he would care about—of preventable accident and disease, of deformity and debility, of neglect and oppression, of friendlessness and war, of wages and hours and homes—we must care about. Whatever he would heal by compassion and sacrifice, by gift or power, by companionship and kindliness, that we must seek to heal if we cannot prevent. We must do it by creating public opinion and by forcing public action in legislation. For juvenile courts and child-labor laws, for public playgrounds and their supervision, for better food and clothes and houses and wages, for a larger chance at leisure and culture for the average man, for the righteous acquisition and generous use of wealth, for more equitable distribution of the products of labor, for the brotherly settlement of class conflicts—for all these and for all such must the church stand which stands for Jesus Christ. And what is this but the acceptance of Christ's rule in all spheres? Jack London put the case roughly but truly when he wrote: "It is a simple thing, this Golden Rule, and all that is requisite. Political economy and the survival of the fittest can go hang if they say otherwise."

The danger which threatens the church here, as at other points, is the danger of division into opposing camps. The peril is not that there may be too earnest an agitation of social needs, but that on one side should be a group of evangelists with a narrow conception of Christ's mission, intense in zeal but lacking vision, breadth, adaptation to the needs and ways of the day; on the other a group of social workers, alive to the injustice of the present situation, aflame with love to men and the desire to bring in the

kingdom of righteousness and peace, but distrusting the method of evangelism and substituting Utopia for heaven. What God has joined together let no man put asunder. Our need is not evangelism or social service, but evangelism and social service, now and forever, one and inseparable! This is not revolution, but the old, the natural, the inherent meaning of the religion of Jesus Christ. And this meaning the church must recognize and adopt if it is to serve the present age. The rich need it. They have a right to expect that the church shall not suffer them unwarned to perish by the dangers of riches, but shall faithfully declare the sin of selfishness, cold-heartedness, indulgence, and the splendor of service. The poor need it that they in their measure may show the brotherly unselfishness which they demand from others, and that they may learn again to trust and love the church which brings its message of life. The mightiest argument against Christianity is to be found, like the mightiest argument in its favor, within the church. The men who, as C. R. Brown has put it, "still believe that, somehow, they can serve both God and Mammon by simply appointing different days for the respective efforts," are the men who make it hard for multitudes to believe in Jesus Christ, his truth and his power. The church needs it to prove the sincerity of her professed love, to present as her credentials to the unprivileged classes. She needs it for her own continued existence in vigor, since the instrument which no longer fits the task in hand God will cast aside. She needs it to meet the age—materialistic but yearning, doubting yet hopeful, needing to be met on the plane of its immediate and pressing wants that it may be lifted to the level of its higher necessities. The church must use the great power of her numbers, her means, her social and political influence, for the sheer pity of men and for the love of Jesus Christ.

Because of the moral effects of physical surroundings (we have far from exhausted the content of heredity and environment), because of the influence of conditions upon habit and the reflex effect of habit upon character, the church dares not be careless about filth in street and in home, density of population, absence of parks and wholesome amusements, overwork and underpay, and a thousand other conditions which lead into tempta-

tion and deliver into the hands of the evil one our brothers and our sisters. The church is not to be one-sided, neither a club for the rich nor a partisan of the poor. It is her task to make impossible such a description of current social conditions as a well-known writer has given:

> To me, at least, it would be enough to condemn modern society as hardly an advance on slavery or serfdom if the permanent condition of industry were to be that which we behold: that ninety per cent of the actual producers of wealth have no home that they can call their own beyond the end of the week; have no bit of soil or so much as a room that belongs to them; have nothing of value of any kind except as much old furniture as will go into a cart; have the precarious chance of weekly wages which barely suffice to keep them when in health; are housed, for the most part, in places that no man thinks fit for his horse; are separated by so narrow a margin from destitution that a month of bad trade, sickness, or unexpected loss brings them face to face with hunger and pauperism. . . . But below this normal state of the average workman in town and country there is found the great band of destitute outcasts—the camp followers of the army of industry—at least one tenth of the whole proletarian population, whose normal condition is one of sickening wretchedness. If this is to be the permanent arrangement of modern society, civilization must be held to bring a curse on the great majority of mankind.

In the face of such need, such opportunity to apply the gospel of Jesus of Nazareth, shall not the church consecrate herself to a new crusade, to rescue from the unbeliever not the tomb of a dead Christ, but the abode of a living Christ—in the homes and lives of a myriad of earth's little helpless ones? Shall not the Christian be inspired with as fine a passion for humanity as that which kindles in the heart of the socialist, with what seem to many of us his mistaken economic theories?

Since God is God, and these are God's children, wrongs are to be righted, a new civilization is to be builded, God and his saints shall rule on the earth. But through whom shall the triumph come? The parable of the good Samaritan shall arise to judge the church when she stands before the throne. "In prison, and ye visited me," or "Ye visited me not." May the church know the day of her visitation!

Herbert Welch

## Art. IV. WHY KOREA IS TURNING TO CHRIST

The widespread and increasing growth of the Protestant Church in Korea has been noticed and commented upon by many people during the last two years. That it is a matter worthy of comment is shown by the fact that the increase during the past twenty-five years has been from nothing to over one hundred thousand members and probationers, making Korea indeed a "marvel of modern missions." There seems to be a question in the minds of some as to the reason for this wonderful growth and a doubt as to the genuineness of the Korean's faith, to which expression was given in the attack made by Professor Ladd, of Yale, on his return to America after an extended visit to Korea as the guest of Marquis Ito, upon the character of the Korean church. Just what his motive could have been it is hard to see, but the tirade has maligned the whole people. While the political situation may have its effect on some of the people, this motive affects a number so insignificant as to be scarcely worthy of mention. And, even granting that it is turning people to the church, anyone acquainted with the character of the church in Korea knows that this is not keeping them in the church. For in no place do the churchgoing people receive such scathings for their past sins and present rebellion against the light as do the Koreans from the missionaries, and even more from their native pastors. Nor in any place do the people receive these rebukes and warnings with greater seriousness and humility. Men with unspiritual motives will not stay in a church on fire with the purifying Spirit of God. The Koreans are a broken-hearted, spirit-starved people; they see the good things of the Christian nations and want them for themselves and their children; they see the beauty and the truth of Christ, and to him give their allegiance and in him find their peace. Yet there are some very definite reasons why the Korean should come into the kingdom of God sooner than other nations of the Far East, and one who loves them and is therefore willing to see the good as well as the bad—most people having a way of seeing only the bad and the worthless in the Korean—and who spends his whole time

among the people, most of it away from the ports and larger cities, in their villages and homes, wishes to set down a few of the reasons, negative and positive, why they are turning to the church in such numbers; these reasons furnishing also ground for the hope that Korea will before many years be a Christian nation.

To consider first the negative reasons: 1. Korea has no great national religion, and the people are not bound by false religions as in many non-Christian countries. True, the more ignorant people bow down to sticks and stones, and their whole life is more or less subjected to a fear of evil spirits called, in general, "devil worship," but this has no profound hold on them. Many who practice it laugh when they tell you of their strange submission to the evil spirits, and thousands who have not as yet entered the Christian Church have given it up. Buddhism had its day of conquest, but now the temples are heaps of ruins against the mountainsides and the priests are gone. Confucianism has molded the thought life of the educated and middle classes and has left a deep impression by its system of ancestral worship; yet hundreds of the Confucian schools are closed, and no one is more ready to acknowledge the futility of the beautiful writings of the sage of China as a power for righteousness than the "sun-pahs" (scholars) themselves. In a word, the Koreans are a religious people without a religion. 2. Confucianism has not led to a great national patriotism which looks with disfavor on a religion which at first seems to be foreign. Christianity has always been welcomed and has had no organized opposition. The nearest approach to this was the somewhat formidable Tong-Hak (Eastern learning) movement of several years ago, which still exists under various names, but long since has been a spent force. Koreans recognize Christianity as an Eastern religion, and many things in the Bible of an Oriental nature that must be interpreted to the Westerner are taken as a matter of course. I heard a Korean say one day that the reason God turned Paul and Christianity to the West instead of to the East was because at that time Confucianism had such a footing in Asia that Christianity could not have developed so rapidly nor so soon have become a world-power as it did in the West, which was without a religion. This being so, it was nothing more than right

that Christianity should come from the West back to the East once more. Therefore the Korean accepts Christianity as a universal religion, and the believer at least knows that when Christ came to Korea he came unto his own. 3. A vital reason for the acceptance and spread of Christianity in Korea is the fact that there is no deep-seated and eternal hatred for the foreign powers from whence Christianity comes. How profoundly thankful the missionaries in Korea are for this! No unjust seizures, no forced indemnities, no Koreans insulted and done to death on the shores of a so-called Christian nation, no colossal crime like the opium curse of China. The name "America" is one to bank on in Korea. This fact in itself gives the missionary a vantage ground of a hundred years in time over those in some of these Far Eastern lands. May you of the homeland pray that America's fair name may never be smirched here. 4. In Korea there is no class that cannot, or do not, accept Christ openly. From the coolies, of whom hundreds believe, up through the great middle class, where the believers are counted by thousands, clear to the highest of the mighty at the capital, of whom not a few—prince, king's counselors, magistrates—believe, there is no class, and few trades outside of the saloonkeeper, that does not have its quota of Christians. In fact, Christianity has had a large influence in breaking down barriers which seemed invulnerable between the "Yang-bans" (gentlemen) and the "Sang-noms" (common lot). One of the large churches in Seoul had a goodly number of Yang-bans but they did not mix with the Sang-noms, nor even brush their wide-flowing sleeves against them, lest they might be defiled. One day a revival fire broke out in the church and before it was over the Yang-bans and the Sang-noms were sitting and talking and praying together. All classes in Korea are open to the gospel, and while in many places there is still persecution, in some instances and among some classes it has become popular to be a Christian.

Having considered what may be called negative reasons for the Korean's faith, let us look at some direct, positive reasons which, combined with the above, are a sufficient explanation of the wonderful work now going on among one of the most patient, docile, obedient, and naturally religious peoples in the world.

1. The Korean has an inborn desire for organization and for societies. His life is built up on the clan system. The Kim family and the Pak family, and a hundred others, though separated far in actual relationship (there are only about one hundred common family names in Korea) are bound together in villages or parts of villages all over the land. You will see a schoolhouse on each side of a large village; one is the schoolhouse of the Kim family and the other that of the Pak family. But this goes farther than the clan. Each trade and every business is bound together by union laws and if a man breaks them, he is put out. Then, in these later days of new life, innumerable organizations for self-improvement, self-protection, education, civilization, and many other purposes, thinkable and unthinkable, have sprung up all over the land. Many of these societies, both local and national, spring up as if by magic, and in the same way die; the fact of their existence shows the Koreans' desire for organization. They have learned that the church is an organization with a history of nineteen hundred years, that it has come here to stay, that it moves steadily on through storm or calm, and that whatever it undertakes is carried out, not on paper, but in the hearts and lives of men, to the upbuilding of the village or the section into which it may enter. When the new magistrate came to Kang-syo he was known to be an "Il-chin-whey" man—a member of a society in many ways opposed to the church. Our local preacher went to him on some school business and asked what his attitude would be toward our Christian schools. He replied: "I know that of the many schools being started these days few live six months; but when you Christians start a school it is not only a good one but keeps going on and increasing from year to year. So I am most heartily in favor of any work you do along that line." This desire for and ability to form themselves into organizations has made it easy to organize churches all over the land. These organizations are not merely an outward form, they are centers of all life and light, both spiritual and mental, in the community, and in the midst of the various organizations that come and go very few of these church doors are ever closed. The people want mutual sympathy, help, and a place of sure trust and confidence. They find this in the

church organization and are loyal to its laws. 2. Another reason for the Korean coming to the church is his desire for education and enlightenment. The Korean is ignorant and undeveloped not because he wants to be so but because no one, not even his own government, has ever taken the trouble to give him light, but has, rather, endeavored to keep him in the dark. In order to find this out you have but to offer him the opportunity to study. The church is providing this. There is scarcely a church that does not support a boys' school, and many have a school for girls as well, so far ahead of anything that the Koreans have known that many parents who are not Christians pay to have their children attend them. In turn many of the boys become Christians and often lead their parents into the church. And it is not only in schools and Bible knowledge that the church satisfies a desire of the Korean people but in general information as well. For instance, in these days many new laws and orders are being sent out by the government. One day the people of Hamchong County learned that an order had been issued against early marriages and also an order that from now on all schools must teach the Western learning. Many of the old-time school teachers and others gathered at the county seat to talk it over. Greatly troubled, they came to the Christians, saying: "How are we to do all this on so short notice?" The Christians replied: "We do not know what *you* will do, but with us the new orders cause no trouble, as we are acting according to them already." Again, one dark night, as the Christians of Brook Village came out of church they heard a great wailing and commotion. They also saw streaks of light flashing across the sky. The non-Christians came running, frightened out of their wits, and crying: "The windows of heaven are opened and heaven's fire is coming down upon us." The Christians wondered but were not scared. Observing that the light came from the direction of the seaport, about twenty miles away, one of them said: "I have heard of such lights on warships." With this the Christians went to their homes to sleep as best they could while the others kept up a wailing and beating of pans to frighten away the "fire dogs." In a few days it was learned that a man-of-war had been in the harbor and had been trying its searchlight. Such

incidents as these cause the people to think that perhaps, after all, there is something in "doing the Jesus doctrine" that they have not found by centuries of Confucian reading and devil worship. 3. The church makes a great appeal to the people in that it is a place in which to develop and use their energy. This may sound strange to those who have heard that the Korean is a lazy good-for-nothing fellow. The Korean is full of pent-up energy, and the reason why he has done nothing but work his farm and tend market for, lo, these many years, is because there was no place for him to do anything else and no motive for doing it if there had been a place. To have had money was to have been a prey to the officials, and to have made any display of energy or initiative, or to have had any special ability, was to have been suspected of treason against the rotten order of things and cast into prison. The block of marble waits for years until the sculptor comes to bring out the angel that is within. So the Korean has been waiting for some one to come and bring out the man that lies dormant within. That Christ is this One has been proven in hundreds of cases, not only to the Christians but to the non-Christians as well. So-called lazy, shiftless, aimless Koreans are touched by the gospel and turned into veritable dynamos of evangelistic, moral, and educational power. That the Korean appreciates the church as a place in which to use up his pent-up energy is shown by the enthusiasm with which the students enter upon their work and the almost Paul-like zeal with which, without pay, the converts preach the gospel, in season and out, from village to village and from house to house. 4. Then, to come a bit closer, the fact that the Korean has an unusual religious temperament accounts for much of this vast turning to the true God. While by no means an exact parallel, a church packed with eager, whole-hearted, enthusiastic natural worshipers reminds one of the American Negro. I have heard boys thirteen years old, not two years out of the deepest devil worship, offer prayers which for beauty of expression, point, comprehensiveness, and reverence would do credit to many a theologue and make glad the heart of his professor. Personal work by the wayside, in the field, in the home, over the rice kettles, at the riverside while washing, on the

ferryboat—anywhere, everywhere—comes as natural to them as it is unnatural to us of the West. Boys of fifteen will preach at the crowded markets, women will travel from house to house telling the story of salvation, and men will speak openly, frankly of their new-found Lord and Saviour. Their language seems almost made for prayer and worship. Is it any wonder that a people gentle, teachable, eager to be led, submissive, worshipful, prayerful, should turn by the hundreds to the gentle Jesus? My wonder is that more have not done so. 5. Yet all the reasons so far given are as nothing compared with the blessed fact that the Korean never doubts the divinity of Christ, and that he recognizes that the church is from God. This is not because he is not given to questioning things in general, for few people are more willing to ask. One day, in a Korean's "sarong" (study), a young Christian asked question after question for over three hours. His topics ranged from "Where did Cain get his wife?" to "Where was Christ during the three days in the grave?" and "Why do the Catholics worship the virgin?" yet never was a doubt expressed as to the divinity of Christ. In their simplicity and naturalness they see Christ, take him as their Lord and Saviour, and know that no one "could do these things except he come from God." From that on Jesus becomes their all. In examining candidates for baptism—over two hundred and fifty during the past three weeks—when asked why they believe on Jesus the almost invariable reply is: "Because he atoned for my sins by his death on the cross." The acceptance of Jesus as the Lamb of God, slain for their sins, seems a most natural thing, and they do it with such earnestness and evident sincerity as to make glad the heart of the missionary and bring him back to the simplicity of his childhood faith. The song most often on their lips during revivals is, "Nothing but the Blood of Jesus," and Bishop Candler, after hearing them sing "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," went home and wept like a child. They hold the church as a gift sent from God. A Korean went to America; when he returned, he told his fellow villagers, "America is not like this world," meaning the world of Korea that he knew, "and if it were not the work of God, the missionaries could not leave their homes there and come to this land." Remarking on

the cleanness, neatness, and intelligence of two boys being examined for baptism, the class leader replied: "If it were not for the grace of God in the Church of Jesus, we could not have such boys as these."

Yet, above and beyond all other explanations, the reason for the present turning of the Koreans to the Christian Church is not in what they have or are, but because this is God's hour for Korea. While God's gifts may be had at any time, and while he is ever waiting to pour out great blessings if we are only willing and ready to receive, yet there seem to be special times and seasons with the Lord as well as with men. In this hour of her greatest tragedy poor, despised, oppressed Korea is to receive her baptism not only of fire but of life and light; and this life and light are not to be unto herself alone, but to be a power to make these dark worlds of the East light, to make these dead worlds live. Christian brothers of America, here is your privilege and opportunity to work with God where he is working, and the consummation of his plans for Korea depends largely upon you. We must work the works of him that sent us while it is day, for the night cometh, when no man can work; and

> **The work that centuries should have done**
> **Must crowd the days of setting sun.**

J. F. Moore.

## Art. V. CERTITUDE IN PREACHING

The note of authority is essential to acceptable and effective preaching. One of the speakers[1] at the last Annual Congress of the Episcopal Church in England closed an address on "Modern Infidelity" by saying: "This is what our day demands of us as we confront skepticism and infidelity: 1. That we teach as those that have authority. 2. That we offer to men the whole gospel with all confidence and true sympathy. 3. That we realize afresh that the eternal purpose of creation and redemption is the glory of God." Professor George Albert Coe is picturesquely correct when he says: "Paradoxical as it may seem, what this age of freedom most wants to see is a religion that speaks with authority. A religion that barks at your heels you feel like kicking. One that says, 'Won't you?' and 'Please do!' you turn away from as from the cant of professional beggary. But the religion that says, 'Thou shalt!' makes you halt to see whether the reality of life hath not spoken in your ears."[2] In yet finer phrase the essayist Brierley sounds the same note when he says: "A mysterious magnetism belongs to the man who with conviction affirms something. You may state negations in the most elegant and classic style. You state them and nothing happens. But let our prophet come, with a new mandate for the soul upon his lips, and though his word be in the dialect of a Galilean peasant the whole world is changed. Here, indeed, is nature's grandest positive, her man with a message."[3] Of course the air or tone of authority is not everything for conviction; neither in every instance will that certitude of belief that must be behind all true authority justify another's conviction or assent. There is "the authority of position and external vocation" and there is the authority of "conviction and internal vocation." The former, it is true, is originally the product of the latter, but it may be like a shell of which the other is the departed life; or, better, like an automatic speaking record—a message with the soul gone out. Even as a living voice it may err by arro-

[1] The Rev. John Wakeford, B.D.

[2] The Religion of a Mature Mind, p. 81

[3] The Common Life, p. 6.

gance; and the authority of conviction and internal vocation may be assumed by audacious ignorance. Yet, while the message of the ignoramus or the charlatan, believed or disbelieved by the messenger himself, will have no appreciable weight with the man of understanding, be the message ever so emphatically affirmed, nevertheless it is the man of convictions speaking with certitude, and not the man of mere opinions balancing probabilities, that over clown or savant exercises charm and power. That conspicuous figure of our own time, the pseudo-prophet of Chicago, was a power because he dared to assert authority and because a certain number of persons really want a Pope or boss; but He that spake as "never man spake" won the multitude because He spoke "as one having authority, and not as the scribes," and because the great multitude, while needing neither "bosses" nor "Popes," needs leaders that affirm and that can positively lead.

But someone may ingenuously say: "Doubtless authority was becoming to Jesus, for Jesus was a sublimely unique personality. Jesus spoke with complete knowledge and perfect goodness and sheer truth; in a word, Jesus was divine. Are we, however, warranted in this particular to attempt the imitation of Jesus?" To this, reply in the words of Vinet may properly be given: "Authority is inherent in the truth, and those who come to declare to the world on the part of Jesus Christ, that Truth which regenerates and saves have a right, or, rather, are under the obligation, to declare it in the same tone as himself."[1] By these words another question is provoked: What of the preaching of our own time? Does the note of authority adequately characterize it? Is it as dogmatic as it ought to be? Twenty-five years ago the complaint was, "The preachers affirm too much!" Today, however, the feeling is that the preachers affirm too little. The feeling is justifiable, for the change is unmistakable; but the causes making for the change are not mysterious or obscure: 1. The spread of civil and religious liberty has stripped the cleric of his absolutism. 2. The education of the common people has converted the average hearer into a critic. The *ipse dixit* of the preacher no longer goes unchallenged. The schoolgirl will challenge his grammar, the bank-

[1] Homiletics, p. 203.

er's wife will measure his scholarship and the mechanic will judge him by the rules of common sense. The messenger must verify his statements before he gives them utterance. He must cultivate accuracy even for the sake of his inspirations, for his inspirations will partake of the general character of his mind. 3. The advancement of practical science and the popularization of theoretical science have deprived the pulpit of a part of its authority. The preacher must not consult authorities of other than his own profession. That some silly enthusiasts have substituted Popes scientific for Popes ecclesiastical is of little moment and should not affect our own wise recognition of authority. The church may ordain preachers—God alone makes prophets; and, generally, the prophet is a poet—a preacher unordained. The churches produce men of thought—God sends the great thinker without consulting the church, and the great thinker has often been a lay heretic illuminating the mind of the world. The church has held itself to be the supreme authority in the courts of men because it is the depository of the divinest science; but God often sends into the world some clear seer of specialized truth, independent of the church, who, despite his own limitations, teaches the church humility and shows that it is not so great as God. Modern theological thought has been partly shaped by modern scientific thought, and the occupation of the theological field by the theory of evolution is one of the most remarkable accomplishments of the past quarter of a century. Of course the scientists, the philosophers, and the poets have always had their part to play in formulating man's conception of the universe; but never was the great poet, the great thinker, or the great scientist so easily accessible to the common man as in our own day. 4. The higher critic has been in the land and taken away from the preacher some of his traditional ideas. He certainly has. It is useless to deny the fact; and is there any particular reason to deplore it? What some higher critics have tried to do and what the higher criticism as a department of scholarship and human learning has actually done are two very different things. The higher criticism has done some destructive work. All criticism is both destructive and constructive. It has not done some other

things charged against it. It has not robbed us of God, Christ, eternal life, prayer, the Christian Church, nor the Bible. It has not even disproved the Mosaic authorship of the greater part of the first five books of the Bible. It has presented some very well-grounded conclusions as to authorships and joint authorships concerning which the Scriptures themselves say nothing, and there are some other things that it has actually and conclusively done. "It has made clear that the Old Testament is made up of history and poetry and legend; that one historian corrects another historian; that the apostles were not always in absolute agreement with one another; that Saint Paul experienced a spiritual development after his conversion"—as most certainly he ought to have done; "that in the Scriptures as we have them"—and these are the only Scriptures that we know anything about—"there are contradictions and inaccuracies of a minor sort, and that the traditional idea of a verbally inerrant book"—such an idea as the Bible itself does not contain—"cannot any longer be consistently entertained."

While the days of sifting have been passing and the fires of criticism have been burning, hesitancy and uncertainty have necessarily characterized a great deal of pulpit utterance and interpretation; more particularly is this true of those whose preparation for the ministry has been academic rather than practical and of scholarship without much spiritual experience. The ultimate effect of recent criticism, however, will be to renew and intensify the authoritative note and the characteristic of certitude in preaching. 1. Because of the fact that the real importance of the Book is made to shine with distincter and more conspicuous clearness. Its spiritual values are not only unimpaired but they are more vividly and commandingly defined. Towering like the impregnable Alps are the dominant facts about this book. It is the world's great book of spiritual revelations and the world's great book of moral inspirations. It contains the wisdom of the ages and the gospel for the race, and its central and informing figure is the supreme personality of that One of whom Jean Paul Richter speaks as "the holiest among the mighty and the mightiest among the holy; who with his pierced hands lifted the gates of empires off their hinges, turned the stream of the centuries, and still

governs the ages: Jesus! the Son of God, the Saviour of mankind." 2. Because there will follow a revival of honesty and outspokenness in preaching. The preachers will preach what they believe—and the revival of honesty is the first requisite to a general revival of religion. Expediency will no longer need to say: "Well, it seems true; but I guess we had better not say anything about it." The preachers of an earlier day preached of hell-fire and brimstone and devils with pitchforks and horns because they believed in them. They taught that all the unconverted heathen went to hell because they believed that they did, and the missionary movement of the nineteenth century was started in that belief. The conception was not very honoring to God but the outcome was certainly creditable to humanity. Theological conceptions have changed. The transition period was marked by uncertainty and indefiniteness, but definiteness is returning. Preachers do not attempt descriptions of hell and everlasting torment as they used to do but the fact of hell remains, and science pitilessly exploits the law of which the Bible gives the figure and compels assent to the awful truth—"the wages of sin is death." The interest in the missionary cause abides and intensifies. The host of workers in the foreign field, save in a few instances, have no such horrible belief concerning the fate of the unreached heathen as had their earliest predecessors in the field, but they preach the gospel of Jesus with no less effectiveness and power. Of the missionary motives that abide—obedience, gratitude, and love—love is the greatest of them all; and because of the love of Christ that dwells within them, and the "enthusiasm of humanity" which that love creates, there is no lack of certitude in the message that they deliver. 3. There will be a reëstablishing of the higher ideals of the preacher's mission, and that will make for certitude. That mission is surely not chiefly to enlarge the membership roll of the local church, although that may probably be a result of faithful labor. That mission is surely not chiefly to persuade men to assent to a certain form of words, although that may reasonably be involved. That mission is, in a word, to lead mankind to Jesus, to the acceptance of Jesus, to the following of Jesus, to the imitation of Jesus, to the fellowship of Jesus, to the indwelling of

Jesus; to lead the thoughtful as well as the thoughtless, the cultured as well as the uncultured, the man of a thousand as well as the nine hundred and ninety-nine. There are audiences that are won by sound, and the preacher with a big voice and a little message can help them. There are audiences that are won by elocution, and the preacher that can act out a story can help them. There are audiences that are won by diction, and the preacher who can weave the subtle charm of words can best help them; but here and there is an auditor, a man or woman, hungry for the best and bravest and fullest thought, and the preacher, whether he be roarer, actor, rhetorician, or thinker, who can best reinterpret for them the great facts of the universe is the man who is the God-sent helper to such souls; and it is no mean privilege to be on such a mission. 4. The revival of certitude in preaching will also be aided by the reorganization of the concept of authority which has already taken place. The preacher's message will be more than ever before and not less Methodistic and scientific. "Why believe?" "Because the church says you must"; that answer is Roman Catholic. "Why believe?" "Because the Bible says you must"; that has been the answer Protestant. "Why believe?" "Because your own soul tells you that you must"; that is the answer universal. The church has its right measure of authority, and it is not to be disregarded. The Bible has its full measure of authority, and that authority must be obeyed. But the supreme authority is the Holy Spirit of God, and his seat is in each human soul.

So when we come to ask, What are the ultimate conceptions of faith? What are the great facts of religion that abide? What are the indestructible contents of the Christian faith which scientific criticism, philosophic criticism, historic criticism, literary criticism, and every other form of criticism leave not untouched but unimpaired? we find that they are the very truths that are answered by the conscious needs and convictions of the human soul. "Deep calleth unto deep." The soul cries out for the eternal God. The soul cries out for a Saviour from sin. The soul cries out for a Holy Spirit—a comforter and guide. The soul cries out for a Holy Word and a revelation of the truth. The soul cries out—and its cry is prayer. It knows the fact of sin; it senses the fact

of holiness; it knows there is a heaven; it fears there must be a hell; and it feels "through all this earthly dress the shoots of everlastingness." Brought to their finest and fullest development in the consciousness of the Christian believer, the sublime apprehensions and aspirations of the soul have their beginnings in the universal consciousness of humanity. To use the fine figure of Sabatier as quoted by Brierley,[1] the Christian consciousness is the summit of which the universal consciousness is the mountain.

Certitude! How dare a man preach at all unless he preaches with the authority of certitude?

Certitude! How can a man preach with certitude unless he has a personal, vital, experimental knowledge of the great truths of God in their relation to the human soul?

[1] The Common Life, p. 8.

Henry A. Reed

## Art. VI. RELIGIOUS FUNCTIONS OF THE IMAGINATION

The imagination, defined in terms of psychology, is that capacity of the mind whereby it reproduces and recombines the materials of former experiences accumulated through the senses, by reasoning processes, or in other ways; recasting, reconstructing, and embellishing these products so that they stand forth as new creations. For practical purposes, however, it may be simply said that this power is the picture-making faculty; the artistic, creative, constructive capacity within us. By its help we are enabled to live in an ideal world. Its "chambers of imagery," as Ezekiel describes them, are the art galleries of the soul, which may be crowded with visions of heroic achievement or hung thick with pictures of corruption and crime. It needs to be said that this power, perhaps, beyond any other with which we are endowed, is the shaper of character, the molder of destiny. Abraham Tucker, an almost forgotten writer of a former century, was not far wrong when he said: "Religion is the art of disciplining the imagination." Nevertheless, it startles those who have given no attention to the subject, this suggestion that the imagination has anything to do with the religious life. They have thought of this power as a flighty, flippant, visionary, and extravagant faculty, often given to abnormal action, apt to fly off at almost any moment on a tangent line from its proper orbit, and seldom fit to be a helper and guide.

One reason why the imagination has been misunderstood and depreciated in its higher functions is found in the fact that men have confused its operations with those of fancy—which Walter Savage Landor once said "is the imagination in her youth and adolescence." Fancy is indeed a sportive, airy, capricious element, given to all manner of vagaries, as it beguiles the mind with romantic dreams and reveries. It hardly ever rises to any real dignity, but contents itself with light-hearted and frolicsome moods. In view, therefore, of these misconceptions, and reflecting

also on the perils which attend on the imagination in derangement, polluted, and running riot, we need to study its functions, to clarify our notions in regard to its rank among other powers of the soul, and especially to ask what office it fills in the aspirations, struggles, temptations, and higher achievements of the religious life.

There are indeed many other phases of the imagination and its work which indicate its commanding grade. The poet singing of the pleasures of imagination indicates that in the realm of poetry it is supreme. In architecture, sculpture, and painting it suggests an almost godlike gift of creativeness. Napoleon's motto, "Imagination rules the world," is hardly to be taken as involving anything more than his conception of the effect of military and material pomp, artistic display, and the dreams of conquest upon the mercurial temperament of France. But this faculty has a much higher range than these which we have suggested. Noah Porter once declared, in writing of its loftier operations, that not a man was to be found in all the history of speculation and science distinguished for philosophic genius who was not at the same time endowed with an active and glowing imagination as an essential element in his intellectual achievements. It might therefore be said that philosophers and scientists, as well as

> **The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,**
> **Are of imagination all compact.**

Stress has been laid in our time particularly on the relation of this power to scientific exploration and discovery. Professor Tyndall, in his fascinating essay upon The Scientific Uses of the Imagination, says: "Bounden and conditioned by coöperant reason, imagination becomes the mightiest instrument of the physical discoverer." His declaration is amply verified by the labors of himself and his coworkers who, by means of what they call "working hypotheses," conjectures, suppositions, plausible theories, and other happy guesses, push in every direction their shafts and tunnels through subterranean regions of darkness and mystery, and thus light at every turn upon discoveries and inventions which thrill the world with a new amazement and afford new foundations

for the structure which we call modern civilization. Manifold illustrations of the use of this power in what are called the exact sciences might be cited, such as the fact that the geometrician and the algebraist live in a world of mathematical ideals; the truth that what the physicist calls the interplanetary ether is only a great scientific "perhaps," and the further fact that the current notions in regard to atoms and molecules and their incessant motions are—whether true or erroneous—colossal speculations, thus far incapable of verification by the senses. It must be evident, then, on reflection, that the imagination is a nobler and more fundamental and wide-ranging faculty than people generally recognize, and that, furthermore, its higher moral functions are largely ignored. The divine elements in this gift of the soul, its bearings on destiny here and hereafter, the grandeur of its operations rightly guided, the moral disasters which follow closely upon its degradation by sin—these phases of the imagination should command, and they will richly reward, the attention of teacher, preacher, and student everywhere.

Horace Bushnell might wisely have widened the range of his great essay, The Gospel a Gift to the Imagination, so as to include the Old Testament, for the fact that the Scriptures are largely written in picturesque language, that they abound in allegory, poetry, parable, romance, tragedy, that they appeal continually to the eye, the fancy, the heart—the picture-making and picture-loving part of our nature—is known to all who discerningly study the Book. The stories and adventures they relate, the heroic and romantic touches they reveal, the flashes of insight they emit, alike fascinate the minds of little children and stir the blood of age. The Door, the Rock, the Lamb, the Lion, Fortress, Sun, Shield, Bread, Water—where are we to stop if we once start in to enumerate the symbols, the types, the thousandfold figures of speech used in Scripture to make vivid God's message to the human soul? Thus there comes forth the commanding function of this regal power as an essential aid in the study and the unfolding of the Word. Austin Phelps used to urge his theologues to practice the art of "picturesque exposition"—a happy phrase indeed, and a magnificent art when mastered. The man in the

pulpit or the teacher in a Bible class who can vividly reproduce a Bible incident, so as to make each character stand forth once more alive, "in his habit as he lived," has possessed himself of one of the great gifts. And in private, devotional study of the Scriptures one should cultivate this art, so that the Word of God on every page is made to blaze and glow with panoramic visions of embodied goodness and badness. Thus studying the Bible one comes to understand the divine philosophy embodied in the biographic method of the writers of Scriptures. Mr. Lecky, in his Democracy and Liberty, makes a strong plea for Bible study in the public schools of England on this very ground, declaring that "familiarity with the sacred text seldom fails to do something to exalt the imagination and color the texture of a whole life."

The incessant appeal which the Bible makes to the ideal faculty within us through its manifold examples, in which almost every virtue and vice of which the race is capable is set before us in concrete instances in its biographical narratives, related with singular, we might say inimitable, graphic power and simplicity, is one of the elements which make the Book a current volume, with exhaustless applications to the life of today and to the life of every day. The men and women of the Scriptures are not dead; it is true of them all, as it was written of the first man in the biblical story who died, "being dead, he yet speaketh." Abraham still teaches us the nature and the power of faith in the naked word of the Most High; Joshua shows each generation what it is to be an heroic, faithful soldier; Paul is a perpetual incitement to missionary consecration and leadership; Martha and Mary in the home at Bethany, taken together, are types of two perpetual interplaying spheres of service; the poor widow with her offering, nameless in her loneliness and poverty, is an immortal personage, making her appeal to each successive generation of Bible students. These are instances of the impressions which biblical characters make upon the imagination, stirring the spirit of emulation, prompting us to aspire, to imitate, to reproduce the embodied graces thus set before the eye and the soul in vivid array, and furnishing the world with models of conduct, with patterns of self-denying, brave, industrious and zealous manhood and woman-

hood whose ministry is immortal. Without this biographical element, and its unceasing influence upon our faculty of the ideal, the Bible would be shorn of one of its chief functions of character-building.

Mr. Lecky, whom we have already cited, repeatedly refers in his works to this feature of the Christian religion—its new ideals, which have made it a chief agency in shaping the lives of men wherever the gospel has gone. When we recall his rationalistic spirit and agnostic tendencies it seems remarkable that he should exalt this phase of the Bible, as he does, for instance, in his History of European Morals, by putting stress on the service which Christianity has rendered in softening and elevating human character "by accustoming the imagination to expatiate continually upon images of tenderness and pathos." Writing of the humbler and poorer classes to whom the gospel in many ages and lands has brought a message of comfort, he declares that their whole natures would have been hopelessly contracted had not the new religion afforded them "a sphere in which their imaginations could expand." He further testifies: "It is the peculiarity of the Christian types of character that while they have fascinated the imagination they have also purified the heart. More than any spoken eloquence, more than any dogmatic teaching, these ideals transform and subdue man's character till he learns to realize the sanctity of weakness and suffering, the supreme majesty of compassion and gentleness." Again, speaking of the character of our Lord and the story of his sufferings, and the many accounts of heroism which fill the Bible, he says: "These are the pictures which have governed the imaginations of the rudest and most ignorant of mankind for eighteen hundred years."

These noble ideals, thus emphasized by the historian and which we have all too briefly considered, are among the most precious gifts revealed by the gospel to the world, while they have also proved foremost among its matchless agencies of world-wide progress and victory. Where they are known life has a new meaning, and manhood, womanhood, childhood are stamped with a new and priceless worth. Particularly is this true with regard to the peerless portrait of our Lord which is found in the gospel, and

which, reproduced in smaller measure but with constant variety in the lives of his followers, and glorified by poetry, sculpture, and painting, has been for nearly nineteen centuries an unexampled force in the transformation of human character. Taught by the Scriptures to "consider this Man," needy souls in all ages and lands have realized, by the aid of a sanctified imagination, his presence, which has illumined their darkness, brightened their daily lot, gladdened their homes, and ennobled their lives, so that one of the glorious commonplaces of their toilful careers has been their jubilant song,

> The Saviour comes and walks with me,
> And sweet communion here have we;
> He gently leads me by the hand,
> For this is heaven's borderland!

In immediate connection with this part of our theme stands the ministry of Christian song, which opens up a field suggestive and spacious beyond measure. How gloriously the truth and grace of God take hold of the fancy, the imagination, the faith-faculty! all closely bound together in our complex natures, prompting the poet to sing:

> Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
> Thy better portion trace!
> Rise from transitory things
> To heaven, thy native place!
> Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
> Time shall soon this earth remove;
> Rise, my soul, and haste away
> To seats prepared above.

Who, furthermore—to put stress on but a single phase of this great theme—who can measure the brightening, hope-giving, uplifting influence wrought on sorrowing, poverty-stricken, burdened mortals by the biblical pictures of heaven and by the hymns which Christian poets have sung in their efforts to give partial expression to what their souls have seen in the skies? Take but a single verse, and it may serve to suggest what comfort, joy and exhaustless help have come to lonely and tearful ones—many of them in comfortless abodes, hosts of them confronting martyrdom, multi-

tudes having no prospect of better things this side of the grave—from the vision contained in and suggested by the stanza:

> My heavenly home is bright and fair;
> Nor pain nor death can enter there;
> Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
> That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

Studying this aspect of the case we can hardly fail to see that the imagination, rightly trained, and brought under the reign of grace, becomes the source of exalted and noble joys, and that it is properly pictured as the handmaid of faith and hope. Without its ministry life is a scene of bitter bondage, of hard and irksome toil. But when glorious ideals begin to flash on the soul it is morning. A new day has dawned!

In pursuing this engaging topic one can hardly fail to note the resolute quest of early visions as a factor in the ennoblement of life and the achievement of great success. No one can deny that there is a useful and blessed sort of day-dreaming. There are dreams of youth which incite the dreamer to years of application, to patient endurance of sorrow, privation, obloquy, to desperate conflicts, in the effort to make the vision come true. Dreamers have often seen castles in the air, and years later have beheld these castles builded in enduring form and bidding fair to outlast the ages. Such a dreamer was John Milton, who in his 'teens saw afar off the vision of his coming glory as a poet. In childhood he devoted himself to his sacred calling, resolving, first, that his life should be a great poem, and, secondly, that he would write an epic production which aftertimes would never let die. That double daydream gave him strength for years of toil, buoyed him up for the strenuous days of the English Revolution, supported him, when old and blind, until at last out of the visions of boyhood was wrought the matchless Paradise Lost.

Another instance claims attention. Sixty or seventy years ago a poor German lad read with eagerness the Iliad of Homer, dwelling on it until its scenes became real before his vision. As he pondered it o'er and o'er a longing grew up in his soul to visit Greece and Asia Minor, and, if possible, discover the sites made

famous in the story. Such a hold did the story get upon him that he resolved: "I will fit myself for a career of travel and discovery; when I have made a fortune sufficient to justify my plan I will devote my life to the task of finding and uncovering ancient Troy." That was but a schoolboy's dream, but it was literally fulfilled long before the dreamer died. It served year by year as a beacon light to guide young Schliemann's feet through a long period of arduous but remunerative labor. At last he was in the prime of life, his fortune made, a master of Greek, and of archæology; then he became the foremost explorer of the Orient, the discoverer and restorer of Ilium, and of other buried cities of the ancient world. What a magnificent type of the power of a worthy daydream to kindle enthusiasm, and to guide to heroic action, and lead to ultimate victory! Blessed are they who have the power to dream and who have the pluck and fortitude needful for high endeavor so that the vision becomes something more than a mere misty and empty splendor! Emerson's counsel is still worth heeding: "When you shall say, I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions—then dies the man in you!" And akin to that advice is Schiller's motto: "Reverence the dreams of thy youth."

Our theme takes on new grandeur when we consider that every great enterprise on earth was once only a dream—Saint Paul's Cathedral, Raphael's paintings, a republican form of government, a cable under the sea, a railroad across the plains, India and China open to the gospel. How the imagination of the Hebrew prophets was wrought upon when they pictured the triumphs of One who is to reign from sea to sea and from the rivers unto the ends of the earth, and when they caught a glimpse of that triumphal day when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea!

The imagination debased—what a theme opens up here! Half the world under the delusions of witchcraft, sorcery, and demonism, Africa and China haunted by the torments of appalling superstitions and guilty terrors—these witness concerning the degradation of this faculty. But we need not go to pagan lands for illustrations. It is still true in hosts of cases, as it was in the

primitive ages of our race, that "the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." The vicious uses of this faculty are manifold, perilous, and demoralizing. There is no surer or swifter way to debauch the soul, to lay waste the moral nature, and to smite unto death the nobler life within the breast than that which opens up by the debasement of this noble power.

If this paper shall be found so suggestive as to prompt ministers in any considerable numbers to study this theme, and out of it to evolve one or more messages, the aim of the writer will be fulfilled, for it will give new tone and power to any man's ministry to apprehend the relation of this faculty, rightly governed or wickedly degraded, to the issues of life. It marks an era in the history of a preacher when he comes to understand the significance of such a message as that which the great Scottish preacher, John Ker, once voiced, when he said: "In every nature the faculty of the ideal lies hidden, and religion was intended above all things else to call it forth. Every true Christian has the soul of the poet latent in his nature. . . . Imagination is the power of the soul which gives to hope its wings."

Jesse Bowman Young

## Art. VII. THE LIFE SUPERB[1]

To coin the principles of the gospel of the Nazarene into a circulating medium for daily life is the worthy effort of the true Christian of the twentieth century. Such books as The Simple Life, The Quest of Happiness, and others of the same sort are honest efforts to place worthy ideals before the youth of our age. Nor is youth alone the time when clear vision and a broad outlook are necessary. It often happens in middle life that the inspiration of youth has spent its force. The consciousness of limitations, the dark shadow of some things which are inevitable, the injustice and the fickle friendships of life all combine to abate one's zeal, to make one cautious and critical and hence to destroy that fine enthusiasm which is a universal charm in character and without which the highest success is impossible. Such a life needs another "vision splendid"—the kindling of new fires of devotion and purpose.

We have made our ideals of such a character that in the nature of things but few in any generation could win them. We have told our youth, in substance, that their lives will only be worth while as they are multimillionaires, senators or presidents, world-famous writers or orators. The demand for those men is limited and the candidates are many. After all, to be exact, these are only the parts which men play for a brief hour. They are the garments which men throw over their shoulders and wear for a weary mile.

> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more.

It is a great truth that a noble life is not bound up in these things. It is a commonplace that fortune and position do not make character, and the great thing in the world *is* character. We are to deal not with fortune, but with "Cause and Effect, the Chancellors of God." A noble life is not the product of luck or

[1] A Sunday evening address.

high degree. Nothing can bring peace but the triumph of principles. The great temptation is to look ahead for some splendid dignity or triumph and to let the little things of life slip past without giving us the comfort they were meant to bring.

I wish tonight to make a plea for a genuine and sincere life in the place where life begins, the home.

Wagner tells an interesting story of the entrance of the world-fever into a French home. The father was the mayor of a little French city; he had lived worthily and in peace in his ancestral home, but one day the thought came to him that the emperor might visit him as he journeyed to the baths. With the entrance of that idea all peace vanished. What had before appeared sufficient for his needs now seemed poor and ugly. Out of the question to ask an emperor to climb this wooden staircase, sit in those old arm chairs, walk over such superannuated carpets! So the mayor called architect and masons; a drawing room was made, out of all proportion to the rest of the house in size and splendor. He and his family retired into close quarters where people and furniture incommoded each other generally. Then, having emptied his purse and upset his household by this stroke of genius, he awaited the royal guest. Alas! he soon saw the end of the empire arrive, but the emperor never came. The folly of this poor man is duplicated among us. How many throw away the enjoyments of a sweet and simple home to satisfy conventionalities and ambitions. What straining after effect, what banishment of old memories and sweet associations, what ostracism of the old folks, what artificiality, what a flood of unrest and discontent rush in when we let the outside world dominate and direct the plans and purposes of the home! What social requirements engross our attention and monopolize our time! The silly round of purposeless functions, the necessity of keeping up with our set and devising some new scheme to advertise our worth—all this breaks up and utterly destroys the peace and rest for which home stands. God help the nation when our homes are gone! There the solid virtues are fostered and holy examples set. There, amid smiles and tears, amid unselfish service and burdens manfully borne, the soul comes to its maturity. The Greek and the Roman had their splendid

temples and luxurious baths; they had their houses for art and worship, but they had no homes for themselves. Home is the discovery of the civilization which follows in the wake of Christianity. Anything which turns a home into a drawing room or a picture gallery or a French salon is doing a wrong to the family, and so to the church and to the state. No queen of fashion can take the place of the queen your baby hands set upon the home throne—the mother, who never soiled the queenly robes in which you dressed her and whose memory will never fail so long as ruddy drops visit your sad heart. The home is the place where our youth must get their ideals. The strength of the soul is nourished here when the dew of the morning is on the grass, when the vine clambers over the wall, when the heart is sheltered from the hot sun of publicity and the strain which cracks the sinews has not yet fallen upon us. It is the place to which the tired and outworn life should come to "knit up the ravelled sleave of care." A man can do more work if he can come home to great refreshment. If when he enters his own door there is the atmosphere of love in place of the hatred he has breathed all day, if there is sympathy instead of opposition, peace instead of turmoil, rest in place of contention, he will be made strong; he will live out a long life and work until the end of it. But if a man comes to a home as contentious as the street, to a life as strenuous as that of the market place, to a record of jealousies and petty gossip or frivolous and heartless talk, it will be a marvel if he does not lose all noble purposes and all manly courage.

The next thing to oppose is the average club. A man with a home has no right to spend his nights at a club. It is one thing to spend a social hour now and then with men of congenial tastes; it is quite another to squander precious evenings amid the dull halo of the burnt offerings of the smoking room while one's wife and children are either sighing for father's presence or themselves setting him the example of indifference to the home by frequenting the social function and the theater. We must kindle again the old fires of home. We must stay there more contentedly; we must make it more beautiful by love; build barriers of steel to keep out the wicked world, make broad avenues to welcome the feet of

childhood; plant trees of hope that will blossom and fruit after we are gone; fill all the rooms with happy voices that shall echo love's songs by day and by night. We must love our own better and tell them of our love. We must show how fond we are of them by the denials we make with bounding joy for their sweet sake. A superb home is a good place to grow a superb life.

Now, let me talk to you about your work. The author of The Simple Life says:

> In my country of Alsace is a man whom I have seen at his work for thirty years. The first time I came upon him I was a young student setting out with swelling heart for the great city. The sight of this man did me good, for he was humming a song as he broke the stones. We exchanged a few words, and he said at the end: "Well, good-by, my boy, good courage and good luck." The student has finished his course. The breaker of stones continues his work; and coming and going I find him by the roadside, smiling in spite of his age and his wrinkles, speaking—above all in dark days—those simple words of brave men which have so much effect when they are scanned to the breaking of stones.

That little story affects me like the shining of the still stars on a winter night. It gives me chance to breathe and rest. It seems to say: "Whither so fast? Stop a moment. Let your ambition cool off. A man can be good and do good though he have no higher task than breaking stones by the wayside." I think that is a lesson that will do us good to learn. There is a flag-crossing in Massachusetts and the flagman I know well. I went to school to him in my childhood. When he could not work upon his farm he sold it and went to flag at the crossing. I have watched him grow old. He is white-haired and bowed, but he keeps his place in all weathers, and it does me good to wave him a greeting from the car window as I pass. He always wears a look of grave responsibility, and I know he puts into his work the same conscientious activity that he would if he were president of the road. How many you and I know of this same conscientious sort in our great city! I watch the heavy trains go past my window early in the morning and late in the evening. These are the men who open the stores and offices, and who close them. The proprietors will come down later and go home earlier, but these are the men who are doing the work of this great commercial center. Some of them served the fathers of the present partners. They have been thirty or forty

years at the same desk. They have a snug home, paid for and comfortable. They might have made some tens or hundreds of thousands by speculations or by fraud; or they might have gone to jail. They never took either alternative. The proprietors treat them with great deference and respect. Their neighbors regard them with a feeling akin to awe. Their children have grown up to virtuous and noble manhood and womanhood, and they look back upon a happy voyage and ahead over an unruffled sea. Such a life as that is not much talked about by the papers, but it is, after all, a superb life. It is the kind Agur prayed for when he said: "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal and take the name of my God in vain."

> Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
> What though we wade in wealth or soar in fame,
> Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies,"
> And "dust to dust" concludes the noblest song.

Next to the work, then, stand the *purpose* and the *motive* of it. Not the thing done but the way it is done and the motives which prompt the doing—these are the great things in human life. Carlyle's recipe for a successful life—to find one's work and do it—is very well, but there is much to be thought about before one is certain that he has found his work. A farmer may be a Cincinnatus or he may be brother to the sod he turns. A blacksmith may be as stolid as the ox he shoes or he may be as intelligent and useful as Elihu Burritt. A wood-sawer need not want for interesting facts in his own employment. The grain and color of woods, the kind and age of the trees he cuts, the way they grew, the point of the compass which they faced—all these things will be of interest, and fit him the better to do his work. Brains will mix with any occupation to its betterment, and without brains no occupation amounts to much. But more important than brains is the heart that goes with life's toil. George Herbert was right when he said:

> A servant with this clause
> Makes drudgery divine;
> Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
> Makes that and th' action fine.

When you go to buy a lamp you wish to see what the colors and the figures of the globe really are. The salesman places an electric bulb within and you see in an instant its beauty. It is the motive which illuminates the life, which gives meaning to all its lines and colorings. You cannot tell whether a life is really superb until you know the purpose of it.

A noble life will have breadth and height. The measure of a man's life on its human side is its helpfulness to men. That is the breadth of it. If your life is selfish, it is a narrow one. If you ask always the mercenary question, "How much is there in it for me?" your work becomes mean and contemptible. If your life is such that only the great, brilliant, striking things have interest to you, how limited your enjoyments really are! Pleasure and simplicity are old friends. "If you come from work well done, are as amiable and genial as possible toward your companions, and speak no evil of the absent, your success is sure." If you live the kind of life that *ought* to bless the world, it will do so, and the extent to which it accomplishes that will be the real breadth of your life. The dishonest life carries its own destruction with it. The paint, veneering, and stucco of life come off with the passing years. Only the genuine and the real endure the test of time. Ruskin, in his Seven Lamps of Architecture, holds up the lamp of truth as the brightest lamp of all. He fairly burns with indignation as he denounces sham in foundation, and structure and surface deceits. First, last, and always, be honest in your work. You owe it to your fellows, you owe it to yourself. If you could deceive the world, the very fact would destroy your own noble ideals. It would prove to be the worm gnawing at the heart of the oak, and, as surely as evil is its own undoing, the oak must fall. When a man knows that he is not worthy of respect the joy of life has gone. No matter what office you give him, or what eulogies you write, he knows his life is narrow and mean and your words cannot make it otherwise. The only foundations that are broad and strong enough to sustain the life superb are honesty, sympathy, and unselfishness. On these a man can build a life that will gladden every beholder and be as broad as human need. A noble life must also have height as well as breadth. While

it reaches out its hand to men it must also lift up its head to God. That is a great life which is conscious that it has God as a partner; that in its rough sailing over stormy seas it has a convoy never far away and ready at any time with needed help. If I know the Mighty God is my friend and companion, I will not fear what men may do unto me. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

This, then, is the life superb. One which asks little in the way of adventitious surroundings; a life which has simple needs and finds its delight in simple pleasures; which goes not beyond the threshold of its own home for substance to kindle its interest. Happy the man who has such a home and who can sing with Emerson:

> Good-by to Flattery's fawning face;
> To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
> To Upstart Wealth's averted eye;
> To supple Office low and high;
> To crowded halls, to court and street;
> To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
> To those who go and those who come,
> Good-by, proud world! . I'm going home.

To be in love with one's work and dignify it with conscientious toil, to be absolutely honest in one's motives and to have as the ultimate purpose the helping of our brothers and the glory of God—that is a life too good to stop at seventy, and therefore good enough to last forever. Its ideal is so high, its heart is so strong, its outlook so broad, its harvest so magnificent, that I do not hesitate to call it the life superb, and to lift it up tonight as a life worth your while.

C. L. Goodell.

## Art. VIII. OUR HYMNAL'S SAINT BERNARDS

Methodism has no saints. It has the characters but not the capitals. It looks always askance on published sanctities. Of its two orders the name of one emphasizes service and that of the other implies age, and so suggests merely experience in service. Personal experience, Methodism demands, must express itself in life. Religion must be practical. Honors must ornament industry. It has no Popes, nor cardinals, nor other special primacies. Its highest officer is elected, and is called superintendent. It has no rectors or vicars with their implication of authority and privilege. Its leaders are pastors and preachers in charge. It remembers its great men while forgetting their titles. It speaks of John Wesley and Francis Asbury and Alfred Cookman and Matthew Simpson and William Butler. Their titles have been blown away by the years and, like ships of war, their memories are uncluttered. Some day Methodism will go still farther and see that the multiplication of doctorates is no magnifying efficiency. But, whatever be Methodism's narrowness in advertising character, when it sings its taste is catholic. Among the sacred poets whose verses have inspired and comforted its innumerable members two saints there are whose names and work will not likely perish from its memories or books. Who has not identified with the very heart of Methodism the following hymns, Numbers 289, 533, and 536 respectively, in the new Hymnal,

> **Of Him who did salvation bring**
> **I could forever think and sing.**
>
> **Jesus, the very thought of thee**
> **With sweetness fills the breast.**
>
> **Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts!**
> **Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!**

as well as that less familiar song, Number 151: "O Sacred Head, Now Wounded"? Yet these were all written nearly nine hundred years ago. It is a commanding figure which meets us in their

author: Saint Bernard, as he is known since the Roman Church canonized him; the Abbot Bernard of Clairvaux, as he was in his splendid life. He had no other title save this of abbot of the strictest monastery and severest order in Europe. His body was broken and emaciated by the rigors of his asceticism, yet he was by all odds the most powerful personality of his generation, if not of his century.

He was born in 1091. It was a portentous epoch. Says Dr. Storrs, in his Bernard of Clairvaux:

> In Bernard's time there was a certain moral life, a certain responsiveness to moral impression, in men and in society, which had not equally appeared a century before, while yet the perils of his age were so great, its shames so many, that certainly none since Christendom began has more needed the mightiest ministry which genius, virtue, and a consummate devotion could supply.

Sixty years earlier the great horror of an immediate dissolution of the world had slipped from men's fevered apprehension. Those men who with frenzied anticipation had expected the millennial dawn in the year 1000, and then in the year 1033, had given place to others to whom the present world seemed to be endless because of the unfulfillment of their ancient fears. The shames of the papacy, though not its indiscretions, had reached their height, and now were nearly passed. The immature and unspeakably disgraceful Popes had made way for that splendid Pontiff, Hildebrand, and the imperial influences he was to liberate. The Dark Ages were hurrying past; the light was breaking over Europe. Everywhere, under the imperious spirit of the time and its awakening powers, there was a renaissance of the church and its institutions. Church buildings were rising in every quarter—among them the cathedrals of Amiens, Chartres, Strasbourg, and Cologne. Monasteries were spreading. The pilgrim spirit, baptized with religious passion, was throbbing in men's hearts. The Crusades were almost ready. A common language, Latin, the speech of courts and schools and oratories, made understanding easy among intellects of all enlightened peoples. In France the troubadours were singing. All over Europe the knights were girding on their

mail and the flower of chivalry was breaking into bloom. In their cells the monks were illuminating sacred texts, copying the classics, annotating Hebrew manuscripts, preserving the literature and learning of ages past for ages yet to come. Brush and chisel and mosaic were enriching church and chapel, choir and refectory with the imperishable achievements of a renascent art. Philosophy was asserting itself. The Fathers had almost gone; the Schoolmen had almost come. During the swift and fervid years in which the life of Bernard was cast Anselm and Abelard thrust their names and speculations far into the history of thought. The Breton scholar pursued his impetuous career, leaving behind him, better for the healing of the world than all his speculations, the stained and sad but splendid spectacle of the betrayed and brilliant girl of Paris become the Abbess of the Paraclete, and that most spiritual of the correspondence of passion, the Letters of Abelard and Heloise. In this age Bernard was born. His father was a comfortable and patriotic knight of Fontaines, near Dijon, in Burgundy, who claimed a military career for the son. Bernard's mother was one of those women who, in giving to the world great sons, prove themselves to be the gifts of God. She was a Susannah Wesley of the eleventh century, with the sternness of her later sister omitted. Having been prophetically warned in a dream that Bernard would be a signal champion of the truth, she dedicated him in his earliest infancy to her God and church. When the time of her departure was at hand, after last words which breathed her Christian victory and peace, her voice failed, and she slipped beyond the line between the twelfth century and eternity, making in silence the sign of the cross. Six sons there were, all worthy such a mother, though Bernard alone gave promise of religious genius. Looking out into a young man's future he saw all roads open to him—learning, arms, trade. The sight dazzled, and he wavered in the glare but never quite forgot the consecration by his mother. Going on a visit to one of the brothers who was then besieging an enemy's castle, he was struck to the heart by a divine call, and turning aside into a little chapel by the road he dedicated himself, with tears, to a holy life. His brothers tried to dissuade him from his resolution, but six months later, when

he went to surrender himself to the monastic life, there were thirty in the party and all his brothers were among the number. Bernard was then twenty-two years old.

The great monastery of Cluny was rich and inviting, popular and comfortable. The strictness of the Benedictine rule, which had marked it as the first regenerating influence in mediæval monasticism, had been relaxed and there was much satisfaction to the flesh. It was the retreat as well of noblemen and minds of pious intent. It was not the retreat, however, for Bernard. He chose instead the obscure monastery of Citeaux, some twelve miles from Dijon. Here so severe and uncompromising was the observance of the Benedictine rule, so stern were the regulations and so strict the discipline, that only twenty monks remained. The coming of Bernard and his twenty-nine companions brought new life to the almost forsaken abbey. Two years and a little more Bernard remained here, in so short a time ruining forever his health by the severity of his asceticism. Henceforth he bore about a body of death. He could not distinguish in taste between vinegar and oil. He could eat without distress only the scantiest of foods. He was sickly, and weak, and constantly in pain. A quaint contemporary describes him as a "lamb hitched to a plow."

In 1115 Bernard is sent with eleven fellow monks to found a new house. They travel for a hundred miles, in poverty and with severe labor, to reach a valley called the Valley of Wormwood, because in years past it had been a veritable robbers' haunt. Here, after toil greater than one's powers of description, they make rough and barren enough quarters for themselves, subsisting on almost nothing, and saved from outright starvation by the unexpected gifts of newly made friends. The valley's name is changed; it is no longer "Wormwood" but "Clear Valley," or Clairvaux. From those rough and unpromising beginnings—hewing, burning, grubbing roots and breaking soil—with a severity of rule which matched the rudeness of its seat, the monastery grew until instead of its twelve men the Cistercians, as the order was named, numbered seven hundred monks within its walls, and it was but one of a hundred and sixty abbeys in its great system. Besides, Bernard had instituted the Knights Templar, whose

early chivalry and courage were flowers upon the ruder branch of feudal life. This monastery of Clairvaux grew rich in the things which make for mind and spirit. The letter of a young man who was a novitiate for a year before taking his vows is preserved to us. He writes of the monks, whom he watches closely:

> Some of them I understand to have been bishops, others counts, or men eminent by other dignities and by great knowledge; some have been illustrious youth; but now, by the grace of God, all acceptation of persons being dead among them, by as much as any has thought himself higher in the world, by so much does he hold himself less than the least in this flock, and in all things more lowly.

It is the spirit of Bernard which dominates and colors all the monastery's life. He who became Pope Eugenius III went out from the stern old abbey with tears to take the chair of Peter, desiring the rather to remain in Clairvaux's peace. Yet Bernard's powers are almost immeasurable. Over his system of monasteries he ruled with an iron hand, though gentle as a woman's. Refusing all honors, because of the humility of his spirit, he wielded from his humble cell powers larger than a Pontiff's. When schism rent the church, and two elected Popes were striving each for recognition to the rejection of the other, a council was called at Etampes to decide the vicarship of God. Cardinals, nobles, doctors, without a dissenting voice, laid the matter before the abbot of Clairvaux, and his single word, utterly undisputed, determined the issue and made the Pope known to history as Innocent II. Louis VII of France; Henry of Normandy, King of England; William, the brusque Duke of Aquitaine—these men and others like them bowed before him and broke beneath his will. He saved the Jews from massacre during the excitement of the second Crusade. Mobs fell to pieces when he spoke. Angered leaders were strangely quieted by his resistless force. He saw visions (perhaps this was a gift transmitted by his mother) and, following their leading, never found himself astray. He had at times the gift of prophecy, and only once were recriminations brought against a prophetic utterance of his. Taken all in all, he was the twelfth century's man of destiny, the center of European statesmanship. Yet his life was as simple as a child's. His word had a weight superior

to that of monarchs of either empire or church, but one of his earliest biographers writes, uncontradicted, that "the humility of his heart surpassed the majesty of his fame." His humility was not humiliation. He rebukes Popes, by voice and letter, in language stern and uncompromising. To one avaricious for power he writes: "From neither poison nor sword do I so much dread danger to thee as from the love of rule." Censuring Honorius, who has unjustly interfered in a matter between a French lord and his bishop, Bernard lets fly this shaft: "The honor of the church is wounded by Honorius."

What such a man is is determined by what he believes. Bernard, knowing the scandals and sins and shames of his church, seeing jealousy and simony and hypocrisy and pride in the vicars of Christ, nevertheless kept his own faith as clear as crystal, and "waited expectantly for the consolation of Israel." He had a religious experience. The eleventh century Susannah had brought forth a twelfth century Wesley gifted according to the imperious and peculiar demands of his age. He was orthodox, yet with a warmth of devotion which transfigured all the dogmas he so devoutly held. Excrescences on the body of pure faith he sought diligently to remove. He opposed, for instance, the dogma of the immaculate conception, in a time of sweeping Mariolatry, because he saw no need for other divinity than Christ's. Because of this passion for Jesus he is the more readily caught in the glamour of the crusading ideal, and is himself the great preacher of the second Crusade. So overwhelming is his appeal that a great company of lords and commons, bishops, nobles, the king and queen themselves, swept away by his eloquence, cry out in one great voice, "Crosses! crosses!" and hurry to put on their pilgrim garments. In connection with his part in the second Crusade and his place in our Hymnal it is interesting to read that "indecent songs could no longer appear abroad." In a sermon on Canticles 1. 13, he gives the secret of all his spiritual life. "And this," he says, "is constantly my highest philosophy, to know Jesus Christ, and him crucified." It sounds like a testimony in a Methodist class meeting. It is the keynote to all his singing. So we get his hymns, and specially that surpassing stanza:

> But what to those who find? Ah, this
> Nor tongue nor pen can show:
> The love of Jesus, what it is,
> None but his loved ones know.

What a man he was! Aquinas, in the next century, calls him a vase of gold on account of his holiness, and a multitude of pearls because of the multiplicity of his virtues. Luther, who hated monks, having been one, called him the most God-fearing and pious monk. Voltaire, divorced from all religious sympathies, says of Bernard that he was able beyond all others to reconcile occupation in the uproar of affairs with the austerity of life proper to his religious state, and further speaks of him as having attained a personal consideration surpassing in efficacy official authority. "He was the counselor of kings," says Dr. Storrs, "and the conscience of Pontiffs, while the companion of the humblest of monks, because himself serving only the Lord." Dr. Sohm, in his Outlines of Church History, has analyzed him in this fashion:

> This man, who compelled the world to bow before the sovereign power of his intellect, found satisfaction for his own innermost being only when he forsook all worldly things that, in the midst of solitude, he might live for the contemplation of the divine love and for the rapture of communion with the Almighty alone.

Amid the weeping of his monks he went home, with happy prayers and pious confidence, August 20, 1153. His bones are long since dust, and the Abbey of Clairvaux, suppressed during the French Revolution, has been an abbey of the past for above a hundred years. But for eight long centuries his figure, a giant's, yet as gentle as a child, has stood upon the horizons of the world's remembrance the very incarnation of the saint. Dante, looking around a hundred and fifty years after his death, finds that Beatrice has left his side in the journey through the other world and that her place is taken by "a teacher revered," Saint Bernard, upon whom the task devolves of presenting the poet to the Virgin. So literature enshrines him and art is ever busy with his visions.

There is another Saint Bernard in the Hymnal; a figure dim where this Bernard of Clairvaux is clearly seen, a figure clothed in the haunting romance of uncertainty. This is true more espe-

cially for those who read English only. But, for all the dimness, this second Bernard has touched the lips of all generations and they will sing forever his golden song.

If Clairvaux is the ideal of the Cistercians, the very symbol of severe monasticism, Cluny is the noblest type of the rich and cultured abbey. Both were organizations of the Benedictines. The Cluniacs built their monasteries always on hills, the Cistercians occupied valleys. Each order centered around a chief abbey whose abbot was the overlord of all the cognate houses. So Bernard of Clairvaux is the head of the Cistercians and Clairvaux is the chief abbey; while Peter of Cluny is the head of all the Cluniacs, who in their turn take their name and model from Cluny itself. Cluny was among the hills of Saone et Loire, roughly speaking, about one hundred miles to the southeast of Clairvaux. It was a noble institution, its abbey church, till Saint Peter's was built in Rome, being the largest in all Europe. The congregation of Cluniacs was founded in 909, and at its height it was the abbey head of two thousand monasteries. Great men were of its numbers, Gregory VII, Urban II, and Pascal II going out of Cluny to rule the Church of Rome. Two hundred years older than Clairvaux, it was always more prominent as an abbey, though never a man of all the Cluniacs reached the real authority and position of Bernard of Clairvaux. In Cluny the first reformation of the Benedictines was begun, as appropriately at Clairvaux was inaugurated the second. But in the time of Bernard of Clairvaux the monks of Cluny were an easy-going company, and among the reliques of Saint Bernard is a stinging letter which he wrote to Cluny's abbot rebuking him for the luxury of that ancient congregation. The monastery was disbanded in those troublesome times of 1790. The history of the abbey and its historical associations are of fascinating interest, but it is only mentioned here to introduce the other Saint Bernard, almost contemporary with the Cistercian, whose name also stands imperishable in our Hymnal, but, unlike his, is written on no great events. His figure is but a dim shape of romantic memory haunting the spectral walks and ruined cloisters of the splendid monastery, a singer famous beyond all others for the beauty of a single song.

Bernard of Clairvaux is a figure militant and commanding in uncounted stately deeds. This Bernard of Cluny wrote "The Celestial Country," and that is all of whatever deeds he did for which the world really cares. In giving us this hymn he has enriched hymnody forever. We have in our Hymnal two hymns bearing his name, "Jerusalem the Golden" and "For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country." They are excerpts from his one great song, excerpts abbreviated as well. One cannot describe the effect which follows the reading of the poem. Translations are very faulty but the effect lingers even with them. Dr. Neale, whose translation is the one used in our Hymnal, says of his work: "My own translation is so free as to be little more than an imitation." Bernard himself has said, reviewing his noble poem: "Unless the spirit of wisdom and understanding had been with me and flowed on upon so difficult a meter, I could not have composed so long a work." The "so difficult a meter," of which he speaks is the rhyming dactylic hexameter, which in the Latin, in which language, of course, the poem was originally written, is a very sonorous and beautiful movement. It has not been imitated successfully. Dr. Duffield, the hymnologist, has a translation in which the meter is preserved, but it would be more than poetic license which would accept the result as real poetry. One cannot read the entire hymn in Neale's translation and not be strangely won by its subtle sweetness and the ineffable pathos of the unknown but yearning heart whose every pulse is rhythmic in its melody. When and how and where and in what conditions the old monk wrote it we shall not know. He was surely not one of those luxurious brothers whose public renunciations of the world had won for them all the comforts of the worldly and idle flesh. Among them he was, but of a different world. His citizenship was in heaven. From the gardens of old Cluny he must have passed in spirit to the paradise of God, and from the crypts and cells and cloisters and the stately abbey church his vision swept the heights where they need no temple, neither the light of the sun; and so in patience and quiet confidence, and with a yearning which of itself must ever be a prophecy of certain peace, he wrote these deathless verses of the perfect land.

In the Metropolitan Gallery in New York city there is a small canvas that holds the picture of a wife sitting in a pillowed chair, her face lined and unbeautiful, yet strangely lustrous in the shadowy light of approaching death. Beside her, with a grief upon his features only strong men show, her husband sits, watching with her the setting sun. All the heartache of broken homes and desolate loves is in the picture and its title, "Jerusalem the Golden." Seeing it in either fact or fancy one thinks of this dim old monk among the crypts of ancient Cluny and can almost hear him singing softly, as he looks through oriel windows to the west:

> And now we fight the battle, but then shall wear the crown
> Of pure and everlasting and passionless renown.
> For now we watch and struggle, and now we live by hope,
> And Zion in her anguish with Babylon must cope.
> But He whom now we trust in shall then be seen and known,
> And they who know and see Him shall have Him for their own.

## Art. IX.—THE GIFT OF TONGUES

Not long ago the writer met within one week four very extreme interpretations of Christianity. He was first thrown into contact with an aged preacher—eighty-two years old—of the Seventh Day Adventists. Together with their well-known views concerning the Sabbath Day he advanced some amazing propositions, all of which were assented to by his two companions who were of the same faith: All flesh as an article of diet was to be eschewed because, being under a special curse of God, all animal life has become so corrupt that the average life of beasts is growing shorter. People become like what they eat, and that is the reason for the sordid life of man as well as his lack of longevity. He quoted the text: "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption," giving as his exegesis that, the corruption being in the blood, as a matter of course it could not inherit incorruption, but bone and sinew could: an ingenious and edifying explanation surely!

Perhaps it was the next evening that a stranger in the congregation, who had been present two or three times previously, handed the pastor a letter, the following being exact quotations —even punctuation and spelling being reproduced:

> I dont believe that sunday ought to be used at all the word in the pulpit are out of it and where did that word sunday com from? ans.

This correspondent urged to introduce psalm-singing in the church, saying,

> Now you know in your own heart there isn't a man on earth that can be saved by music and do you think is commanded by God Almighty in the church. You can't praise God with horns and organs and violins. I want to say that this ormeamean doctrine will be stamped out, the revelations calls it wondering after the beast that means the Roman Catholic Church.

His closing is truly most annihilating:

> How shall they call on him whom they not believed and how shall they believe on him whom they have not heard and shall they hear without a preacher how shall they preach excepted they be saved.

After that I am supposed, in the language of the immortal Irishman, to be "not dead, but spacheless."

Two days later, being in some haste, I dropped into a small barber shop conveniently near. The loquacious barber discovered my calling and at once proceeded to convert me to Eddyism. I escaped as soon as I could, but the last I saw of that barber he was standing in his shop door frantically waving a comb, tobacco juice running out of both corners of his mouth, proclaiming the while: "There is no such thing as matter."

Fortunate indeed is he who does not meet with religious cranks. One day a man said: "I believe God is in everything, for everything is God. I don't eat meat because the Bible says, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and one must kill to eat meat." Then waxing warm in his argument he exclaimed: "Why, there is as much of God in that little fly on the table there as in me!" That is the only time I ever agreed with a religious crank. It was at this same time that a devout lady told her pastor that she could always tell when one attempted to deceive her by the revelation of the Holy Spirit, suggesting that when her pastor became sufficiently advanced in spiritual things this gift of the Spirit would be his. That very same day a man said he had seen people who had the gift of tongues, imparted by the Spirit. He himself was seeking after this gift, and thought the churches whose preachers did not preach this as the present privilege of believers were not possessed of a full gospel.

There is much of significance in all this. Religious sanity, balance in religion, clear thinking, and wholesomeness in spiritual life, should not and need not be divorced from ordinary church life. The significant thing about it all is that many people believe these things. Dowieism, Spiritualism, Eddyism may be exotic, but are illustrative of that universal trait in human character which produced Montanism, Millerism, and the Holy Rollers of our day. Professor E. W. Scripture, formerly director of the Yale Psychological Laboratory, mentions the names of men eminent in science, members of the professorial body of some of the world's famous universities, who are adherents of Spiritualism even in some of its grosser forms. Bishop Fallows in Chicago and

his brethren in Boston, with their so-called "Religious Therapeutics"—an effort to cure functional diseases by means of Christian psychology—these but bear witness to the imperative demand that error be combated (for it will not be laughed out of courts), wholesomeness be preserved, and religion be kept sane.

What was the gift of tongues? That the New Testament church was possessed of that which is called the gift of tongues cannot be denied except on the assumption that the early Christians thought they possessed this gift but were mistaken. In the doubtful appendix to the Gospel of Mark it is said of those who believe, "They shall speak with new tongues." This passage is in such doubt as to its genuineness and authenticity as to be of little or no value. In the second chapter of Acts we are told that when those in the upper room were filled with the Holy Spirit they "began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." It is furthermore related that the people from different countries heard and understood them speak in their own tongue, that is, in their own language, and that they were declaring "the mighty works of God." We are forced to conclude that they spoke in the dialects of the countries from which these people came, probably in each case some dialect of Aramaic, Hebrew, or possibly Greek, though not necessarily confined to those languages. It is also plain that they spoke an intelligible message: declaring the wonderful works of God. The next important passage concerning the gift of tongues is the account of Cornelius's conversion, in the tenth chapter of Acts. At this time the Holy Spirit came on all of them who heard Peter speak, and they all, Cornelius included, spoke with tongues and magnified God. When Peter gave an account of this at Jerusalem he said that the "Holy Spirit fell on them, even as on us at the beginning." In this case, too, it would seem that they magnified God by declaring his works in intelligible speech in the dialects or languages of the people present. There is but one alternative, and that is the one forced upon us by a consideration of the gift of tongues in the church at Corinth. A study of chapters 12-14 of First Corinthians reveals:

1. That there are diversities of gifts, but one Spirit.
2. That there are kinds of tongues (verse 28, chapter 12).

3. That the gift of tongues is relatively, next to interpretation, the least important gift of the Spirit.
4. That (14. 2) he that speaketh in a tongue speaketh unto God; but in the spirit he speaketh mysteries—for his own edification (14. 4).
5. Unless there be an interpreter the church does not understand and is not edified.
6. That tongues are for a sign to the unbelieving (14. 22).
7. If all speak with tongues, and there come in men unlearned or unbelieving, will they not say ye are mad?
8. And finally, let those who have the gift of tongues take turns in speaking, except when there is no interpreter; in which case the gift is not to be used. Silence is to be maintained (14. 27, 28).

From these important statements concerning tongues we deduct at least two kinds: 1. There is the gift of tongues at Pentecost, when Jewish believers were filled with the Holy Spirit and miraculously endowed with the power to speak in dialects foreign to their education and training, that is, temporarily. This same manifestation, or kind of tongue, came upon those at the house of Cornelius at the inauguration of the gospel among the Gentiles. There is an appropriateness in this easily recognized. 2. Another kind of tongue is simply religious ecstasy—the power to say "Hallelujah" when in the Spirit. In this connection I can do no better than to quote the Rev. Marcus Dods, who says: "It must, however, be said that the common opinion of scholars is that the gift of tongues did not consist in ability to speak a foreign language, even temporarily, but in an exalted frame of mind which found expression in sounds or words belonging to no human language. What was thus uttered has been compared to the 'merry, unmeaning shouts of boyhood, getting rid of exuberant life, uttering in sound a joy for which manhood has no words.'" That is to say, except in the two cases mentioned—Pentecost, and at the house of Cornelius—the gift of tongues was nothing more than religious ecstasy. As for all the rest, it was a delusion. Paul so recognized it. The gift of tongues was a sign to the unbeliever only when some intelligible message was spoken, either in his own dialect by men otherwise ignorant of it, as at Pentecost, or by being interpreted. The gift of interpretation fits very well into all this: "These ecstatic cries or exclamations were not always understood, either by the person uttering them or by anyone else.

So that there was always a risk of such utterance being considered either as the ravings of lunatics or, as in the first instance, the thick and inarticulate mutterings of drunkards. But sometimes there was present a person in the same key of feeling, whose spirit vibrated to the note struck by the speaker," and he was able to interpret his mood and spirit. "For as music can only be interpreted by one who has a feeling for music, and as the inarticulate language of tears or sighs or groans can be comprehended by a sympathetic soul, so the tongues could be interpreted by those whose spiritual state corresponded to that of the gifted person." Paul commands silence in the absence of such interpreter partly because of the rich opportunity for fraud and partly because such a manifestation gives occasion of stumbling to unbelievers. That has been the attitude of most of Christianity's great spiritual leaders, who have always deprecated such manifestations, as did John Wesley in England, and Francis Asbury in America, in the presence of similar psychical manifestations. That the Holy Spirit was given at the beginning of the Christian movement in connection with the resurrection, and given with miraculous signs, may be admitted and defended; that these signs should be so given is to be expected, but as for the rest it is best defined as religious ecstasy—or ecstatic speech—and "pious fraud."

"There is no clear evidence of tongues as a religious phenomenon anterior to New Testament times. Ecstatic utterances appear to have occurred in some forms of Old Testament prophecy, but no mention is made of tongues as a feature of them. 'Even in heathen religions, as Saint Paul hints, there are analogous phenomena which it was necessary to remember in the attempt to discern the true work of the Holy Spirit. This suggests that profound religious excitement, to whatever cause it may be due, tends to find expression in abnormal utterance." That Paul or other of the disciples ever went about preaching in the various languages of the earth without first acquiring them in the ordinary manner is to be stoutly denied; that anyone ever did so is equally untrue. The early church, even in New Testament times, possessed no such gift of tongues—not even an occasional speech in a new tongue. On the authority of such church fathers as Irenæus and Chrysos-

tom the church of their day possessed it not. And never since then has such a gift been known. Religious ecstasy or ecstatic utterance has been a frequent phenomenon of the church, as in the case of the Montanists of the second century of the early Quakers, and even in the development of Methodism. It is beyond our purpose to discuss these things, but to cite them as being similar, if not identical, with the gift of tongues in the New Testament. Mysticism teaches much that is good, but unchecked has wrought evil by producing an unwholesome type of religious character, disorganized the working Christian forces, and brought Christianity into contempt. Mr. W. T. Ellis, who made the world tour of inspection of the various missionary enterprises of the churches, has given utterance to statements which, to say the least, are startling. He is quoted as saying: "These girls were pleading for a visitation of the Spirit of God for India; the Spirit of God had come to them with the spirit of intercessory prayer, and some of these girls who did not understand English were praying in English; some of the girls who did not understand Greek were praying in Greek; some of them were praying in Hebrew; some of them were praying in tongues that no man can interpret. I do not know what it means; the facts are there. I testify to them." It would be very interesting to ask Mr. Ellis if he recognizes Greek and Hebrew when he hears these languages spoken. Mr. Ellis suggested that "God is revealing himself to the poor and ignorant and the heathen as he revealed himself on the day of Pentecost." But that, even granting the facts to be precisely as he described them, that is just exactly what God is not doing. Jesus Christ when on earth consistently refused to use divine power merely to work wonders, and it is inconceivable that the great God would do so now in such a way as this, which has no relation to any conceivable good. We may be pardoned if we refuse to believe the facts to be as reported. We approve the statement in the Presbyterian Standard challenging the correctness of the alleged facts:

> We may say for ourselves that we have no zeal in behalf of skepticism. The idea of genuine pentecostal miracles is not in the least repellent to us. But at the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every

word be established. It would seem to be only fair in a case of this kind to have confirmatory testimony from some of our numerous missionaries in India.

Upon reading Mr. Ellis' speech I addressed a letter of inquiry to Bishop Thoburn and received the following reply:

No, I never met with any case such as you describe. At Portland, Oregon, I met a few persons who professed to talk in strange tongues, but they were not intelligible. I incline to the opinion that under certain conditions some persons can repeat words which they do not understand provided someone is present who knows the language, but practically the gift is of no use. No one preaches, or even talks, in strange tongues. They can only repeat something which they have heard.

Missionary S. C. Todd, of the Bible Missionary Society, is reported to have made investigations in the missions of China, Japan, and India with reference to deluded persons who have gone out to those places thinking that their gift of tongues was a language with which they could speak to the people. He reports concerning a certain Mr. McIntosh, who went to China for this purpose, that he and his wife not only failed but have admitted their failure. While in Japan he met a party of about one dozen missionaries from the state of Washington similarly deluded. He says: "They admitted to me their inability, and I saw it with my own eyes." In the same way others failed in both India and China. He remarks that there is "need of a sober looking at things in America," and utters the warning that, when the inevitable failure comes, these people are in danger of settling down to a life of revulsion to all the supernatural in religion, or to idleness, or, worse still, drifting into sin.

If we would advance the cause of religion, all true elements of the Christian faith must be preserved. While large freedom must be accorded to the individual mind and conscience, hurtful interpretations of the spiritual life ought to be combated, not by way of stirring up opposition but to preserve and advance the true work of God among men. Unchecked liberalism, unbridled emotionalism, ignorant ranting, though pious, produces vagaries that frequently lead to disastrous consequences. Many have made shipwreck of domestic bliss, physical health, and the religious life

because of the teachings of Eddyism. A prominent schoolman and a devoted minister of the gospel embraced Dowieism, and now both of them, together with many more, are sadder, if not wiser. The logical result of these unwholesome forms of religion is that at the last the rudely awakened soul is thrown into confusion and despair while the unbelieving are tempted to repudiate religion altogether. It is very unfortunate that those organizations of Christians which have for their primary object the emphasis of the work of the Holy Spirit should so often feel called upon to emphasize such things as the gift of tongues. Better no special emphasis of the doctrines of the Holy Spirit than to be thrown into spiritual Babel by such emotional and superstitious forms of religion. Going on to perfection ought not and need not be thus embarrassed. Another reflection forces itself upon us: "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit." "No man can say, Jesus is Lord, but in the Holy Spirit." That is Paul's proposition upon which he bases his discussion of this subject. It is wrong to make any one phase of the Holy Spirit or of religion the test as to membership in the church or the standard of confession, save only discipleship to the Lord Jesus Christ. He who is a disciple, loyal to him in life, is so through the Holy Spirit.

Again, we are exhorted to desire earnestly the greater gifts, to desire earnestly spiritual gifts. These are, subjectively considered, faith, hope, and love. These three are the abiding graces of the Spirit of God in a man's soul. That one is not Spirit led, whatever else he may be, who follows after will-o'-the wisp doctrines that lead him to accept the wildest vagaries and repudiate the church; for the baptism of the Holy Spirit is a baptism of common sense, resulting in a quickening of mental and moral perceptions. Hence the significance of the promise, "He shall guide you into all truth."

Charles P. Pierpoint.

## Art. X. THE PASSING OF "REUBEN"

"The man with a hoe" has become "The man on a throne." Markham misinterpreted the great painting of Millet. The artist was a better seer than the poet. The hoe is not an emblem of the crushing of man down to the level of his "brother ox," but it stands for the means whereby he has lifted himself above the level of the ox, and to planes infinitely higher. It is not a badge of degradation but an emblem of liberty. By it he has not been dragged down from the regal rights inherent in manhood, but with it he has toiled upward. The pathetic figure of the old man, bent with the weight of toil on his shoulders, does not appeal to us for sympathy because of the condition into which he has fallen but for that out of which he is arising. The picture of the "man with a hoe" is not that of a man being pressed downward, but of a man rising upward.

The tiller of the soil has made wonderful advancement in his implements of toil and in the conditions of his life within the past generation. Modern improvements have taken the drudgery entirely away from farm work. The farmer nowadays does everything with machinery, and as a result he tills a much larger area of ground than formerly, producing a greater income, and withal he has more time for leisure. Consequently, he has the means to procure for himself and his family more of the material comforts of life and better opportunities for mental and spiritual culture. Increased prosperity on the farm has narrowed the difference between the urban and the rural populations, if, indeed, it has not eliminated it altogether. This difference was once quite distinct. It was formerly considered that to live in the country was to suffer the deprivation of all the refinements and most of the conveniences that add to the enjoyment of life, and to be condemned to dullness and ennui. The typical farmer of the former day was a long-whiskered, awkward-looking nondescript, with cowhide boots on his feet and hayseed in his hair. When he went to town he stared at the sights, and walked in the middle of the streets because he

did not know what the sidewalks were for. He was utterly ignorant of the ways of the folks in town, and everybody made fun of him. In short, he was what the humorists call a "Reuben," and he could not hide the fact. Almost everybody can remember the country cousin and his "backwoods" appearance and manner, but nobody has seen him lately. What has become of him? He seems to have completely vanished from the stage of action, and the places that once knew him know him now no more. You may walk the streets in a vain search for him; he comes no more to the city even on circus days or fête days. You may visit the rural precincts where once he flourished in all his innocent and uncouth glory, but you will never find him. He is gone. The "hayseed," the "greenhorn," the "country Reuben," with his whiskbroom whiskers and hickory shirt, has departed. In his place has come the intelligent and up-to-date farmer. He wears as good clothes and is as well acquainted with the conveniences and luxuries of life as his brother in town. He has a good house to live in, with telephone and electric lights, waterworks, steam heat, and bath-rooms. He has a blooded driving team in his stable, and a fine surrey in which to take his family to town and to church. All his stock, even to the noisome chanticleer, is high-bred or thoroughbred. He is as well groomed as anybody, and there is never a straw between his teeth or a hayseed in his hair. He is familiar with the ways of the world, and he is the butt of nobody's joke when he goes to the city. The "country Jake" has no existence today save in the "funnygraphs" of the newspapers and in the mind of the stage humorist.

Several things have contributed to the "passing of the Reuben" and to the coming of the new type of farmer. One of them is our system of graded schools in the country. The means of a good primary education have been brought within the reach of everybody. As a result we have developed the most intelligent class of common people the world has ever known. We have no ignorant proletariat in the country districts. If such an element exists, it is not to be found inhabiting hill and plain; it must be confined to the populous centers. Like unwholesome germs which cannot live in the light of the sun, ignorance vanishes from our

fields and prairies. The farmer's home is no longer the dull and uninteresting place it may once have been. It has conveniences and luxuries, and, what is of more importance, it has a supply of the essentials of mental existence and growth. It has the daily paper, some of the best magazines, and at least some good books. And it has come to pass that our most intelligent and cultured large class of citizens is the farming population. Another factor in the evolution of the farmer, and, possibly, the most powerful single one, is the improvement of farm machinery. Within the memory of middle-aged men all farm work was drudgery. It called for a great deal of muscular force and not much brain. The invention of a harvesting machine by Cyrus McCormick marked a new era in farming. That invention was the forerunner of countless others that have wrought noiselessly and peaceably an emancipation infinitely greater than the emancipation of the blacks, accomplished amid the noise and eclat of war at the peril of the nation. The countless armies of the tillers of the soil have been liberated from the yoke of drudgery and physical labor and enabled to multiply their service at least tenfold. Not only that, but the increased facility for agricultural operations afforded by modern farming machinery makes ample harvests certain throughout the world and banishes effectually forever from the mind of man the fear of famine, a fear that has never ceased to haunt the race from its earliest existence until within the present generation. There is scarcely a single operation upon the farm but what is performed by special machinery which has been invented or improved within the last dozen years, and which enables one man to do the work that required several a few years ago. Hay is cut, raked, loaded on wagons, and put in the mow or stack by machinery. Small grain is sown, harvested, threshed, and sacked by machinery. Corn is planted, cultivated two rows at a time, harvested, shelled, and sacked by machinery. Potatoes are cut, planted, cultivated, dug, cleaned, graded, and sacked for market by machinery. Cows are milked, the cream is separated from the milk, and the butter is made by machinery. Indeed, the modern farmer must be a machinist of no mean grade to properly operate his farm. His grade of intelligence must be high in order to

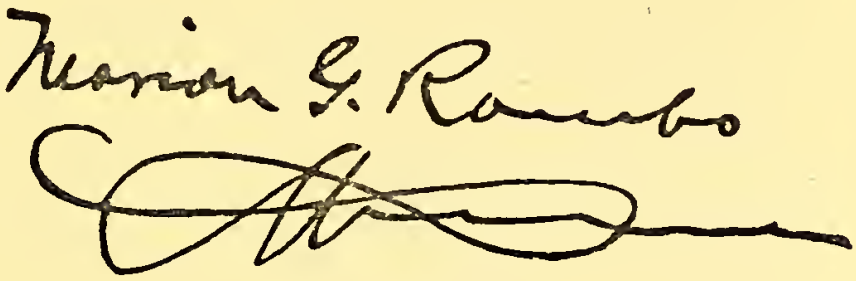
understand and appreciate the intricacies of the machinery required in his business. When he treats himself to an automobile, as many farmers do nowadays, he does not need a chauffeur to run it for him, but being at home with all sorts of machinery and engines he knows his autocar for a mere plaything.

Another factor in the transformation of the farmer is scientific agriculture. The department of agriculture at Washington, the various agricultural colleges and experiment stations have brought the very best brain to bear upon the problems of the farm —the improvement of the grains and stock and the maintaining and fertilization of soils—and there has been developed a high degree of intelligence on all these vital subjects. The farmer has found it necessary to possess an alert brain in order to keep abreast of the times. He is supplied with the best agricultural literature in books and periodicals, he has organized institutes for the dissemination of knowledge, and he has availed himself of the instructions of the agricultural colleges by taking regular courses in special subjects and by attending the short courses and summer schools. He has discovered that he can multiply his profits by intelligently conserving the fertility of the soil, by the rotation of crops, by improving the breed of his stock, by building up the character of his seed corn, by the growing of clover and alfalfa, by understanding the feeding values of proteids and carbohydrates, and a hundred and one other things that his forebears never dreamed of. And so it has come to pass that the farmer of today is simply compelled to have a trained mind, for there is no business in all the world that requires more brains than his. What with a knowledge of the chemistry of soils, the chemistry of foods, the evolution of plants and animals, the drift of the markets, the technique of machinery, he certainly has scope for the various facets of a many-sided mind if any man has. Certain social and spiritual changes have attended this transformation of the farmer, this passing of the "Reuben" of the humorist. Among them may be mentioned the present tendency of bright boys to stay on the farm. The old-time drudgery drove many a boy away from home, but that drudgery is no more. The poverty and cheerlessness of many country homes induced numbers of boys to go away

where they hoped to find better surroundings, but country homes are no longer marked with poverty and cheerlessness. The feeling that the work of a farm did not give proper scope for the use of a big brain was the excuse of many to seek activity in the professions, but nowadays it is beginning to be understood that brains may find plenty of scope, and emolument as well, on the farm, and so much of that constant flow of talent from the farm to the city is stopped. The great agricultural schools are crowded with the finest of our young men, the very sort of fellows that a few years ago filled the schools of medicine, law, and theology. The church is feeling this condition in the scarcity of young men knocking at the doors of her ministry. Recruits for the cloth have always come largely from the country boys. The larger intellectual life of the ministry has undoubtedly been one of the inducements offered to the mind of ambitious youth. But this no longer exists. The agriculturist's life today is, from the intellectual standpoint, as broad as any. The scarcity of ministerial candidates is at least partly due to the transformation of the farmer. It may be that this paucity of theological students, so much lamented in some quarters, is providential: it certainly is one result of modern progress anyway. If it shall result in the forced federation of some of the too-numerous churches in order to secure ministerial supply, it will assuredly be a blessing.

Another feature of this change is the passing of the country church. Throughout the Central West the country church is gradually dying. It is not uncommon to see a large country church in a thickly settled community entirely abandoned. At first thought this is apt to appear an alarming fact, and some people are very much concerned about it. But it is just one of the things incident to the evolution of the farmer. Time was when there was a distinct line of demarcation between the dweller in town and the dweller in the country. The folks in town were better dressed than the country folks, they were better read, and had different tastes. They moved in different intellectual and social circles. The country folks did not feel at home among the people in town. They had no carriages to drive to town in, and they felt awkward and out of place whenever they went to church

there. Consequently, they built their own churches in the country, and had their own preachers and their own services. But with the improvement in the mental and material condition of the farmer that line of demarcation has disappeared, and everywhere urban and rural populations mingle with ease and without distinction. The farmer has his team of driving horses and his carriage. He likes to drive three or four miles to town to church of a Sunday morning. The church in town is better organized than his church in the country, the pulpit is a little better supplied, the congregation is larger, and the inspiration a little stronger, and so he allows the church on the hill to be closed while he worships in town, feeling meanwhile that there has been gain to himself and family rather than loss.



## Art. XI.—THE MINISTER IN HIS STUDY

In his last great commission to his disciples our Lord said, "Go . . . preach." As Methodist ministers we recognize this as our vocation. Others may place emphasis on the pastoral office; we prefer to be designated "preacher in charge." Others may speak of their ecclesiastical buildings as "meeting houses," or churches; the old appellation sanctioned by long usage is good enough for us, namely, "preaching places." Ministers of other communions, not less devoted than we are, may think their commission is to reach the human heart through the medium of an ornate ritual, and by developing the holiest and best in humanity through æsthetic forms of worship; we feel that our high calling is to preach the Word; that our first business is to declare the unsearchable riches of Christ. Our fundamental conception of a minister's work is that of preaching. Everything else is subsidiary to this. Ministers with other conceptions of their calling may have scant use for a study, but to us it is an imperative necessity. If we are to preach, and especially to this age, we must "study" to show ourselves approved workmen that need not to be ashamed. The minister in his study is the same individual as when he stands in the pulpit. A clear apprehension of this fact decides a good many points with regard to his study. If he be a preacher in the pulpit, he will not be a mere intellectual connoisseur out of it, frittering his time away in idly and selfishly sampling intellectual sweetmeats and the vain conceits of the vast horde of speculative dreamers. If he be dominated by the right ideal of preaching, his study will not be the mere forum of advanced thought, nor will it simply be the den of the recluse, a place primarily for introspection and meditation. The study of the Methodist preacher is where he sharpens his tools, where he gets his thoughts clarified and his convictions deepened, and where he fashions discourses to meet living issues and changing conditions; discourses that fit the necessities of all his hearers. In order to do this successfully he must needs heed the apostolic advice

and "give attendance to reading," for "reading maketh a full man."

The preacher needs books. How to get them, in these days of the heightened standard of living without the corresponding increase in the average salary, is a great problem. One suggested solution is a ministerial exchange—a circulating library. Books we must have. The preacher needs the warmth of other minds to cause the sap of innate ideas to flow. To touch many people he must be a man of many ideas, and hence his reading must cover diverse fields of literature; not to walk less with God, and study the Book less, but to walk more with the sun-crowned men through whom we are familiar with the great in action and the pure in thought. The most cunning artificer is a failure without his tools, and the preacher, even though he be a man of the most splendid and original parts, cannot long maintain himself without the stimulus of contact with other minds. If he attempt it, the fate of the silkworm will surely be his. He must read, however, not only for intellectual quickening, like the priming of an ancient pump, but in order to gather information. That word is etymologically suggestive: it means a taking form in the mind, the symmetrical arrangement of facts, facts that are crystallized, and built into form and proportion. The strong man in any department of life is the informed man—the man who knows. Emerson has said that "he will always be heard who knows most about the subject in hand." A minister may be tolerated in the pulpit who is less informed than the majority of his congregation, but he can scarcely be influential in any high sense. Perhaps few are deficient in the quantity read. What is needed is not more but better, or, at least, the reading to better purpose. The multiplication of interesting and, indeed, fascinating magazine literature tends to make our reading desultory. The number and variety of the topics served up for our mental delectation tend to load down the mind with a mass of undigested ideas and bring about a kind of intellectual dyspepsia most enervating to the mind—a condition of mental atrophy unfavorable to the assimilation of facts or the attainment of profound conviction. If its extensiveness is prejudicial to its intensiveness, it follows that those whose time and whose mental

acumen are a limited quantity need to hesitate before accepting the advice, to know something of everything and everything of something. We admire the diligence, but have no disposition to copy the example, of the brother who read from A to Z in the Encyclopedia Britannica, and after having devoured the thirty volumes tackled the Standard Dictionary in the same way. The only salvation from shallowness for most of us is to narrow the stream; or, at least, to so condense and systematize it as not to confuse the mind. The best results can be had by adopting, and religiously carrying out, some modest but catholic course of reading without thinking simply of its homiletical value. To become a sermon machine is to commit spiritual suicide. The real aim of preaching is not the salvation of the sermon but the salvation of souls.

Again, it is well to remember that each age of the Christian era has been characterized by a germinal idea, and that this is the sociological age. It may not be practicable to make a special study of every subject that has interesting, or even vital, bearing upon the effectiveness of the preaching, but the preacher ought at least to be a specialist in sociological matters. In this transition period every man needs to take his bearings and be fully persuaded in his own mind as to the right or wrong of prevalent social conditions and doctrines. It will certainly never do to expose ourselves to the charge of "other-worldliness" or indifference. The masses have a righteous contempt for platitudes. Mr. Facing-both-ways is the character they abominate. Consistency is born of convictions and a thoroughly Christian spirit; and as Lowell has so beautifully said:

> He's true to God who's true to man.
> Wherever wrong is done,
> To the humblest, to the weakest,
> 'Neath the all-beholding sun,
> That wrong is also done to us;
> And they are slaves most base
> Whose love of right is for themselves,
> And not for all their race.

One other thing is characteristic of these times, and must be

noted, namely, the scientific spirit and method. Its value in the purely intellectual sphere should willingly be recognized. To do otherwise would put the preacher out of touch with the reading part of his congregation. A wise use of the latest scientific deductions and discoveries in illustrating spiritual truth will add interest and impart that up-to-dateness that people expect. But in the realm of the spiritual it is well not to be infatuated by the scientific spirit. God cannot be reduced to a syllogism. A God whose ways can be perfectly understood and whose actions can be scientifically demonstrated is something less than the Infinite Being whom our hearts adore. Any spirit that proposes to dispense entirely with the miraculous should be followed with caution. The higher criticism is the result, in matters religious, of the scientific spirit and method. It is having a great vogue. Its spirit seems to be too captious and irreverent and its tendency away from the old paths in which those who walk find peace to their souls. Its votaries seem too pedantic, its fruit too much like the apples of Sodom. It offers too alluring a temptation in the direction of intellectual pride and worldliness. It seems to have no very close affinity for that spirituality which redeems men from their carnality. It is too mundane. Probably most Methodist preachers look upon it with suspicion. The critics are not through quarreling among themselves; it will be well to await further developments, and until the pendulum has attained its equilibrium continue holding tenaciously to the fundamentals of Christianity and sounding a positive note in preaching.

The preacher's study is the place where books are analyzed and labeled, and where theologies, whether old or new, are tested by their fruits. Everything legitimately belongs in the study that redeems the preacher from narrowness of vision, widens his mental horizon, and gives him catholic sympathies; everything that feeds the flame of a Godlike hatred of sin and wrong, as well as everything that increases the warmth and glow of his love for the things that are true, honest, lovely, and of good report. Poetry and the best fiction ought to have an undisputed place there, ministering as they do to the cultivation of the imagination. A preacher without imagination is a member of the dry-as-dust fraternity.

All great preachers have been imaginative, painting pictures in words, playing upon the emotions of their auditors through the imagination, and leading them to high and noble action. Another powerful tonic to the imagination—though it may here seem a digression—is contact with nature in her sublime and beautiful forms. It were worth while to defer a vacation for several years if only in that way the unique sensations of an ocean voyage can be afforded. Those who go down to the sea in ships, these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. The vastness, the wildness, the loneliness of the old ocean marvelously stimulate and enrich the imagination, and the cooling influence of the soft sea breeze will be felt in many a sermon, freshening and sweetening our message to hearts that are weary "like the waft of an angel's wing." And it were worth the denial of half a dozen ordinary vacations to be able to take a trip to the mountains, cloud-capped and majestic, and listen to the thrilling music of the pines as it is heard in the darkness of a midnight gale. Those who have lived within the magic shadow of the mountains sometimes sigh for the inspiration of their greatness. When the king asked Ole Bull, the wizard of the violin, where he caught the rapturous tones which he brought out of his instrument, the musician replied: "I caught them, your majesty, from the mountains of Norway." He had climbed the mountain and had listened to the bellowing storm. He had heard the thunder as it reverberated from crag to crag in awful grandeur. He had heard the midnight litany of the cascades, as it entered into his soul and awakened into responsiveness the slumbering angel of song. Verily, the poet utters the truth when he says,

> To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms she speaks
> A various language—

A language which it is our privilege to understand in all its deep significance, and the interpretation of which will add a most potent element to the ministry of the Word. But the preacher is not only to find food for the mind; he must cultivate his heart life. If it be true, as Dr. Parker said, that the best way for the preacher

to prepare his sermon is to prepare himself, this duty ought to command our chief attention. We have never approximated our ideal day's work when we have not spent the first hour in devotions. Prayer, that "slender nerve that moveth the muscles of Omnipotence," prayer, that "golden key that openeth the wicket of mercy," must have large place in our armory. Before consulting any human helps we ought to implore the help divine. And if what Coleridge has said be true—that "perfect prayer exercises the supreme energy of a finite intellect," there is additional reason why we should lift up holy hands in prayer. And the ministry of song! It is not alone potent in the congregation. To sing to ourselves a few of the grand old hymns of Zion is a very uplifting exercise. There is intellectual and spiritual stimulus in it, and felon doubts and thieving cares will fold their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away as we enhearten ourselves for the day's struggle with a cheery song of trust. Then, too, it is to be feared that we do not make a sufficiently devotional use of the Scriptures. The Bible is an arsenal when it ought to be a pantry.

Hitherto nothing has been said as to direct preparation for the sermon. Spurgeon's idea of filling the barrel and then turning the spigot seems attractive but the point is not easy to reach where the method works satisfactorily. The flow may be a very thin one and much tipping of the barrel be needed. There are some things on which all probably are agreed concerning the preparation of the sermon. Its theme should be chosen with the needs of the congregation in view and the practical object to be gained by it, sedulously avoiding yielding to the temptation to choose texts merely for sensational or prudential reasons. The practical and the doctrinal aspects of truth should be treated in due proportion. When one has an instrument of many strings monotony may be a sin. No pulpit that is not intensely practical will get a patient hearing. The fight for God and truth waxes hot and we cannot afford to be controversial, but we can afford to be dogmatic on the old and tried doctrines of the Bible and on the things we actually believe. And here is strength; for, as one has said, it is the truth which has become a personal conviction, and is burning in a man's heart so that he cannot be silent, which is *his*

message. The number of such truths which a man has appropriated from the Bible and verified in his own experience is the measure of his power. This is the preacher's treasure from which he is to bring forth things new and old. The Marquis of Lansdowne once said, after reading Macaulay's history: "I wish I could be as certain of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything." The preacher is powerful when he speaks with authority and not as the scribes, when he is even audaciously dogmatic. He can speak with assurance on matters that have been verified in his own experience but the day is past of the mere speculation and theological hair-splitting that wrought incalculable mischief. Well has Carlyle said in his own rugged way: "Why should we misknow one another, fight not against the enemy but against ourselves, from mere difference of uniform? All uniforms shall be good so they hold in them true valiant men; all genuine things are *with* us, not against us." It would be presumptuous to commend any of the many methods of sermon-building. In this matter each man must be a law unto himself. A subtle temptation comes to some of us to sully our moral integrity by a failure to be true at all times to the exegesis of the text. We laugh at the ignorant local preacher who preached on the "puzzle tree," or at the brother of whom Paxton Hood records that he heard him announce the text, "Is there no balm," etc., and then explain that the balm mentioned in the text is that stuff which the women put in the bread to make it rise—and proceeding he preached a sermon on the gospel leaven. We laugh at these blunders of well-meaning but ignorant men, but we ought to weep when we hear a preacher "handling the word of God deceitfully," pressing forced and foreign interpretations into texts for homiletical purposes. To bring out of a text what God never meant by it is immoral. The Revised Version and the Greek Testament have spoiled some of our sermons. Why should we continue to use them? And here it is apposite to say that the preacher's moral integrity ought to lead him to lock the door of his study against the intrusion of all commercial distractions. It is an altogether shameful thing for a preacher consecrated to the cure of souls to spend time that is not properly his in schemes of secular aggrandizement. There is

a subtle distinction between a vocation and an avocation. And it is a sad and solemn fact that the avocations of some brethren drain the very life blood from their vocation. It has been well said that a man called to the work of the ministry is rarely if ever called to anything else. The apostles left their nets to follow Christ. The Methodist Discipline recognizes the importance of this, and it must surely be a very difficult task indeed for a secular Methodist preacher to square his conduct with the promise, made at his ordination, to give himself wholly to the work of the ministry. The minister needs self-watch also in the matter of using helps. The danger of plagiarism is constant and insidious. The right kind of help can be gained from books of sermonic literature that have a fascinating literary charm and at the same time awaken a spirit of opposition, such as Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World or Robertson's Sermons. Sermons such as Spurgeon's offer little temptation to plagiarism, and having an interesting vein of humor running through them, and being models of nervous English, besides breathing a simple evangelical fervor, they will be found very helpful, sometimes furnishing an epigrammatic statement and sometimes a homely but effective illustration. The matter of style, too, does not always receive the attention it deserves. To cultivate a simple and direct yet finished style in public discourse is surely among the things worth while. Such a competent literary critic as Dr. Moulton observes that some of the sacred writers are conspicuous models of a fine literary finish. Dr. Stalker says of Isaiah: "All the resources of poetry and eloquence are at command. Every realm of nature ministers to his stores of imagery, and his language ranges through every mode of beauty and sublimity, being sometimes like the pealing of silver bells, and sometimes like the crashing of avalanches, and sometimes like the songs of seraphim." The great preachers have all given close attention to style. So ideal a preacher and so fine a model of the picturesque in speech as the great Dr. Guthrie once said there were four books he read through every year as a literary discipline and because of their influence on his style of address: Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, the Bible, and three of Sir Walter Scott's novels—which he regarded as one. Professor Austin

Phelps says: "Great subjects insure solid thinking, and solid thinking prompts a sensible style, an athletic style, on some themes a magnificent style, and on all things a natural style."

And yet, above everything else, the preacher must be a prophet; his heart and mind must be attuned to the spiritual, for "where there is no vision, the people perish." The people will overlook many shortcomings if the preacher will come to them with the divine afflatus upon him of spiritual struggle and victory—if he will bring them a message bearing the signature of the Holy Spirit. The sermon must pass through the crucible of the heart to be effective. It must be baptized with blood. The most brilliant product of the imagination, the most entrancing conception of the intellect, will come short, and fail to strike the golden center, and fail to awaken any spiritual motion, if it come not from the heart, feathered by emotion. Yes, our ideals ought to be spiritual rather than intellectual. Twenty people are hungry of heart to one who is hungry of head. The commission is to feed God's sheep. To give to each member of the congregation a portion of meat in due season calls for earnest and methodical habits of study and a wise expenditure of the preacher's time and talents.

Peter Thompson

## Art. XII.—TOLSTOY: THE PEOPLE'S PROPHET

Christ's coronet crowns the count's career. Kings and kingdoms, poets and peasants, have felt the kingliness of his life and works, and on the ninth day of September learned and illiterate will gather to celebrate his eightieth birthday. According to the Russian calendar it will be the 28th of August.

His works have been translated into forty-five languages and dialects, and millions of copies are sold all over the world every year. Over forty pages of the British Museum Catalogue are filled with his publications and translations which bear his name. For over half a century the mightiest minds from far and near have been placing their laurels at his feet and would make him the world's literary master. He has influenced and directed thought and life as few prophets of the century have done. He is a prophet, a revealer. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that he is the greatest power in the world today. Matthew Arnold calls him "one of the most marking, interesting, and sympathy-inspiring men of our time—an honor, I must add, to Russia, although he forbids us to heed nationality." W. J. Dawson says: "Probably it is the boundless sympathy of Tolstoy's nature that has done more to give him his unique influence than even his rare genius. Agree or disagree with him as we will, the heart goes out for him, for he has what Mrs. Browning called 'the genius to be loved.' After all, is not this the highest of all genius?" And speaking of Tolstoy's story, The Death of Ivan Ilyitch, he says: "The able and searching realism of this fine study is certainly unsurpassed by anything in modern fiction." William Dean Howells said: "We must recognize Tolstoy as one of the greatest men of all time. If Tolstoy is the greatest imaginative writer who ever lived, it is because, beyond all others, he has written in the spirit of kindness, and not denied his own personal complicity with his art. He comes nearer unriddling life for us than any other writer. His writings and his life have meant more to me than any other man's." Turgeneff knew well the genius of Tolstoy. When upon

his dying bed he wrote: "I am on my deathbed. There is no possibility of my recovery. I write you expressly to tell you how happy I have been to be your contemporary, and to utter my last, my urgent prayer: Come back, my friend, to your literary labors. That gift came to you from the Source from which all comes to us. Ah, how happy I should be could I think you would listen to my entreaty! My friend, great writer of our Russian land, respond to it, obey it." He describes The Cossacks as the best novel in Russian, giving an incomparable picture of men and things in the Caucasus. "He has not lived merely to write," wrote E. Melchior de Vogue, "nor has he written in order to live. He wrote as a surgeon makes anatomical drawings, not for the sake of the drawings but in order to better understand man and his maladies. The epic, Peace and War, is the largest and most faithful mirror which has ever been held up before us in order that we may recognize in it our neighbors and friends." "His influence," said another, "is greater than that of any French or Russian writer. Seldom have a writer's talents been so universally acknowledged as the talents of the author of War and Peace, by all parties, all schools, all generations, all nationalities. Indisputable as life itself are his wonderful pictures of life. They are broad and varied as life, they are terrible as life, and profound. No one has fathomed such secret springs of the human soul, no one has followed it so closely to the threshold of earthly existence. Such is the artist with the greatest writing power ever displayed by a novelist." "All things considered," writes Hamilton Wright Mabie, "Tolstoy is the foremost man of letters now living. He is much more than a writer in the professional sense; he is the leading man of his race; he is a social reformer; he is an interpreter of religion. He has been a far more widely known figure than Gogol, Dostoyevski, or Turgeneff. In his War and Peace and Anna Karenina, Tolstoy shows a closeness and breadth of observation and insight into life, a force of imagination, a divination of sympathy, and a power of characterization which place him in the first rank of novelists and among great writers." Who is this master mind, moving as if with magic might the mightiest men of modern times? It is the voice of one crying in the wilderness,

"Make way for the Prince of Peace. Permit God to reign in your life. Live according to the teachings of Christ. Practice the gospel and not praise it." This is the world's greatest living prophet, with a deeper insight into human life and affairs than any man beneath the stars.

In the year 1828 Leo Nikolaievitch Tolstoy was born. When three years of age his mother departed this life, and he has only a sacred ideal of that one who gave him birth. His father died when he was nine years of age. He was left in the care of an aunt, who sought to show him the highest ideals of life and love. In his boyhood days his tutor looked upon him as neither able nor willing, but when he went to school at Moscow and wrote an essay, the teacher exclaimed: "What a mind!" He entered the university at Kazan, but spent his life much in pleasure and left the university, returning home to seek happiness in a better way. After a time he went to his brother in the army as a noncommissioned officer, then gave up the army and sought a quiet country place where he might recover from the evils which follow the soldier life. At this village the first sparks of talent flashed upon the great novelist. The awakening came in which there was an intense eagerness to do creative work. The result was Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth. He had looked into his own heart, and out of it wrote the classic of childhood. The Crimean War arrived, and Count Tolstoy was raised to the rank of artillery officer and sent to Sebastopol. Alexander II read his writings and sent word to those at the front not to endanger the life of Count Tolstoy. Tolstoy was at the siege of Sebastopol, and the three sketches published in the early fifties are the direct outcome of his own experience. They were published in book form in 1856. After that war experience Tolstoy could never be a Romanticist. Sebastopol gave him the abiding horror of war and an abiding suspicion of thoughtless patriotism; a sheaf of ghastly memories of butchery and death. His mission was to tell the truth about war and he did it well. He has reached a state where he has little desire to talk of Sebastopol. Of War and Peace or Anna Karenina he says: "They are like music; uniting people in pleasant feelings without seeking to improve them."

Thirty years ago a dark cloud gathered over his life; he was in a state of despair. He had gone to the old religions and philosophies for a meaning to life, and they brought him no comfort. All was dark. To take his own life seemed the best and most satisfactory thing to do. He lived the life of a Nihilist. In My Confession he relates his experience: "From the age of sixteen I ceased to pray and ceased, from conviction, to attend the service of the church and to fast. I believed in a God, or, rather, I did not deny the existence of a God, but what kind of a God I could not have told. The truth is, life was meaningless to me." He went to Socrates, Solomon, Buddha, Schopenhauer, but no hope came to his life. After a long time he found faith in God, read and reread the Gospels, and found in the Golden Rule the true meaning of life. He thus expresses it: "Every man has come into this world by the will of God, and God has so created man that every man is able to ruin or to save his soul. The problem of every man's life being to save his soul, in order to save his soul he must live after God's Word. To live after God's Word he must renounce the pleasures of life; must labor, be humble, endure, and be meek." He has since lived a life of childlike trust in God, daily doing some deeds of kindness, and today when he finds a soul in doubt he does not refer him to Kant or Hegel, but to Christ and the gospel. After this he began to renounce all that was unnecessary in life. He found the unnecessary demands of people, the burdens of people, the cares of people, so took up their time that they had but little time for care of the soul. The things which were not needful he began to cut out of his life, such as drinking wine and smoking, and lived on a simple vegetable diet. Before this he was thought likely to die of consumption. Now, at eighty, he is full of happiness, waiting for God's call to depart and be with him. From an earthen jug he drinks pure water, which he calls his "fine cider." He does not think himself perfect, because he is human, but he is viewed by many as the greatest man in Russia. After his Confession he wrote My Religion. "Five years ago"—that was when he was about fifty-five years of age—"I came to believe in the doctrine of Christ, and my whole life underwent a sudden transformation. What I once wished for I wished for no

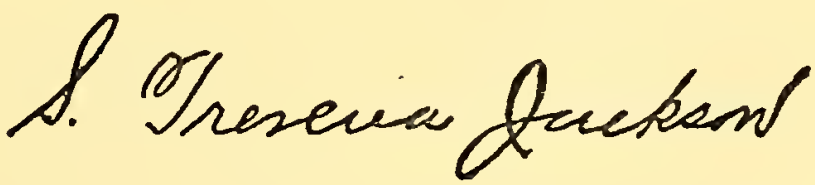
longer." Tolstoy did not aim to make a theory of the gospel which had wrought him this light, but with his whole soul and body to practice the teachings of Christ. He is a religious thinker. He has a conception of the Unseen which must make for righteousness in the seen. Religion is the greatest subject in all the world, and, if properly practiced, will produce and give to the world the best state for man and beast. He makes a marked distinction between the Christianity of Christ and that of the Russian Church, and also other churches which sanction the business of murder. His message is, "You cannot cure violence by violence." "Resist not evil." When asked what was the advantage of Christianity over Buddhism he replied: "Both religions are equally concerned to prepare man for what will follow after death, but Buddhism gives the world up as a bad job, whereas Christianity (at its best) trains the soul of man for what comes after by engaging him in the practical work of establishing the kingdom of righteousness here and now." A peasant wrote to him to find out a way to free them from oppression. His reply was: "There is but one remedy, and a simple and easy remedy it is, but people have long forgotten it. The remedy is 'Live in God.' To live in God you must live altogether in God, in all matters; not merely to burn candles, to serve mass, to fast, to cross yourself before images. To live in God means to live according to the commandments of the gospel. His Sermon on the Mount has the cure for all ills and wrongs of working men. If people only remembered Christ's principal law, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you,' all would be happy." Count Tolstoy's religion is to establish the kingdom of God on earth. This ideal he found taught by the prophets. All men should be taught of God and beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks. Christ's teaching differs from all other religious teaching in the manner of guiding people. With him it is the renunciation of self for the service of God. In one of his stories, Where Love Is There God Is, he brings Martin the cobbler from a life of doubt, darkness, and dread to the gospel of Christ as a gospel of light, love, and liberty. His life was transformed, and he even gave up his drop of brandy in order to aid the widow, orphan, and snow-sweeper. "We may smile at

the artlessness of this Russian evangelist," spoke one, "in his determination to find in the gospel the categorical imperative of self-renunciation. . . . We cannot refuse to admire a faith so sincere, so intense, and in many respects so elevating and so noble." It is worth while to read The Gospel In Brief for its wise use of the statements of the Lord's Prayer. At the conclusion he says: "I found to my astonishment and joy that the Lord's Prayer is nothing less than Christ's whole teaching stated in concise form." As a religious teacher he sees the need of revising the standards of value, and many of his works endeavor to show the folly of the unnecessary. We must recognize in life the value of activity in the aspirations for happiness, in the acquisition of spiritual and material wealth. To love one another is the need of the age. Make small demands on others, follow Jesus, proceed to do something useful. "Cease to do evil, learn to do well" is his message. He is always pleading the life of the Spirit. If Jesus were Master and Guide, poverty would cease. Wealth, titles, position, fame, amusements, are only apples of Sodom. He brings man near to God, and in his drama The Power of Darkness he has Akin say: "Confess to God; don't be afraid of men. God—God—He is here —God will forgive, my dear child. You have not spared yourself." He does not separate religion from morals, for he says that "governments should not exist unless they care for the moral well-being of their citizens." In the true teaching of Christ he sees the hope of peace, and is ever proclaiming to the world the message that Christ came to give peace, not a sword.

On the world's temperance question he is well informed and on the evils of strong drink. He has a drama in which he makes the devil personally appear as the maker and distributer of liquor. Millions of laborers who might be making useful things for men are occupied in producing intoxicating beverages, wine, beer, and brandy. He knows it is the greatest evil which confronts a civilized race. He states that according to the reports of the courts nine tenths of the misdemeanors occur when men are intoxicated. Then he brings convincing proof from this land. He says: "In certain states of America where wine and the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors are prohibited crimes have almost

ceased. Liquor is such a curse, if I voted at all, I would vote it out of existence." He is one of the world's greatest prophets of work and prayer. Nevertheless, on June 20 of the present year the Censorship Department of the Ministry of the Interior at Saint Petersburg ordered suppressed Count Tolstoy's books on Christianity.

Let us go down the long alley of birches and look at this man of eighty years among his books. He is reading the best thoughts of the greatest writers—Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Xenophon, Seneca, Socrates, Plutarch, Rousseau, Lessing, Kant, Emerson, Ruskin, Amiel—and the gospel, and thus he is working and waiting for the Infinite Father God, and death has no sting for him. He sits in the eventide of life with the glow of love and God upon his brow and says, as a prophet of immortality, "The thing for us to know is that life will not end. As soon as we transform our *ego* into the spiritual life we live for a spiritual end. Thus our life cannot cease. It is a part of God." And what will this life be? He need not concern himself about that since he has faith in God as a Father, from whom he has proceeded, to whom he goes, and with whom he has lived, lives, and shall live: "I do not wish for gain or fame, nor for any worldly consideration, but to fear Him who sent me into this world, to whom I am expecting hourly to return. One thing is certain and indubitable, that which Christ said when he was dying: 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit.' That is, at death I return whence I came. Not only have I no regret but I rejoice at the thought of the passage which awaits me. True life is immortal and I have no fear of the grave."



# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

## NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

A BIT from President Carl G. Doney's inaugural at West Virginia Wesleyan College:

A newspaper edited by a foolish man recently said that "Christian people with their notions of God and morality are like children crying for the moon." Well, people do cry for the moon and they get it! John Knox cried for the moon, got it and with it gave England a light that shines over the world. The Pilgrim Fathers cried for the moon and America has walked fearlessly in its radiance ever since it was called to its zenith over Plymouth Rock. Governor Hughes cried for the moon the other day and the devils of darkness could not prevent him getting it. President Roosevelt has been crying for the moon for seven years and the centripetal force of righteousness is giving it to him. The Anti-Saloon League is crying for the moon and two hundred thousand saloons are looking for dark holes before the full light falls upon them. The modern beatitude, sanctioned by Holy Writ and the sane souls of men, says, "Blessed are they who cry for the moon, for they shall get it."

## A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION[1]

WE detain our own attention and invite that of others over this book because a thoughtful and experienced physician's views of his own profession, of mankind, and of life in general have a good chance of being interesting; also because a doctor's sphere and experience and those of a minister have not a little in common or in resemblance, so that some things true in the one case are likewise true in the other; and, finally, because this particular doctor declares with positiveness his belief in Psyche, the Soul (which is our peculiar concern) as being as certainly a reality as is the body (which is his special study). We love him because he hates Haeckel, and smites him and his miserable, measly materialism heartily and heavily. Though compelled by his trade to dig in the bowels of nature, this physician proclaims his faith in the indestructible human soul.

It is the business of both Medicus and Clericus to deal directly and immediately with human nature, not with things but with people, though from opposite sides—one the physician of the body, the other the physician of the soul. The twofoldness of man should be

[1] *Confessio Medici.* By the writer of The Young People. 12mo, pp. 156. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth $1.25, net.

obvious to both. One, concerned chiefly with the body, cannot fail to notice the powerful influence of the mind on some physical conditions; the other, interested primarily in the moral nature, the soul, knows that the spiritual life is not unaffected by bodily conditions and that the spirit is manifested and measured by the deeds done in the body. The human being is two-sided, and the whole man can be approached and affected from either side. You may excite the whole man, body and mind, by putting a stimulant (say alcohol) into his stomach; and equally may excite the whole man, spirit and body, by putting an idea (say an exasperating insult) into his mind. Physician and clergyman ministering to the same being, attending helpfully to his life, and bent on variously saving him, know each other as coworkers and brothers, meeting often in sick-chambers, watching in anxiety, rejoicing in convalescence, or sorrowing over death. It can scarcely be regarded as strange if, as happens to other specialists, the minister should be liable to overlook the importance of the body or overestimate the range of the power of the human spirit, and the physician should be in danger of coming to think the body to be everything—the only reality—the candle of which what is called the soul is only the flame, so that when one burns out the other ceases to be. The most significant value of Dr. Paget's book is that in it he asserts with full conviction the reality, independence, and persistence of the soul.

This book is a "confessio," not in the sense of a story of personal sins spoken through a lattice window in a two-compartment wooden box to a father confessor, but in the sense, say, of the Westminster Confession, in which men stated some of the things which they knew or believed. That is this author's purpose. Having experienced and observed, investigated, reflected, and reasoned for years in close contact with the facts of life, he wishes now, before it is too late, to say what he thinks. Hear him: "I only want to confess what I have learned, so far as I have come, from my life, so far as it has gone." Hence this book, the author of which is said to be Dr. Stephen Paget, son of the famous Sir James Paget, who was surgeon to Queen Victoria and King Edward. Dr. Paget thinks well of his own profession. He says: "There is not one profession that we need envy, for there is none that gives its students such a good introduction to things as they are." On the title-page he quotes Louis Stevenson's opinion that the physician is the flower of our civilization, that he shares as little as any in the defects of his period, and most notably exhibits the virtues of the human race. Nobody would expect us to claim less than that

for the ministerial profession. He asks, what better profession than medicine, what more liberal and lovable, for a young man who does not feel a definite vociferous call to anything else? If we all sat and waited for such a call, we would sit there forever. "Give me something to do," cry the young men; "put me into a decent profession and let me take my chance. Jack is in the Navy, and Joe is in business in the city, and bless me also, O my father, and find me some work, I don't much care what." And in this state of manly and wholesome impatience, it comes to pass that one more young man sets out to be a doctor. "Every year," says Dr. Paget, "men enter the medical profession who are neither born doctors, nor have any great love of science. Without a welcome, or money, or prospects, they fight their way into practice, and in practice they find it hard-worked, ill-thanked, and ill-paid: there are times when they say, 'What call had I to be a doctor?' But they stick to it, and that not only from necessity but from pride, honor, conviction; and heaven, sooner or later, lets them know what it thinks of them." He says they may some day conclude that their diploma, earned by hard study and paid for by hard cash, was a summons from heaven; and he adds: "If a doctor's life may not be a divine vocation, then no life is a vocation, and nothing is divine." It is good for any man to be able to feel that way about his lifework.

What Dr. Paget says of the change from preparatory studies in the medical college to actual contact with living, sensitive, suffering reality in hospital practice, is in some sense true of the transition from college or professional school to actual practice in almost any sphere of activity. In each case it is a plunge into *things as they are.*

> Sickness, as Lucretius says of impending death, shows us *things as they are:* the mask is torn off, the facts remain. That is the spiritual method of the hospital: it makes use of sickness to show us *things as they are.* This delicate word, "sickness," includes drink, the contagious diseases, infant mortality, starvation, the sweating system, the immigrant alien, dangerous trades, insanity, childbirth, heredity, attempted suicide, accidents, assaults, and all the innumerable adventures, tragical or comical, which end in the Casualty Department. To a young man of good disposition, tired of the preliminary sciences, and of humanity stated in terms of anatomy and physiology to the satisfaction of the examiners, this plunge into the actual flood of lives is a fine experience. Hitherto he has learned organisms; now he begins to learn lives. He need not go, like other young men, for that lesson to the slums, for they come to him; and that thrilling drama, How the Poor Live, is played to him, daily, by the entire company, hero and heroine, villain and victim, comic relief, scenic effects, and a great crowd of supers at the back of the stage—undesired babies, weedy little boys and girls, Hooligans, consumptive workpeople, unintelligible foreigners, voluble ladies, old folk of diverse temperaments, and many, too

many, more comfortable but not more interesting people. It all happens so naturally, with such a quick and sure touch: the reality of the day's work, the primal meaning of the crowd, the clash of hand-to-hand encounter with diseases and injuries, urge him to unexpected uses of himself. Here are the very people of the streets, whom he passes every day, here they are coming to him for help, to him of all men, telling him all about it, how it happened, what it feels like, why they did it; looking to him, right away, for advice and physic. They are no two of them quite alike, and their records, laid before him, range through every intermediate shade from purest white to a nauseating black. He begins to see that he has more to learn than the use of a stethoscope: *he must learn lives.* The problem of lives exalted, or sunk, or messed away, knocks at his heart. Let other young men write lurid little books, and tear the veil from the obvious, and be proud of that achievement. What are they to him, who entertains daily, as a matter of course, both hell and heaven? I say that he sees *things as they are;* but I do not say that he puts a right interpretation to all that he sees. At first, I think, he is apt to look too hard at the dark side. There are times when all London seems to him rotten with contagious diseases and sodden with drink, a city as gross and vulgar as Rome under Nero; and down with a crash come Faith, Hope, and Charity, and he reads the universe as a bad job, and half wonders what is the good, in such a world, of being good. That is the shock of collision with things as they are: and you may hear him quoting, "Hell was a city very much like London." But the bright side, the courage and patience of the majority of his guests, their courtesy, their honor, their humor, are always before him: which may help him to set up again, on stronger pedestals, these three, Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Dr. Paget speaks of the severe and chastening disciplines which medical practice inflicts on the practitioner. There is the discipline of living under heavy responsibility and in fear of making a mistake—a serious or fatal mistake. This fear of doing harm is called *the strain of medical practice.* Next is the depressing burden of his failures; some of his patients die or fail of a cure in his hands; and he knows that sometimes, justly or unjustly, the blame is laid on him. There are, indeed, various chastisements which doctors suffer at the hands of their patients, or at the hands of their brethren. They are not unlike those a minister has to endure. Says this physician in words which a minister can understand:

When we take our work in hand, it takes us in hand, and chastises us. Nothing is more certain than its use of the scourge on us; and we need not go outside the day's work to learn obedience. *"Talk of the patience of Job,"* said a hospital nurse, *"Job never was on night duty in a hospital."* She had found the discipline of practice in her profession, and it had found her. And we find ours. Consider, in what measure we are subject to public opinion, and for what good purposes. We have to bear, now and again, gossip, ill-will, distrust, the proud man's contumely, the insolence of office. There really are people, happily they are rare, who dislike all doctors, and are full of stories against us. In the silly season, but they never seem to go out of season, they write in this or that paper, under the head-line, "Are Doctors Avaricious?" To them we are Shylock; they even go back to the old idea, which to my thinking

was the true idea, of a comic Shylock. And, in every place, there is gossip, and one or more idiots who wound characters to kill time. As for gossip, we are none of us perfect, and some of it is true; and the rest we can alleviate. Like the pilgrim, condemned to walk to Rome with peas in his shoes, who accepted the penance, but boiled the peas, so is the solvent action on gossip of a good temper and a clear conscience. But the young doctor, the new doctor, in a gossipy house, must never be off his guard. He has seen and prescribed for his patient, and has said all that need be said to the friends; and there is tea, and what seems a favorable opportunity for extending the practice. Trust them not, young man: put your fingers in your ears, and flee from the City of Destruction of Reputations. If you must stay, do not stay long, and keep the door of your lips. Talk of the patient, of the weather, or of the proposition, which will as surely as the bread-and-butter be handed to you, that "There is a good deal of illness about." Avoid all topics of church and state, quote neither poetry nor prose, give neither censure nor approval to music and the drama, hide your liking for any art but your own. Leave behind you, for gossip to lap, a saucerful of the milk of human kindness. Never mind about producing a favorable impression; *produce this one impression: that you know your work*, and that it will not be your fault if it fails; and then flee. Besides gossip, which is the discipline of our tempers, we have to bear opposition, which is the discipline of our convictions. The antivaccinationist, the antivivisectionist, and the Christian Scientist, are against us. So much the better for our faith in our calling. And, of course, we have no quarrel with anybody who honestly wants to know why we believe in the protective efficacy of vaccination, the necessity for experiments on animals, and the reality of disease. Our quarrel is, and should be fiercely maintained, against the chief offenders, the societies, the paid officials, the itinerant lecturers with their platform facts. Yet I advise the young doctor not to rush unarmed, not even to the defense of science and ethics. Our opponents fight us with platform facts; we must beat them with true facts. I advise all students, when they have time, to get a fair knowledge of these three subjects, which cannot be done without steady reading. Not only their duty to their profession but their own interests urge them to be thus definite; neither the profession nor the public admires Mr. Facing-both-ways. And it is well, also, to keep close at hand for reference a store of instances and figures; for we ought to be as firm on the right side as our opponents are fluent on the wrong side.

Dr. Paget says that what people want of a physician is not that he be a man of other accomplishments, of wide general reading, of artistic culture; but that he shall understand his business, and their condition, and be able to help them, and be completely absorbed in them and intent on serving their needs. In what he says there may be some hint for ministers. The greatest sermons are those that *help* people; and the highest praise a minister gets is when some earnest soul says, "You helped me." And a minister's own experience of sickness, doubt, affliction will help him to understand and help others. Hear this physician's talk to young doctors:

I know of one patient who said to a friend, *I don't want my doctor to talk to me about the National Gallery;* which is a shrewd saying, and has taught me to avoid all such dangerous topics. Anyhow, people who are seriously ill

care no more for preciosity in us than for gold-dust in beef-tea. What they want is a man who has just had and cured a case exactly like theirs; and he need not be a judge of anything outside their insides. It is poor comfort to them, to know that he is very fond of really good poetry. Young men, whose pride bruises at a touch, are apt to be offended, when they are thus classed as plumbers and glaziers of the body. Perhaps they have never been seriously ill, never come to that point of sharp thought where the physician, the surgeon, the anaesthetist, are your best friends, your Godsends, not because they talk to you about the National Gallery, but just because they do not talk, but dose, anaesthetize, and incise you. Every doctor, early in his course, ought to stand at that point. You cannot be a perfect doctor, till you have been a patient: you cannot be a perfect surgeon, till you have enjoyed in your own person some surgical experience. Enjoyed, I say, and stick to the word. Count the ways of enjoyment. To be the dear object of so much care and friendship, to be compassed about with hopes and prayers, is there no pleasure in that? To behave nicely, and nothing common do or mean, upon that memorable scene, but lie on the operating-table like Patience on a monument, is there no pleasure in that act of self-control? On you, on you, rests the love of many hearts, and every pulse in the house is quick with thinking of you. Somebody, these last few days, for I take it that you are married, or at the least engaged, has been at her wits' end of miserable anxiety for your sake: and behold, this morning early, she brings you roses and lilies, and wears a wonderful mechanical smile, a most curious grimace, which makes her more beautiful than ever. It is time for the operation. You are, what is so rare in this world, at rest. The very elements of thought and of will, the disposition of the least bodily act, are now to be taken out of your hands. Put them by your side, and shut your eyes. Go to sleep: do nothing, think of nothing, be nothing. Shut your eyes; go to sleep. Before you wake, back in bed, the good news of your safety will be rapped out, like a spiritualist message, at remote telegraph offices; and kind people, ever so far off, will be saying, all in a breath, *O my dear it says doing favorably operation perfectly successful no immediate anxiety thank God best love Tomkins;* and your lady of the roses and lilies, with her pretty face all amudged with crying, and one ear red with listening at the key-hole, will give you such a kiss as no man deserves to have twice. And you, though you feel horribly sick, being so full of ether that you reek like a peppermint-drop, are proud, yes, and happy, and through the fumes of the clinging anaesthetic you are the captain of your soul. Besides, see what you have gained in practice. To be ill, or to undergo an operation, is to be initiated into the mystery of nursing, and to learn the comforts and discomforts of an invalid's life; the unearthly fragrance of tea at daybreak, the disappointment of rice-pudding when you thought it was going to be orange-jelly, and the behavior of each constituent part of the bedclothes. You know, henceforth, how many hours are in a sleepless night; and what unclean fancies will not let us alone when we are ill; and how illness may blunt anxiety and fear, so that the patient is dull, but not unhappy or worried; and how we cling to life, not from terror of death, nor with any clear desire for the remainder of life, but by nature, not by logic. In brief, you learn from your own case many facts which are not in text-books and lectures: and your patients, in the years to come, will say that they prefer you to the other doctor, because you seem to understand exactly how they feel. [People will prefer one minister to another for the same reason—he understands them.] I wish you therefore, young man, early in your career, a serious illness, or an operation, or both. For thus, and thus alone, may you complete your education, and crown your learning with the pure gold of ex-

perience. The crown of experience is like the crown of Lombardy, a band of iron set in a band of gold: and it is believed, even now, by some people, that the iron of that crown is more valuable than the gold.

Ministers may be interested in what is said of the advantages of plain and simple apartments for a professional man:

Of the spirit of medical practice, this much may safely be said, that it does not readily enter into a life which is full of furniture. It must have opportunity for its influence; it cannot write on walls which are covered with pictures, or make its voice heard above music and much talking: the life must be clear, affording space, and observing silence. I have had the honor of knowing many great physicians and surgeons; and I see this in all, or nearly all, of them, that, when they were young, they made ready, for the coming of the spirit of practice, apartments of the utmost simplicity: quiet, bare, whitewashed, empty little rooms. Some of us block the room with all that we put in it. I know a man who did that. He crammed his brains with books, and learned whole sciences by heart, and read till he could read no more: that was how he furnished the room, and it looked like the inside of a second-hand furniture shop, and he could hardly move without knocking down something, or hurting himself. He was a young man with a great deal of taste; so he decorated the room, very prettily, with soft-colored upholstery, and old engravings, and casts of the Parthenon frieze, and a piano, and complete editions of the poets. "Now," said he, "the place is ready, at last, for the spirit of practice." But practice went elsewhere. The spirit of practice loves to enter such lives as offer to it neither adornments, nor views out of the window, but a bare room and expectant silence, and passionate longing for it, and for it alone.

Speaking of the rewards of his profession, this is part of what Dr. Paget says:

Many and great are the rewards in kind which we have of practice: the world never seems tired of telling us how thankful we ought to be for our blessings. And, truly, we are. The depth and the width of our work, its bewildering diversity, its vivid discoveries, its science, all these make us happy. So does its humanity, so rich in the friendship and the good will of our patients. I hesitate to allude to their gratitude, because modern thought is inclined to explain away gratitude; still, there it is, and we, not being the least bit like Wordsworth, and seeing many sights that oftener leave us mourning, are very fond of gratitude. Further, we have this reward of practice, that we are, within ample limits, independent of all forms and ceremonies. Wherever we go we are taken for granted, and the world neither suspects our motives nor doubts our word. We have nothing up our sleeves. Nowhere need the doctor feel, if the phrase may be pardoned, out of it, save that he may be embarrassed by sudden admission inside a sacred circle of hopes and fears all spinning round a case that he has never seen before. We come natural to people; which is more than can be said of every profession. [It can be said of the pastor.] It is an honor to come natural to people; and it is a pleasure. Everywhere, from the smart set, whatever that may be, to the slums—and we know better than most folk what the slums are—we are understood and welcome. "I'm so glad you are here," says the grand house, all huddled under the blow which has fallen on it; the house hardly knows itself, the invitation cards over the mantelpiece have an air of mockery, the sounds of the street are insufferable, the very window blinds are tugging at their cords to be let down. "I'm so

glad you are here," says the little house in the slums; "come along quick, doctor, ahe's awful bad." Of course we must not be proud that we are wanted. The cat's-meat man, for instance, is not proud that the cats want him, and come twisting out of every area. Still, if I were he, I should try to be glad of such a welcome. But to be wanted by men and women, to come natural to them in time of trouble, is a very different matter, and may fairly be called a career. The doctor goes straight to his work, and is let through to it without delay or hindrance: his business is privileged, his authority admitted, his presence explains itself. At once he comes natural into lives all scared and shaken by aome disaster so unexpected that he seems the one natural event in the house. O, we have our faults, and may be made to look very funny on the stage or in a novel; but life is not measured that way.

What doctors think of the most successful humbug of our day is probably well indicated in the following:

If we are to fight Christian Science, we must make haste; for it will not long survive its founder. It will die before it gets to the poor. Not that it ahows any great anxiety to get to the poor, so long as it can get at the rich. It will go down hill quick, for it is not strong; how could it be, with such a family history, with Fear for its father, and with such a mother as Mrs. Eddy? See how delicate it is. It says nothing, or next to nothing, about our sins; does just mention them, but tends to explain them away as illusions. It appeals to our belief in our own cleverness; hints at a philosophical superiority, a purer vision, a rarer atmosphere; suggests to me that Plato and I would find a lot to talk about, and that most people are in darkness, but I am in light. Its one vital doctrine is this, that God is real. What then is the God of Christian Science? He is, if you unwrap him, the Infinite, the One, the All, merum Ens, pure Being; above superstition, above anthropomorphism, above the comprehension of hishops, priests, and deacons, especially deacons. This comfortless word "Being," whether in Greek, Latin, or English, always leaves me where it finds me. Still, in this high creed, we must recognize an air of Aristotle, a sense of freedom, and an exercise of the reason, which must all of them, especially the last, be very refreshing to fashionable society. Here, in this cult of Being, we have, if the phrase may be forgiven, a very large order. For you cannot worship merum Ens without paying for that intellectual treat. If nothing is real but pure Being, and we must lift up our thoughts all that tremendous way, or nowhere, then it is plain that health, comfort, and life are no more real than aickness, pain, and death. If the black squares on the chessboard are not real, neither are the white; and a strong spine is just as illusory as a weak one. Christian Science, on its own showing, has only substituted one set of illusions for another. "Look at this advertisement," says the proprietor of a soap or a pill, "and you see green on a red ground. Shut your eyes, and you see red on a green ground." That is how the proprietors of Christian Science capture men. There must be much virtue in a soap, if you can see its name with your eyes shut: and red on green must, of course, be more real than green on red, because green on red is what you see with your eyes open, just like ordinary people. It comes to this, that the Christian Scientist, though she sounds very subtle, is not; for she has two Gods, one to explain her pleasures, and the other to explain away her pains; one popular and in touch with the world, the other metaphysical and not in touch with the world. The testimonials, at the end of the official book, are sad reading. Here are the obsessed, they who cannot help thinking of their insides, and watch for symptoms, and talk of diseases, and read medical books, and are very sensitive, and never know what

it is to feel well. The neurotic man who lost all liking for tobacco, thanks to Christian Science; and the diphtheritic child who coughed up some membrane, thanks to Christian Science, and sang a hymn; and the lady who had such a bad time with her first baby, and such an easy time, thanks to Christian Science, with her second—they all are witnesses. You note, especially, that if a man is in such pain that he cannot fix his mind on Mrs. Eddy's methods, he may have morphia till he can; and that surgical cases, for the present, had better be left to the surgeon, till the world has more faith; but you are not told which cases are surgical and which are medical. I should like to collect and publish what our chief physicians and surgeons know of the works of Christian Science. But apart from its works, and the ill-gotten gains of its proprietors, I hate its faith; and, if it were going to stay in this world, I should thank my God that I am not.

This physician, saying that doctors need to pray for many gifts, quotes the prayer of the ancient pagan, Juvenal, which is considered "one of the world's masterpieces," though it is poor compared with Christian prayers. Juvenal says that we know not how to pray; that we pray for wealth, glory, elegance, beauty, strength, long life, and that if the gods should grant our prayers we would thereby bring on ourselves misery and ruin. And Juvenal adds: "Well, then, shall men stop praying? If you want my advice, you will let the gods themselves decide what is good for us and useful for our stations in life. For they will give us, not the pleasures of the moment, but all that is most fit for us. Man is dearer to them than to himself. Still, that you may have something to say, some prayer to go with your sacrifices, pray for a sound mind in a sound body. Ask for a brave heart, wholly free from the fear of death; a heart which reckons mere length of days among the least of Nature's kindnesses, and can bear all hardships, and cannot lose its temper over trifles, and covets nothing, and is persuaded that the bitter labors of Hercules have more salvation in them than the lust and luxury of Sardanapalus. Behold, I am telling you of those gifts which you can give to yourself."

To these words of Juvenal our physician adds the following: "But these gifts will not suffice. Pray to the gods, also, for a fair measure of the love of science, a good memory, a quiet manner, the accurate use of your hands and your senses, and give thanks for the necessity of working for a living and the privilege of being useful. Pray even for opposites; for humility and pride, for plodding business-ways and for the wings of ambition, for a will both stubborn and flexible; and, *above all, for that one gift which has been the making of the best men in our profession, the grace of simplicity of purpose.*" Amen! Not in the profession of medicine alone, but in all professions, and pre-

eminently in that of the ministry, is singleness of aim the making of the best men—men not distracted by restless, gadding ambitions for notice and place, emolument and preferment, but devoted to their God-given task and concentrating on it all their thought, desire and energy; trusting themselves and their fortunes wholly to their fidelity, diligence and devotion, whithersoever these may carry them.

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## HUMILITY

The New Testament is the text-book of humility. Whoso undertakes to live by it must be willing to be humble-hearted. About this there is no room for dispute. Our Lord and Saviour said: "Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart." And again: "Whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." The children of this world are out of sympathy with such teachings. That wild genius, Nietzsche, saved us the trouble of branding him as an immoralist by calling himself by that name. In addition his vanity prompted him to claim to be "the great immoralist," wherein his vanity led him astray, there being numerous persons in prison and out of it who easily exceeded Nietzsche in the actual perpetration of immorality. Denouncing the Christian virtues in general, he particularly declared humility to be a mean, unmanly, pusillanimous and contemptible trait, the mark of a weak nature. In so saying he illustrated the universal truth that whoso contradicts Jesus Christ on matters of which he spoke is a fool as well as a blasphemer. Nietzsche's topsy-turvy brain constructed an inverted moral cosmogony, stood the universe on its head, wrenched reason and conscience and truth asunder, and made "a mad world, my masters," before he was himself carried to the madhouse. There is no reason why we should take a lunatic's lucubrations very seriously; yet his bitter antagonism to Christ and Christian teaching affords fresh proof that the carnal mind, the spirit of this world, is enmity against God. A fair exhibition of Nietzsche's temper was in his saying that if any gods whatever existed, he could not possibly endure not to be a god himself. He never would consent that any being should be greater than he was. "Therefore," he reasoned, "there cannot be any God or gods," which reasoning seems to have satisfied his own mind, but is far from convincing to the rest of mankind. The natural effect of the supernatural gospel, the work of Christ in the hearts of men, is to make them humble and keep them so. Bishop H. H. Montgomery,

secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, himself English to the core, speaking of the effect of the gospel upon the English race, says: "The Englishman does not see God easily. It is hard for him not to be an agnostic. It is one of the marvels of history that our English race has become an apostle and herald of the faith. We do not lack fiber, but more than any other race we need a broken heart; and that fracture was effected by the power of the gospel."

Broken-heartedness and humility are endangered by prosperity and success, prominence and power; and the loss of them means deterioration in the man himself and probably in the quality of his products. Dr. John Brown, the wise Edinburgh physician, referring to the danger of elation and inflation from popularity, says: "Generally speaking, a man should stand in doubt of himself when he is very popular. He should suspect that there must be some bit of quackery about him. Few things are more disorganizing to the intellect and to the moral sense, or more likely to develop the hump and deform the man, than that open-mouthed readiness on the part of the public to take anything from some men and to applaud everything they say. No man's greatest was ever brought forth under such conditions, or in the intoxicating atmosphere of popularity and adulation."

When self-complacency takes the place of humility beauty of character is blemished and tarnished. Bishop Wiley and a friend, walking along a city street, paused in front of a photographer's window to look at the picture of a noted preacher. Both agreed that it was life-like. As they resumed their walk Bishop Wiley pertinently remarked in his cool, quiet way: "I have long had three wishes. One is that I might have five months of perfect health; another is that I might have five weeks of perfect rest; and the third is that I might have five minutes of perfect satisfaction with myself—just to know how it feels." The gentle irony of the last clause in the Bishop's remark means that self-complacency is not a grace of character nor an admirable condition of mind. Loss of humility leaves one a prey to vanity which sometimes swells to grotesque proportions. William Winter tells of a notoriously egotistical clergyman concerning whom it was said, when inquiry was made as to what that self-satisfied ecclesiastic was doing, "He is waiting for a vacancy in the Trinity." There have been persons who wore such an absurdly lofty air as to recall "Rule Forty-two" which the King in Alice in Wonderland read

from his book: "All persons more than a mile high must leave the court." It is easy to smile at egregious vanity, for its antics often contribute to the gaiety of nations; but in reality it is no laughing matter, it rots the roots of character and often becomes a vice in morals. Moreover, it invites and frequently bodes disaster. He who carries a high head and rides a high horse is probably riding for a fall. History is full of illustrations. The downfall of Cicero from his pinnacle of influence in Rome is thus touched upon by Macaulay: "The vice of egotism was rapidly growing on Cicero. He had attained the highest point of power which he ever reached, and his head was undoubtedly a little turned by his elevation. Afterward this vile habit tainted his speaking and writing, so as to make much of his finest rhetoric almost disgusting. On all occasions he gave himself airs which, as Plutarch tells us, made him generally odious and were the real cause of his banishment from Rome." Cicero's speech on behalf of the poet Archias, a magnificent encomium, was so blemished by insufferable egotism that Macaulay cries out: "What unhappy madness led Cicero always to talk of himself? He was really mad with vanity." And, largely because of this, darkness and impending danger were gathering around Cicero.

A plain American was waiting at the railway station at Geneva, Switzerland, when the Shah of Persia, Nasr-Ed-Din, rode up in a carriage guarded by armed postilions and outriders to take the train. His face was the most imperious and despotic ever seen—like that of a tyrant accustomed to take men's heads off with a look. As he stepped upon the station platform he passed within three feet of the American. The latter did not step back, but stood rather more erect than usual, and looked calmly into the haughty and almost menacing eyes of the monarch, thinking within himself, "The ruler who carries such a face as that invites assassination"—which was the fate that finally overtook that Shah.

If it be true that popularity and high position endanger a man's humility, it is also true that humbleness of heart is all the more needful for filling such a position well, and if the voters or appointers could prediscern which man of ability was sane enough and steady enough and sweet-souled enough to retain his humility after elevation, he is the man whom they would exalt. It is also true that humility is possible in the highest place; and if any man occupying such a place wishes to crown his other qualifications with the one superlative grace which will win divine approval and compel the homage of human love, let

him kneel on the height where he has been placed and pray to heaven for a humble heart.

In Lake Maggiore, Italy, on one of the Borromean Islands is an old palace the striking feature of which is the word "Humilitas," lettered large on all parts of the building, without and within. A palatial villa blazoned with "Humility" strikes the tourist as an incongruity. But a sweet and humble spirit is sometimes found in high places; and lowly station is no guarantee against a morose, overbearing, and domineering spirit. Matthew Simpson was noted for sweetness of nature and gentleness of manner. The near friends of Edward G. Andrews caught every now and then a glimpse of the genuine humility of his inmost heart. Both these men were exacting toward themselves and had deep reverence for their work; the modesty of great ability and of noble nature was exemplified in them. Bishop Andrews, though the most orderly and accurate of bishops, when once a slight mistake in one of his reports was pointed out to him, saw it at a glance, and with chagrin on his face, and a tone of impatience at himself in his voice, said: "That shows what a fool I am." So solemn was his sense of responsibility for doing his work well that he flogged himself for any imperfection therein. Men knew him to be very capable and very careful; but he told of his blunders. A most discerning sentence in the Episcopal Address at the General Conference of 1908 speaks of Bishop Andrews as being "held in high esteem for the qualities in which he thought himself deficient." He was held in high esteem for pure and fervent piety, and his brethren were so sure of him in this that his frequent "Amen" was an uplift and reënforcement to them when they prayed or preached in his presence; but he esteemed others better than himself, and wished he could be as good as his brethren,—of like spirit with another who said, "I try to be as pious as I can, but am careful not to imagine myself to be more pious than my brethren." Bishop Andrews was held in high esteem for wisdom, but he had been heard to call himself a fool. He was held in high esteem for good judgment as to men and things, but he thought his judgment must be very poor, because men and things sometimes turned out different from his expectations and predictions. He was held in high esteem as being learned in law and history and precedent and in other things, but he regarded himself as only a student, not a master; and he died learning. When past eighty and on the retired list, he still kept alert watch for the best new books and kept on buying them with the eager thirst of a young preacher. One summer day in our New

York bookstore, looking over the newest books, he caught sight of Dr. W. M. Ramsay's portly volume on the Epistles to the Seven Churches in Asia. The price was three dollars, no discount allowed, and he on half salary. He glanced through it, fondled it, and said: "I don't see how I can afford it, but I must have it." And he lugged it off, with that deliciously guilty feeling which a minister has when he knows he has committed the crime of extravagance in buying books. His colleagues called him "a wonderful man," but when this came to his ears he said, quite sharply: "O, pshaw!".

Self-excusing is a vicious habit, due to fond self-love and a want of true humility. The Flagellants of the Middle Ages were fanatics doubtless, but they had sense enough to whip themselves for their sins and faults and not to blame their failures on something or somebody else. We are too ready to lay the blame of our mistakes and shortcomings on circumstances, on our fellow-men, on our wives, or even sometimes on God, as did the little girl who sat by the table under the evening lamp working with a distressed face at her arithmetic lesson for tomorrow, and who, when asked what was the matter, replied: "I can't do my sums, and I've asked God to help me, and he's made three mistakes already." Shakespeare has difficulty in persuading us that "it is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings." The wisest word said by Hamilton W. Mabie at a dinner given in his honor by the University Club in New York was this: "I have always heard that a man is in the sanest attitude toward life when he charges his failures straight home to himself, to his lack of vision, his lack of grasp, his lack of continuity and persistence, his lack of character; and that, in taking account of his successes, if he have any, he ought to recognize humbly how much he may have owed to propitious circumstances, to the helpful favor of his fellow-men, and to the unmerited mercy of Divine Providence." On the other hand, in explaining the successes of other men we need to beware of supposing them to be due to accident or good luck or favoritism on the part of God. It has been well said that when you see a man who has achieved eminent success, you may be sure it is not due to good luck, but because he has persistently used means of self-discipline which the average man neglects.

> The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight;
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night.

Blessed is the man who guards against self-complacency, who deals

austerely with himself, plays the part of stern schoolmaster toward his powers, and drives his nature with a firm will, making his faculties feel "the curb that galls and the lash that falls and the sting of the roweled steel." The moment of self-indulgence is the moment of unworthiness and of peril.

Kipling somewhere speaks of a soldier learning to count his regiment a holy thing; which means that the man comes to worship his part in the regiment and his obligation to it with every drop of his blood, and is ready to bleed his veins empty on any field in service of the cause in which his regiment is enlisted. Lack of deep reverence for and real devotion to his regiment and his work is the secret of the inefficiency of many and the decline and downfall of some. One morning, in a General Conference session, two members of a certain delegation spied a man of rather lofty bearing sitting uninvited on the platform near the bishops. The man was then without a church and on the supernumerary list because of his unwillingness to accept what the appointing power could give him. Once in his life he was pastor of a famous church in a great and beautiful city. The devil tempted him to infer that he himself must be great and beautiful too or he would not be in such a place; and consulting his self-consciousness the man found that it confirmed the devil's suggestion. That was, practically, the end of his ministry, as the cunning devil meant it should be. After that the man virtually said to the appointing powers: "I will accept another pastorate, if you will offer me one worthy of so great a man as I know myself to be. Otherwise, gentlemen, I will not condescend to preach the everlasting gospel to a lost world any more." Thenceforth the church had no place to offer that was up to his demands. Said one General Conference delegate to his neighbor, looking at the tall, erect, imposing figure on the platform: "How is it that the church has no place for that man?" "Because lordliness is not wanted anywhere," was the reply. Puffed up with vanity and a sense of his own dignity, a lordly feeling had taken possession of the man; and all humility, all reverence for the sanctity of his high commission, all sense of the hallowed glory of the privilege of being, with Paul, the slave of Jesus Christ for the saving of the souls for whom Christ died, had departed from him; and with these went by degrees all fear of God. To quote from the Idylls of the King, "He was up so high in pride, that he was half way down the slope to hell." Never again did he deign to honor the Lord Christ by making a business of proclaiming his message to a lost world. He himself joined

the lost world. Through years utterly secularized and filled with deterioration of character and deepening disrepute, his career declined to an end too scandalous and too tragic to relate. All because his foolish heart grew proud. Even a little lowliness of mind and reverence for the Master and his work would have saved him. If he had kept humbly and loyally at his blessed task, gladly preaching the gospel and ministering to immortal souls wherever Providence and the church assigned him, as thousands of greater and better men than he have done, all would have been well; he might have lived in the odor of sanctity and died lamented. But he sulked in the tent of his pride and went no more forth to the battle. He took no more orders from the Captain of Salvation who had done him the enormous honor of calling him to the ministry in the days of his youth. He became a recreant, a deserter, and a traitor. He turned his back on his Lord, and Christ had to let go of him; after that, shame and the outer darkness. And the pity of it is that it was all so foolish, unnecessary, inexcusable, willful, and wanton. This unhappy apostate might just as easily have been happy, if only, instead of listening to the devil who prompted him to *demand* a position equal to his own conception of his powers, he had listened to the words of Phillips Brooks: "Do not pray for easy lives; pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers; pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle, but you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come to you by the grace of God." Or if he had not ceased to read the Bible which lay on his study table and from which he had preached for years, the faithful old Book would have admonished him that "pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall," and that "a man's pride shall bring him low, but honor shall uphold the humble in spirit."

Dr. Stephen Paget tells of a famous physician who lived to be seventy-five—longer than was quite agreeable, and longer than he really desired. For years he was retired from practice by age and infirmities, and those years seemed empty and irksome to him; but in retirement he was comforted always by the thought that he had tried to do his best, had worked hard and close, had neglected no opportunity for service, and had never swerved from his life-purpose. He mourned the end of his work; it seemed to him like a funeral. But when his beloved work died, he rejoiced that his work and he had never in all the years been at variance; he had never quarreled with

his work. He had loved, cherished, and honored it, and had clung to it so long as he had strength. He used to say that oftentimes, when thinking of his work, sentences of the marriage service would run in his head; and he would find himself saying to his work, *With my body I thee worship,—till death us do part,—I take thee only unto me so long as we both shall live.* And there had never been a cross word between him and his work for all the forty years. With body and soul he had worshiped his work. That fact was very dear to him, and, now that his work was ended, he consoled himself with that precious memory. Every doctor, if he lives long enough [every minister, too] must attend the funeral of his work. If he has not really loved it, he will not be sorry except for the loss of income and of his sense of self-importance; and the general air of the obsequies over the end of his work will be that of Gounod's Funeral March of a Marionette. But this old physician, at the death and burial of his loved work, was crying; yet a grand figure he was: and the whole place was deferential with tender and admiring respect, and hundreds of kind hearts put up the shutters of sympathy and pity. Disabled from service, he drew a pension, not in money but in peace of mind, in a clear conscience, in a name honored far and wide, in love, faith and hope, and in a shrewd and mellow wisdom. All these were rewards of faithful work. In his retirement he attained something of the courage of a soldier and the patience of a saint. In the University of Old Age, that grim seat of desperate learning, he finished his education and took his degree. Dr. Paget's picture befits, as well, the old age of a minister who has worshiped his God-given work.

In his farewell address to the General Conference of the Japan Methodist Church at Tokyo in 1907, Dr. Goucher said: "It will not be given to all of us to do some great thing; but if we are lowly in heart and full of God's spirit, we may teach some infant life, we may move some youth to such purpose as to bring him a vision of God so that when we are gone and forgotten his life shall be a tower of strength and he shall accomplish a thousandfold more than we could do."

We are told that a teacher once gave to his students this parable of the Holy Shadow:

"Long, long ago there lived a saint so good that the astonished angels came down from heaven to see how a mortal could be so godly. He simply went about his daily life, diffusing virtue as the star diffuses light and the flower perfume without even being aware of it. Two words summed up his day: he gave, he forgave. Yet these words

never fell from his lips; they were expressed in his ready smile, in his kindness, forbearance, and charity.

"The angels said to God: 'O Lord, grant him the gift of miracles!' God replied: 'I consent; ask him what he wishes.'

"So they said to the saint: 'Should you like the touch of your hands to heal the sick?' 'No,' answered the saint, 'I would rather God should do that.' 'Should you like to become a model of patience, attracting men by the luster of your virtues?' 'No,' replied the saint; 'if men should become attached to me, they might be estranged from God.' 'What do you desire, then?' cried the angels. 'What can I wish for?' asked the saint, smiling. 'That God give me his grace; and with that shall I not have everything?'

"But the angels insisted: 'You must ask for a miracle, or one will be forced upon you.' 'Very well then,' replied the saint; 'let this be the miracle—that I may do a great deal of good without ever knowing it.'

"The angels were greatly perplexed. They took counsel together, and resolved upon this plan. Every time the saint's shadow should fall behind him or at either side, so that he could not see it, the shadow should have the power to cure disease and soothe pain and comfort sorrow.

"And so it came to pass. When the saint walked along, his shadow, thrown on the ground on either side or behind him, made arid paths green, caused withered plants to bloom, gave clear water to dried-up brooks, fresh color to the faces of pale little children, and joy to unhappy mothers.

"But the saint simply went about his daily life, diffusing virtue as the star diffuses light and the flower perfume without ever being aware of it. And the people, respecting his humility, followed him silently, never speaking to him about his miracles. Little by little they even came to forget his name, and called him only 'The Holy Shadow.'"

The man had lost himself in his work. This is an ideal not beyond the reach of common men like us, if we are willing so to submerge ourselves. Words written once before return to memory here: When a man learns that he himself is of no account, that his God-given work is the all-important thing, and buries himself in it, then for the first he ceases to be a nuisance and begins to be of use. Then he is getting ready for the day when he shall render his account with joy and not with grief, saying: "Master, behold my sheaves."

## THE ARENA

### "POSITIVE PREACHING AND THE MODERN MIND"

THERE was a time, and that not long since, when I considered seriously the question whether a willing and well-equipped layman could not be of greater service to the kingdom and church of our Lord than the average preacher. This was not due to any lack of faith in the gospel as the one hope of humanity, nor to any lapse in personal experiences. Among other things that raised this question were the unnatural and peculiar relation of the minister to life in general and that triviality and externality in many churches which keeps so many preachers indefinitely busy doing nothing. The scarcity of preachers indicates that other men have raised the same question. But I am glad to say that for myself the question has been definitely and finally settled, and that I have found myself for the ministry again. The influence that settled the question was the book, Positive Preaching and the Modern Mind, by Dr. P. T. Forsyth. Every Christian minister ought to make a careful study of those lectures. Hoping to interest some who have not already read them I append an outline of the last lecture.

THE MORAL POIGNANCY OF THE CROSS

I. *Introduction.* The Question stated.

1. The leading doctrine of much modern theology is the Fatherhood of a God too genial to make much of sin or to demand atonement.
2. Such a doctrine greatly affects the church and raises the question, Is that the faith that has given the church her distinctive note and her staying power in history?
3. It is said for this gospel of Fatherly love:
   (1) It is simple.
   (2) It speaks the language of the heart.
   (3) It befits an age of democracy.
4. On this there are several remarks:
   (1) Is the test of a gospel the welcome it receives, its success among the democracy?
   (2) The situation of the soul is not a simple one.
      (a) We are not stray babes but sinful men in a sinful race.
      (b) The forgiveness of sin is the foundation and genesis of Christianity.
      (c) The real situation is of a society sick unto death, and not merely that of a stray soul.
      (d) Moral realism demands that this situation be taken tragically.
      (e) We can escape this tragedy ourselves only by a faith that casts it on One who underwent and overcame at the moral center of men and things.

(3) This view does not do justice to the revelation given to the church, and to the preacher's capital in the Bible.

(a) The church must read her gospel before she reads the present situation.

(b) The present situation is a world of extreme wickedness, of sin, guilt, and deviltry, organized, deliberate, and Satanic, not missing or losing God, but challenging him.

5. The first question for the church and the preacher is this: How is the revelation that "God is Love" made real and effective in such a world by God himself? This lecture is devoted to the answer of that question.

II. The Revelation of divine love to a sinful world is not possible, unless the revelation itself is an act of redemption.

1. No lesson is taught until it is learned. A revelation is not a revelation until it gets home.

(1) Man must be saved into faith before he is saved by it. We cannot believe a saving purpose except we be redeemed into that power.

(2) So the gospel had to recreate man and redeem him into the very power to realize it.

(3) Faith is the work of the Spirit; the Spirit proceeds only from the cross.

(4) So the deed of the cross is actually necessary to the preaching of it.

2. Now, how did God do justice to his Holy Love?

(1) He did not do it through sage or prophet.

(2) Nor did he do it merely by the spectacle of a sinless personality that embodied his love and became our perfect example.

(3) Such a figure has no arms to take hold of the world and wrestle with it; no power in moral reality and activity.

3. God's way of carrying home his love was by a Person who was realized in one act corresponding to the unity of the Person and the scale of the world.

(1) This action gave effect to his whole universal personality.

(2) Therefore it had effect on the whole of man's relation to God.

(3) So the cross not only manifests God's love but gives actual effect to it in human history.

(4) Christ effected God's purpose with the race; he did not merely contribute to that end.

(5) The only satisfaction to a holy God is the absolute establishment of holiness, as Christ did it in all but the empirical way.

(6) The cross is the action of judgment, not the aversion of it.

(a) Judgment is the final vindication of goodness.

(b) That was effected and completed on the cross.

(7) So the gospel began its career as a *finished work.*

4. So Christ comes to us to be the saving action of a holy God in and on the world.
   (1) He did not merely announce his view of God.
   (2) He was the actual bestowal of God, not merely an offer of God.
   (3) In him the soul was seized by act of conquest.
   (4) Since God is the matter of his own revelation he only succeeds if he win, not the soul's assent, but the soul itself.
   (5) Revelation and preaching must be action, rather than announcement.
   (6) So God does not merely send; he comes and conquers.
   (7) The Love we have to do with is Holy Love.
   (8) Holiness is the eternal moral power that must do and do until it sees itself everywhere.
   (9) It must have everywhere entire and absolute response in its own active kind.
   (10) We have exactly this in Christ, our Head.
5. The ethicising of theology can only mean its control at all points by the supreme ethical Power.
   (1) The gospel, and the gospel alone, provides that supreme ethical idea.
   (2) The gospel not only provides the supreme ethical idea, but puts it in action and makes it effective.
   (3) That supreme ethical idea is the holiness of God.
6. What does the holiness of God mean?
   (1) The moral order for man is in conscience.
   (2) In conscience man carries back the moral order to God.
   (3) In God the moral order has its ground in itself.
   (4) It is this principle of a moral order that has its ground in itself that gives conscience and the moral law its sanction.
   (5) This principle is the holiness of God.
   (6) The claim of this holiness must not only be made; it must be made good and given unmistakable effect.
   (7) Hence the dignity of man himself is better secured if it break in the maintenance of God's holiness than if that holiness suffer defeat for man's mere existence.
7. The key to Christ's personality must be found in something he did with his entirety and did in relation to that holiness of God which means so much more than all humanity is worth.
   (1) The key to Christ's person is in his work.
   (2) His love to us is not the image, reflection, or result of God's love, but is the very present action of that love.
   (3) God's love, then, is Love in holy action.
   (4) It is the holiness of God that makes sin damnable and love active as Grace.
   (5) Love is worthless unless it do justice to holiness and actually restore it.

(6) Short of that Love meets the situation by reducing the severity of the demand and reduces the moral law to a by-law God can suspend or a habit God can break.

8. Any conception of God that exalts his Fatherhood at the cost, or neglect, of his holiness unsettles the moral throne of the universe.
   (1) It robs man of moral energy.
   (2) It takes the authority out of the gospel.
   (3) It has no due sense of the moral tragedy of the race.
   (4) It empties preaching of its greatness.
   (5) It makes God inadequate to history.
   (6) It empties sin of its iniquity.
   (7) It is not theology; it is not religion; it is not vital Godliness.
   (8) It has no future.
9. To lay stress elsewhere than on the atoning cross is to make Christ no more than a martyr.
   (1) If Christ was a martyr, he was a martyr to himself.
   (2) Such a martyr is either an egotist or a redeeming God.
   (3) Jesus was God, and his death was God in action.
   (4) That death altered from God's part the whole relation between God and man forever.
   (5) That death did not declare or prove something; it achieved something decisive for history, for eternity.
   (6) If it be otherwise, it does but add another to our moral problems and the greatest of them all.
   (7) If otherwise, God's wrath may yet break upon us in avenging judgment.
   (8) The act of Christ's death was more of an act on the part of Christ than on the part of the men that slew him.
   (9) This act of Christ's was not an act of resignation, but an act of conquest, absolute over his own fate and ours.
10. The world's one sin was made by Grace the world's one hope.
   (1) It was committed against the one central visitation of man by God.
   (2) It was inflicted on the Holiest.
   (3) The salvation was a decisive creative act of God, not merely enduring but conquering man's act of sin.
   (4) The cross was the deed of holy love, stung to the core, stung to act for its life, to act once for all, and to make an end.

III. The redemption of man is inseparable from the satisfaction of God in atonement.

1. Love and complete identification.
   (1) Love has not done its divine utmost until it has suffered both pain and judgment, and thus made atonement.
   (2) In order to be completely identified with man love must enter into the holy wrath against sin.
   (3) Christ entered into the dark shadow of God's penalty on sin.

2. The atonement.
   (1) Christ did not confess sin: he confessed holiness, and realized and bore the sinfulness of sin.
   (2) That holy confession in act, amid the conditions of sin and judgment, was the satisfaction he made to God.
   (3) The necessity for this lay in God's holy name.
   (4) Christ was offered to God and acted on God.
   (5) Thus the relation between God and man was changed from enmity to reconciliation.
   (6) God's concern with sin is holiness in earnest reaction, wrath unto judgment.
   (7) That wrath was laid on Christ. He was deserted by the Father in sympathy with the complete fulfillment of their common task.
   (8) Christ recognized and honored this desertion as the will of the Father for him.
   (9) It was thus he approved his Godhead and achieved redemption.
   (10) Thus Christ identified himself with men, even with man's self-condemnation, which is the reflection of the judgment of God.
      (a) No one can forgive in full who does not feel the fullness of the offense.
      (b) To feel the fullness of the offense as the Holiest must is to feel the wrath the Holiest feels.
      (c) Christ felt that wrath both as subject and object.
   (11) If all this be not absolute truth, it is sheer nonsense.
3. This aspect of the matter is vital to the church's total message, and to the final prospects of Christianity.
   (1) It is essential to the full interpretation of God's love.
   (2) The distinctive mark of God's love as transcending human affection and pity in its provision of a propitiation.
   (3) So Love forgives sin by the radical way of redemption.
   (4) Sin in its nature is an assault on the life of God.
   (5) So sin drives God to action for his life.
   (6) The thing in sin that makes God suffer most is not its results but its guilt.
   (7) The greater the love the greater the guilt.
   (8) The closer the love the greater the wrath.
   (9) Hence the problem of reconciliation.
      (a) The channel of the holy love must be the bearer of the wrath.
      (b) The forgiver of sin must realize inwardly and experimentally the whole moral quality of the guilt.
      (c) Only so could a love be revealed that would not let us go, yet was in absolute moral earnest about the Holy.

4. The reconciliation of God by his own action is integral to the gospel, and has crucial effect on the depth and moral penetration of the preaching of the gospel.
   (1) Our present preaching lacks the energy of spiritual profundity and moral majesty.
   (2) This is due to the loss of conviction of an objective finished redemption and to the loss of the note of judgment.
   (3) Such preaching has not the promise of the moral future of the world.
      (a) It is not sufficiently charged with repentance and remission.
      (b) It does not bring men to Christ.
      (c) It does not embody that break with the world which, after all, has been a leading note in all the great victories of the cross.
5. Nothing in the world is so precious as faith, hope, and love. But the preacher of the gospel must be sure on what abysses these rest and abide.

Bozman, Maryland. EDWARD NORTON CANTWELL.

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## "LET THE DEAD BURY THEIR DEAD"—AN INDIAN INTERPRETATION

ONE of the sayings most baffling explanation in all the Gospels is the answer of our Lord to the man who asked permission to bury his father before taking up the responsibilities of discipleship. To many it has seemed hard that this last and most necessary service should have been regarded so slightingly by Jesus. But here it is not an uncommon thing for a missionary to be told by one whom he wishes to convert that he must first bury his father. On inquiry, his father is found to be in good health. But the son expects to outlive the father, and when he dies, if the elaborate heathen ceremonies which for centuries have been performed over dead fathers are not done for him, his sons will be disgraced and the family name will suffer. So the son says: "Wait until I have buried my father. Let me not lose my good name. Then I can be free to take up the simpler customs of the Christian religion." W. D. SCHERMERHORN.

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## THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

### CHRIST'S INSTRUCTION TO HIS DISCIPLES

*(Continued)*

THE law to which our Lord next calls attention is the law of retaliation, as expressed in Matt. 5. 38-42: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." The passage in the Old Testament to which reference is made is Exod. 21. 24, 25: "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe." In verse 23 it is said: "Thou shalt give life for life." The idea of retaliation is found in all nations and under all civilizations. It is not always in the precise form in which it is here put, but in the spirit of this statement. In some way an equivalent has been demanded for a wrong or crime committed which was regarded as an atonement for the act. In ruder civilizations men took the redress of their grievances in their own hands. Families handed down their feuds from generation to generation, and often they were only wiped out in the blood of their enemies. In a measure this sentiment still prevails, and we not unfrequently note that this law of retaliation in its bitterest form is still active. At first view the teaching of Christ on this subject is not a mere modification or a profounder interpretation of the old law, as in some of the instances in this sermon, but a reversal of that law. Christ's teaching is, "Resist not evil." He even goes further, commanding the one who is smitten on one cheek to turn the other; one who is brought before the bar of the law and his inner garment taken away is to surrender his outer garment also. If the government presses a man into its service, compelling him to go one mile, he is voluntarily to go two miles. If one asks him for a gift, or would borrow from him, he must not turn away. This must have been a strange statement when the disciples first heard it. They must have looked up into the face of the Master with astonishment that he should utter such words as these. They are equally wonderful now, even in this our twentieth century civilization, of which we boast so much. This teaching of Christ is not only regarded as impractical but as undesirable. One who should do this today, following literally the command of Christ as taught in this passage, would be regarded as weak, if not cowardly. What, then, shall we say to this teaching? What is it that our Lord meant to enforce upon his disciples? Is it the literal obedience to this injunction, or is it the spirit of forbearance and nonresistance which is here inculcated?

The passage in Exodus to which reference has been made was a part of the law of the old covenant. So long as men are controlled by their passions crimes are committed for which law and penalties must exist for the prevention of crime and for the protection of the defenseless. The passage in the old law, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," etc., is not a cry for vengeance, either personal or governmental, but is a protection against unreasoning violence. The punishment must not go beyond the transgression. The principle is that of equivalence. It has been said that no instance of this particular form of punishment was found among the Jews. We may reasonably conclude, therefore, that the principle underlying that law was the main matter of the Old Testament teaching. Punishment among many rude people is often in excess of the provocation, and even in civilized lands imprisonment for debt has been part of the public law. The teaching, then, of the old law is that proportionate punishment for public offenses should be inflicted, but it should not be as revenge but as a remedial and a protective measure. This includes the idea that suffering for transgressions exacted as a penalty is a part of natural law as it is also expressed in the Old Testament as a part of the revealed law. On verse 38 Carr, in his commentary, says: "The scribes drew a false inference from the letter of the law. As a legal remedy the *lex talionis* was probably the best possible in a rude state of society. The principle was admitted in all ancient nations. But the retribution was exacted by a judicial sentence for the good of the community, not to gratify personal vengeance. The deduction that it was morally right for individuals to indulge revenge could not be justified. Jewish history, however, records no instance of the law being literally carried out. A fine was substituted for the retributive penalty. But the principle of the *lex talionis* underlay the enactments of the law, and it is against that principle that Christ's words are directed." It is said that Washington regretted deeply the sentence of death on Major André, and that he would have been spared but for the necessity of satisfying the sentiment of the people who demanded his death in satisfaction for that of Captain Nathan Hale. It is stated in the press that the present president of France commutes all death sentences to imprisonment for life and that capital punishment is a living political question in that country. It is further said that since the failure to enforce the extreme penalty homicides have increased in France. It is evident that the element of fear is still important as a deterrent from wrong, and that in its legal aspects at least it is not obsolete. The point of our Saviour's instruction to his disciples that they resist not evil is especially applicable to the personal relations to our fellow-men. He distinctly teaches that there must be no retaliation, but the spirit of gentleness must be the law of all our relations. It is his instruction to his disciples and must be considered in the light of their instructions to others. The thought is that in the personal relations of those who have wronged us we must not be governed by law but by love. In each of our Lord's instructions this is indicated. When one receives a blow, or is arraigned at law, or is impressed in the service by officers, he must not ask what is his legal duty but what is the law of love. Love so

far transcends law that it lifts the Christian into a higher atmosphere, and instead of demanding what in the legal sense would be his rights he does that which softens the anger of his opponent and unites the bonds of brotherhood. Above all things, the teaching of this passage is that vengeance is excluded. The action of our Lord himself is an example for others: "When he was reviled, he reviled not again." When Jesus had been arrested, after the agony of the garden, "One of them that were with Jesus stretched out his hand, and drew his sword, and smote the servant of the high priest, and struck off his ear. Then said Jesus unto him, Put up again thy sword into its place: for they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." And again while enduring the agonies of the cross he said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." His own life was in this, as everywhere, the most perfect illustration of his own teachings.

The next matter of instruction is in relation to one's attitude toward his enemies. The passage in the Old Testament to which reference is made is Lev. 19. 18 (R. V.): "Thou shalt not take vengeance, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people; but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself: I am Jehovah." The whole passage in the sermon reads as follows: "Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you; that ye may be sons of your Father who is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. For if ye love them that love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the Gentiles the same? Ye therefore shall be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect" (Matt. 5. 43-48) (R. V.). It will be noted that the clause in Matt. 5. 43, "Thou shalt . . . . hate thine enemy," is not in the Old Testament. This was an inference, probably by the rabbis, and it had entered into the popular conception, and our Saviour is treating of the law as interpreted in his own time. That one should love his neighbor—those of his own family or tribe—would not be questioned, but that he should love his enemies was a new doctrine which was apparently incomprehensible. Our Lord here reverses the sentiment of his time and of all times. "Thou shalt love thine enemy," is the distinct teaching of the Master. This is an act of divine grace. It does not grow out of the natural soil of our human nature. The gradations of the command are instructive—love and pray. Pray even for your persecutors. This means that one is not only to act toward his enemy as if he loved him, but he is to love him, to return love for enmity, and to pray for his persecutor. In other words, this is a possibility only to those who have the godlikeness in the heart. In doing so they show their heavenly birth, and they are the children of their Father who is in heaven. According to the text the Father is all-embracing in his gifts: sun and rain, fruitful sources, and blessing in all lands come upon all, the evil and the good, the just and the unjust. What an example to God's human children! As all the boundless wealth of nature is distributed without reference to human character,

so man should imitate God in love to all whom God has made. The Master indicates in verses 46 and 47 that to do this shows the influence of heavenly grace. To do otherwise is to do only as nature suggests. To do this is to be a follower of Christ. The publicans, so much detested for their oppression in the collection of taxes, did not hesitate to love those who loved them, and it is usual to salute those with words of peace who are of one's own family or community or tribe; but to do good and to salute one's enemies, and to give peaceful greeting to the outsider who has no tribal or natural claims, is evidence that those who do so are "partakers of the divine nature."

The section closes with the great law of duty for all ages and all lands: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," or, in the Revised Version, "Ye therefore shall be perfect," that is, in thus acting and in thus expressing the love that is in the heart man becomes Godlike. Perfection is the wish of God for man, and is the aim of the Christian man ever. It seems a law too high for imperfect sinful man or woman, but it has been well remarked that an imperfect law is no law at all, and the laws of Christ here laid down are the perfect laws. The Old Testament law, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," is reaffirmed in the New Testament language, in that preëminent Christian word "love." The perfection here is not legal but moral perfection—the perfection of love. Love is Godlike, for "God is love." "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God." This is no affirmation of the equality of man with God, but is an affirmation of the aim of the Christian heart to be Godlike. It is not the measure of extent but the measure of quality produced by union with Christ and the indwelling holiness which is here set forth.

## ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

### A FRAGMENT OF ANOTHER GOSPEL

Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt have once more brought to light another treasure from Oxyrhyncus, that inexhaustible storehouse of ancient lore. Though discovered in 1905 it was not published till near the end of 1907. It is a single vellum leaf, out of a small book, in very good state of preservation. The written part is a square of little more than two inches. Into this small space the scribe has succeeded in crowding twenty-two lines on one side and twenty-three on the other, so that the two pages contain about two hundred and fifty words. According to the learned discoverers and others who have examined this stray leaf, the book of which this is a part was copied in the fourth century, from a manuscript which must have appeared before A. D. 200. The age of the copy, as well as that of the original, is based upon "considerations wholly uncontroversial." The writing is in a "small and not very regular uncial hand, round and upright, of a type peculiar to the fourth and fifth centuries. The contractions and other characteristics of style are those usual in manuscripts of this early period. As might happen on two pages of any book, we find two distinct topics discussed. The principal theme, however, is a conversation between our Lord and a high priest on the subject of purification. The scene is in the temple inclosure at Jerusalem. As every one familiar with the New Testament knows, our Lord placed special emphasis upon the absolute necessity of inward purity. There is no exact parallel to this new fragment in any one of the four canonical Gospels, or, for that matter, in any of the apocryphal ones; nevertheless, our readers having read this new fragment, will instinctively recall such passages as Matt. 15. 1-20, and Mark 7. 1-23, which formed a part of a conversation between Christ and the Pharisees at Gennesaret. Thus it is evident that this new fragment is from a Gospel hitherto unknown, and now for the first time given to the modern world. Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, with the coöperation of Professor E. Schüver, a learned authority on Jewish rites and the topography of the temple, have published this fragment with introduction, text, translation, and commentary. We can do no better than to append the translation of these learned discoverers and editors:

". . . . before he does wrong makes all manner of subtle excuse. But give heed lest ye also suffer the same things as they; for the evildoers among men receive their reward not among the living only, but also await punishment and much torment.

"And he took them and brought them into the very place of purification, and was walking in the temple.

"Aud a certain Pharisee, a chief priest whose name was Levi (?), met them and said to the Saviour, Who gave thee leave to walk in this place of purification and to see these holy vessels, when thou hast not washed nor

yet have thy disciples bathed their feet? But defiled thou hast walked in this temple, which is a pure place, wherein no other man walks except he has washed himself and changed his garments, neither does he venture to see these holy vessels.

"And the Saviour straightway stood still with his disciples and answered him, Art thou then, being here in the temple, clean?

"He saith unto him, I am clean; for I washed in the pool of David, and having descended by one staircase I ascended by another, and I put on white and clean garments, and then I came and looked upon these holy vessels.

"The Saviour answered and said unto him, Woe ye blind, who see not. Thou hast washed in these running waters, wherein dogs and swine have been cast night and day, and hast cleansed and wiped the outside skin which also the harlots and flute-girls anoint and wash and wipe and beautify for the lust of men; but within they are full of scorpions and all wickedness. But I and my disciples, who thou sayest have not bathed, have been dipped in the waters of eternal life, which come from . . . . But woe unto thee. . . ."

The connection between the two portions of the fragment, if there be any, is not clear. The first seven lines are evidently the concluding words of our Lord on the subject of punishment, not only in this but also in the world to come. This doctrine of punishment finds abundant parallels in the books of the New Testament. Thus, further discussion of the passage is not necessary. The second and longer portion of our fragment, beginning in the middle of the eighth line, demands more attention—not because of the obscurity of the language employed but, rather, on account of the details introduced. Some of these are so novel that the vast majority of Bible scholars have no knowledge whatever regarding them. This accounts for the fact that the editors of the fragment have been led to distrust their historical value. That our readers may know their objections, we shall let them speak for themselves. On page 12 of the Introduction they say: "The statement put into the mouth of the chief priest concerning the necessity of ceremonial washing and putting on white garments is in accordance with the regulations for priests described in the Mishnah. . . . But that an ordinary Jew before visiting the inner court of the temple had to wash and change his clothes, as stated in ll. 18-20, is not confirmed by any other evidence; and neither the place of purification nor the 'pool of David' in l. 25 is mentioned elsewhere, while considerable difficulty arises in connection with the 'sacred vessels,' which are stated to have been visible from the court to which Jesus and his disciples had penetrated; cf. ll. 12-21, note. Moreover, the two stairways leading down to the 'pool of David,' and still more, the statement that dogs and swine were cast into it (ll. 33, 34), seem to be details invented for the sake of rhetorical effect, for that a high priest washed himself in a pool of the character described in the fragment is incredible. So great indeed are the divergences in this account from the extant and, no doubt, well-informed authorities with regard to the topography and ritual of the temple, that it is hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that much of the local color is

due to the imagination of the author, who was aiming chiefly at dramatic effect and was not really well acquainted with the temple." There can be no doubt that the editors will have to revise their comments in another edition. Indeed, some eminent scholars regard the fragment as possessing great historical value, as a solid addition to the history of the temple and its ceremonies. Professor Harnack, in an article in the *Preussische Annalen* (February, 1908), grows eloquent in his defense of its general credibility. It is needless to add that his opinion on the subject is entitled to great consideration, for, possibly, no man living is better acquainted with the history of the early church and its ancient literature than the great Berlin church historian. He will hear nothing of exaggerated imagination or ignorance concerning the arrangement and ritual of the temple. It must, however, be said that Harnack does not categorically establish his points but, rather, higher-criticlike, maintains that until it is fairly demonstrated that the author has been indulging in rhetorical exaggeration, there can be no sufficient reason for disputing, much less for disbelieving, his statements. If, for example, "the pool of David" is not mentioned elsewhere, what of that? Are we for that reason to brand the reference to it as unhistorical or incredible? By parity of reasoning every place or custom mentioned but once in the Bible, as, for example, the Beautiful Gate (Acts 3. 2, 10), would have to be discredited. It is, indeed, more reasonable to believe that there was a place in the temple courts known as the "pool of David" than to charge the author with crass ignorance or vivid imagination. So, too, as regards "the place of purification," though this exact term is found in no other writings in connection with the temple, there can be no good reason for saying that no portion of the sanctuary was not commonly known by that name in days of our Saviour. Dr. Büchler, in an elaborate article published in the January number of the Jewish Quarterly Review, like Harnack, regards the fragment as eminently trustworthy, as far as historical truth and acquaintance with the temple ritual are concerned. He says, in answer to the objections of the editors of the fragment: "It seems to me that the writer of this Gospel was accurately informed on all these matters, and that tradition fully confirms the details which sound so incredible." He supports his views by numerous quotations from the Mishnah, Talmud, and other ancient literature. Dr. Büchler maintains that laymen no less than priests were admitted to the temple courts only after the most complete washings and purifications. In proof of this he cites numerous Jewish authorities. Josephus says: "Men who are not fully purified [immersed in a bath] are excluded from the inner sanctuary" (Wars, book v, 5. 6), and again: "Into the third court entrance was lawful only to male Jews who were clean and purified" (Contra Apion, ii. 8). He also cites Acts 21. 26, to show that Saint Paul and his companions had to purify themselves previous to entering the sacred precincts. He further shows that the washing of clothes and bathing of person always went together. So, then, there is nothing improbable in the words of the high priest who asks Jesus, "Why dost thou walk in this place, being unwashed?" As to the display of the holy vessels, though there is nothing in any of the Gospels in reference to this custom, nor,

indeed, in any book of the Old or the New Testament, yet is it for that reason to be rejected? It is clear from the Mishnah that it was customary after all the great feasts to transfer the holy vessels to a washing place in the inner court. We can do no better than to quote this long passage: "Immediately after the pilgrim-feast they go through the purification of the inner court. How do they proceed? They immerse in water the vessels which were in the temple and say to them [the priests]: 'Take care that ye touch not the table and the candlestick, and thereby defile it.' All the vessels in the sanctuary were duplicated and triplicated, so that if the first set became unclean, they could bring the second set in their place. All the vessels which were in the temple require immersion in water, except the golden and the brazen altars. These, according to Rabbi Eliezer, are regarded as fixed to the ground. But the sages say, the difference in the case of the altars was due to the fact that they were covered with metal [and thus were not susceptible to defilement]" (Hagiga, iii, 7, 8). To show that this does not simply refer to a theory, an actual case in the Jerusalem Talmud is presented, where we read: "On a certain occasion they immersed the candlestick in water, and the Sadducees said: 'See the Pharisees bathe the orb of the Sun.'" The "pool of David" and the *αγνευτήριον*, rendered "place of purification," though not known from other sources, might have been very common terms at the time when this conversation is said to have taken place. It is well known that there were chambers within the sacred precincts of the temple provided with baths. It is more probable that the "place of purification" referred to some such a chamber than to the court known as the "Court of the men of Israel," as Schüver would have us believe. So, too, of the term "pool of David." It was doubtless applied to a room through which running waters were made to pass, wherein the priests bathed themselves before entering upon their duties in the holy place.

According to some Jewish authorities, the water for the use of the temple was brought from the so-called Pools of Solomon, several miles southwest of Bethlehem, or thirteen and a half miles from Jerusalem. Bearing this in mind, the reference to the casting of dogs and swine into these *running* waters is easily understood. Christ's words do not imply that these animals were cast into the bathing place in the temple; but, "he refers to the course by which the water reached Jerusalem, and he urges that this water, which the priest employs for the supreme purification, had on its long road to the temple received many undesired defilements." For no doubt, no matter whence the water supply came, it had been polluted farther up the stream by its contact with dogs, swine, and other unclean bodies. In view of what has been said, there can be no reason for discrediting anything in this new fragment.

## FOREIGN OUTLOOK

### SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

**P. Lobstein.** In 1907 he published a work entitled *Etudes sur la doctrine chrétienne de Dieu* (Paris, Fischbacher), in which he develops his theory of theological knowledge. He undertakes to show that the traditional method of seeking to establish religious truth concerning the nature of God leads to insecure results and even to doubts, insoluble problems, and contradictions. Instead of speculation and the use of the reason, he would have us consider that religious knowledge is not intellectual and objective, but practical and subjective. Religious knowledge rests upon religious experiences which are not to be grasped by the mere understanding, but, rather, with the heart and the will, although theological reflection may employ for its purposes the certainties of religious faith. But this reflection is always secondary, as compared with the work of the heart, conscience, and will in establishing religious certainty, and must, in order to be of value, always recognize the religious basis and its own limitations. This experience of religion has found many classic expressions, which, though similar, have had a development and have their culmination in Jesus Christ. It is the task of dogmatics to take the fundamental ideas of these expressions of religious truth and to give them precise form. Nevertheless, in so doing dogmatics may not attempt objective judgments relative to the nature of God in himself, but must be content to reproduce the subjective judgments or assertions of the pious consciousness. The human intellect remains inadequate to the understanding of the transcendental nature of God. But while he thus emphasizes the subjective and practical nature of all religious and dogmatic judgments, he does not attempt to make too absolute distinction between religious ideas and scientific knowledge. The religious experiences upon which rest the certainties and assertions of faith are no illusions, but have a real objective causality behind them. Lobstein holds that any true science, conscious of its limitations, willing to include in its grasp the phenomena of the spiritual life, leads not to the exclusion of the religious view of the world but to its affirmation. In estimating this view we must remember that it is in reality an assault upon any theory of God and his operations upon the hearts of men which does not have its starting point and which is not limited by those common human experiences called religious experiences. This would rule out what we ordinarily call natural theology. The world, except as an expression of the thought of God regarding man, could not teach us anything about God. Nor would we, apart from religious experiences, be permitted to conclude from the world about us that there is a God, much less what he is. The only revelation of God would be in the heart, conscience, and will of man, and our Bibles, whether Jewish, Christian, or any other, would be but transcriptions of inner experiences. Of course our Bibles,

once thus given us, might be made the norm by which we seek to mold our own experiences; but until our Bibles are thus given us, we would have only our own religious experiences upon which to base any theological conclusions. This is the point at which Lobstein's theory breaks down. It is inadequate to the full determination of the existence of God as well as to the definition of what God is. Unreflecting souls would find religions blessed under Lobstein's theory; but the reflecting man would be forever in doubt, with but one set of phenomena before him, whether those phenomena can sustain the inference that there is a God, and that he is of such and such a nature and character. With both the inner experiences and the outer world as the basis of study and comparison the certainties of faith are more than the mere certainty that such and such events transpire in consciousness. Under this view, too, the Bible may be regarded as a third method by which God is revealing himself in the hearts and lives of the human race.

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**Adolf Harnack.** He is constantly presenting new phases of his many-sided intellect to the world. Very recently he has been hailed as a conservative because he claims that our third Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles are the work of Luke, the physician and companion of Paul's travels. No sooner had he done this in the book on the Gospel according to Luke than he began to prepare for the publication of his book entitled *Die Apostelgeschichte* (The Acts of the Apostles), issued in 1908 by the J. C. Hinrichesche Buchhandlung, Leipzig. There he maintains again that Luke wrote the Gospel and Acts, but this book is rather a study of the Acts than a discussion of its authorship. In this book, therefore, we have an opportunity of judging how much encouragement he really gives the conservatives. According to Harnack the theme of the Acts of the Apostles is The Representation of the Power of the Spirit of Jesus in His Apostles, and especially how that power founded the primitive church, produced the spirit of missions to the heathen, carried the gospel from Jerusalem to Rome, and put the more receptive Gentile world in the place of the Jews who constantly increased in hardness of heart. He gives Luke high praise as an author, but points out that he was too credulous in reference to miraculous healings and spiritual causation, and that, besides, he is often careless and inaccurate in his narrations. Harnack thinks that Paul must have been freed after his two years' imprisonment in Rome, else Luke would have given an account of his further imprisonment and death. But, really, if the purpose of Luke was to show how the power of the Spirit of Jesus carried the gospel from Jerusalem to Rome, it would seem that he could drop Paul without further mention just where he did. When we come to his treatment of the supernatural elements of the Acts we see what Harnack means by Luke's credulousness. Harnack makes a most careful statistical study, as is his wont, and finds that the supernatural is far more prominent in the first than in the latter half of the Acts. He concludes, therefore, that in the first fifteen chapters Luke had as his authority someone who was much more credulous and less critical than himself. Concerning the scenes as described on the day of Pentecost Harnack

says that the numberless learned discussions relative to that event are not worth the paper they are written on, since it is evident that here Luke took a commonplace affair and described it to suit himself. Concerning the ascension he says that Luke got the original account of the disappearance from Paul, added somewhat to it in his Gospel account, and made an entirely different affair out of it in the account he gives in the Acts. In response to this it must be said that it is incredible that Luke, the companion of Paul, could have dealt with these portions of the Acts as Harnack thinks he dealt with them. Far better would it be to hold that Luke is not at all the author of the Acts. But to one who is willing to believe in miracle there is no reason why the story may not be essentially true, and Luke the writer. When we come to Harnack's idea of the source of the Acts we find some interesting material. One of the sources is the Antiochian, which begins to manifest itself in chapter 6 with the mention of Antioch. This tradition may be traced through 6. 1-8. 4, and 11. 19-15. 35, except 12. 1-24. The other source is called the Jerusalem-Cæsarean, and is less trustworthy than the Antiochian. Within this Jerusalem tradition he distinguishes Recension A=3. 1-5; 8. 5-11. 18; 12. 1-23; and Recension B= chapters 2 and 5. 17-42. Recension A is traced to Philip, the Antiochian tradition to Silas. Recension B is not a written source, and contains the youngest and most incredible things in the whole of the Acts. But although Harnack thus deals in such a magisterial way with portions of the Acts, it must not be supposed that he finds it useless as history. The religiousness of Harnack is apparent, however, when we notice that to him the book is not so much history as a representation of the power of the Spirit of Jesus in the early disciples.

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## RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

**Dogmatische Zeitfragen.** Alte und Neue Ausführungen zur Wissenschaft der Christlichen Lehre (Contemporary Questions in Dogmatics. Old and New Discussions in the Science of Christian Doctrine). By Martin Kähler. Leipzig, A. Deichert, Nachf. 1907. Of all the more prominent theologians of Germany Martin Kähler enjoys the highest reputation for orthodoxy. One who wishes to know what orthodoxy is from the German standpoint may ascertain by taking almost any one of Kähler's books as an example. A fair instance is the book now under consideration. It is one of a proposed series, and deals with the question of the Bible. The first question he discusses is, Does the value of the Bible consist chiefly in the fact that it contains historical information? This question he answers in the negative, and at the same time he declares that the Christian estimate of the Bible is, in principle, independent of its historical utterances and of any conclusions scholars may reach concerning these utterances. He thinks it a mistake to assume that the revelatory value of the Bible is in any way dependent upon inerrancy. From the Bible alone must we learn how God gave us his biblical revelation, and an examination of this point shows that God did not, in all details, give us an inerrant

book, but that it is a book whose value lies in the fact that it gives us information relative to the true subject-matter of preaching. The real problem of the Bible consists in this: Have we, in the Bible, God's word to us, and does it, therefore, possess for us a final value for our faith? In answer we are told that the Bible must be regarded as the source of our evangelical faith, as against priests and fanatics; it must remain the standard for public religious instruction; each Christian must be permitted to read his Bible for himself; and it must be regarded as the proof of the historical revelation of God. But verbal inspiration need not be insisted upon, because it is unnecessary for those who are seeking in the Bible the weightiest facts relative to salvation. Nor need we fear the learned attempt to discover the authorship and circumstances of the origin of the books. In discussing the relation of Jesus to the Old Testament Kähler holds that the varying estimates of the Old Testament by scholars do not affect the Christian attitude toward it. The Old Testament history is revelation in so far as the activities of God, which are the essential elements in the history, prepare the way for the saving work of Christ. Through the Old Testament the revelation which preceded Jesus became the effective presupposition of his inner development. In this same sense the Old Testament is to be valued as a whole by Christians. Neither Jesus nor his apostles took the Old Testament as a source of information concerning the people and religion of Israel, but as a witness to the preparatory revelation of God; and the Old Testament has canonical worth for Christianity only as it transmits the pre-Messianic revelation. The Old Testament can be understood only in the light of the gospel. In treating of the influence of the Bible on the church he makes essentially the same point. The book contains a rich collection of material designed to show the varied, ever new, and fruitful influence of the Bible on individual Christians and on the development of the church. This historically demonstrable fact of the great significance of the Bible for the church is a firm ground of support for the confidence of the church in its respect for the revelatory character of the Bible. Acquaintanceship with this world-wide fact of the influence of the Bible frees the thoughtful Christian from the burden of caring for the truth or error of individual parts of the Bible. This whole discussion is on the line of what in this country is regarded as tolerably advanced thought concerning the Bible, while in Germany it passes for orthodoxy. Very certainly it is an advantage, from the standpoint of apologetics, to realize that the religious value of the Bible does not, either theoretically or in history, stand or fall with the belief in the truth of every part of the Bible. It is when taken as a book of religion that the Bible shows its incomparable greatness and value.

## GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE Hibbert Journal is marked by high intellectual seriousness and vigor. It maintains a liberal forum for debate on many subjects and by a large variety of writers. The July number contained thirteen contributed articles, and, in addition, fifty pages of discussions and reviews. We note here some of the things which attract our attention. From William James's article we quote words which he has used elsewhere: "The Christian believer finds that the tenderer parts of his personal life are continuous with a *more* of the same quality which is operative in the universe outside of him, and which he can keep in working touch with, and in a fashion get on board of and save himself, when all his lower being has gone to pieces in the wreck." (We, not being psychologists, would prefer to put the matter thus: The tenderer parts of the believer's personal life find themselves in contact with a greater personal Life, an infinite Being of the same quality with himself, a Mind like his own mind, which he observes to be operative in the universe outside of him, and which he can keep in working touch with and get help from and in a fashion get on board of and save himself. We cannot agree that the Higher Mind in the cosmos is continuous with, or identical with, our own; but akin to ours, though so different in rank as to require capital letters for naming It.) Professor James goes on: "The believer is, to his own consciousness, continuous with a wider Self from which saving experiences flow in. Those who have such experiences distinctly enough and often enough to live in the light of them remain quite unmoved by criticism, whether it be academic or scientific or merely the voice of logical common sense. They have had their vision and they *know*—that is enough—they *know* that we inhabit an invisible spiritual environment from which help comes, our soul being mysteriously one with a larger Soul whose instruments we are. . . . In spite of rationalism's disdain the drift of all the evidence we have seems to me to sweep us very strongly toward the belief in some form of Superhuman Life with which we may be coconscious, although we may quite possibly be so dull spiritually as to be in the universe as dogs and cats are in our libraries, seeing the books and hearing the conversation, but having no inkling that there is any meaning in it all." We quote the above for its suggestiveness; but neither we nor our readers will tolerate the conclusion to which Professor James's article comes, namely, that the God who evidently and surely exists, must be finite either in power or in knowledge or in both!———In the second article a Frenchman, René-L. Gérard, tells us that civilization is in danger by reason of the dominance of the utilitarian, commercial, and materialistic spirit; and also by reason of a leveling process which will result in a state of universal mediocrity. Society needs an aristocracy, a rule by the best. The old aristocracies have lost influence; the power that rules today is money—a plutocracy. Admiration, says this Frenchman, is given to those who succeed finan-

cially; and this is why, he says, "a kind of unanimous agreement has proclaimed the United States and Germany to be the first nations of the world. England still holds an honorable place in this competition; but France is regarded as irremediably fallen. The United States and Germany are the nations which, before all others, are making money, and it is precisely this which wins for them universal admiration." He says that utilitarian interests are causing all that lies beyond them to be forgotten, and the principal elements which make any people really great are being neglected. The remedy he prescribes is that an aristocracy based on superior talent and character rather than on birth or money shall take control.———The fourth article, by G. A. Johnston Ross, of Cambridge, gives a Christian minister's view of the relations between the Religionist and the Scientist; a brief article, pithy and well packed. In it a Christian minister faces his fellow-investigator, the scientist, and says to him: "If you have your mass of facts and realities to deal with and rationalize and explain, so have I, as a religionist, my facts. Your facts are external, mine internal; yours are natural, mine moral. You speak of your facts in the language of mechanism; I speak of mine in the language of freedom. You deal with courses and sequences of phenomena; I deal with origins, purpose, and destiny. I claim that my facts are at least as real as yours; that is, if you say 'This room was swept with a broom,' I am saying as true and as real a thing when I assert, 'This room was swept with a purpose'; or, using another illustration, if a man commits murder, I say his guilty conscience is as real as the corpse of the person he has murdered. Whatever question may be raised as to the validity of knowledge or the nature of reality, I will not yield for a moment to the idea that the facts with which you deal are any more real than those which it is my business to present. Your sphere and mine are distinct, though interrelated; and mine is as certainly real and as demonstrable as yours. You and I are fellow-workers, both working at problems not yet finished, subjects not yet wholly mastered; we have both been taught humility and patience by our failures and mistakes; both of us are being educated in the school of awe, and wonder at the vastness and complexity of the universe; and the more we know of the universe the more numerous become the suggestions of order, and the more excitingly near do we both seem to come to a satisfactory demonstration that the whole system of things is one rational unity. If you, as a scientist, find any reason to believe that the mass of facts with which you deal, and which you see around you in alluring disorder, are really an ordered cosmos, I say that I, as a religionist, have just as good reason to believe that my world of moral facts is equally (if I could only discern it) an ordered cosmos, which it is my business to study to reach and explain." This Christian minister freely acknowledges that the religionist of today is indebted to the scientist for helping to make possible a better presentation of religion. The scientist's emphasis on the uniformity of nature has reacted advantageously on the religious mind of our time. Three words represent three new emphases in religion—*Unity, Law, Progress.* Science emphasizes the unity of the physical universe and discovers general laws which pervade it everywhere.

Science bases all its knowledge on the assumption (shall we not say the certainty?) that the universe is a unity, a rational unity, whatever else it may or may not be. "And this means," says Mr. Ross, "that if God be the moving power of the universe, there must be one God and no more." And science has given theology a new emphasis on the truth that there is one God, who is the source of all life, all goodness, all truth; so that we have gained a wider, more comprehensive, more thorough, and more intimate conception of God's working. And it is now impossible for theology to imagine a God who is an absentee from any part of his universe, who hates, despises, or forgets anything that he has made. We have been rebuked by science not for introducing the idea of God at all but for not introducing him far enough, and for not thinking with sufficient definiteness of his presence and agency as universal. And with this new emphasis on the unity of the universe, and the universal presence and agency of God, there has come also, through the teachings of science, a new sense of the unity and solidarity of the human race, a truth without which, as Mazzini said, there is no religion. This new emphasis on the oneness of humanity has driven into obscurity old false, artificial, and mischievous distinctions in place and privilege among the individuals and races of the earth (distinctions and discriminations which the narrow and overconfident thinking of earlier generations traced up even to the eternal counsels and foreordinations of God). So much for the emphasis on Unity in science and in religion. The next word is "Law." "The emphasis upon law may be called the *differentia* of science, as the emphasis on freedom is the *differentia* of religion. Religion, dealing with moral acts and their consequences, has rightly staked her whole existence on the possibility of forgiveness and repair. Science, dealing with facts and consequences in the natural sphere, has necessarily emphasized retribution. In some evangelical circles the popular conception of forgiveness needed the counter emphasis of science on retribution and the inviolability of law. Not that religion now needs to utter her message of forgiveness with bated breath or uncertain tone, but she needed to bring her definition of forgiveness more into line with the facts of life. Science has sent us stern reminders of the divinity of law which have healthily affected our gospel message and made it more robust and virile. Far more confidently than ever may we say that God loves us; but it is good that we have been reminded that if all is love, yet all is law, too, and law is the way God loves us." Browning reports of God's world that "All's love, yet all's law." So much about Law. The next great word is "Progress"; but for that we have not room. This minister not only claims for himself an equal status with the scientist as a student of realities and a dealer in facts, but also tells the scientist that religion has something to give him which he has not got. "The scientist has certain moral experiences which he, as a scientist, has no faculty and no materials for dealing with. The minister of religion has that material, and evangelical Christianity has it in unrivaled richness. And the scientist *needs* religion not only when shaken by storms of sorrow and remorse but to relieve the malaise of spiritual hunger and discontent, to hearten him in the midst of nameless faintings of *faith in life;* to quiet

turbulent moods of the spirit which tend to overset the balance of self-pose in the face of life's troubles; to nourish and assist aspirations without the uplift of which life were a poor and jejune thing; to fortify and prepare him not so much for death as for judgment, of which last the unbeliever has as definite an instinct as the Christian has; and, finally, to transmute into a glad certainty, through Jesus Christ our Lord, the scientist's hopeful guesses about immortality." And this minister affirms that he would not dare to preach week after week unless he had messages like these to give to men. "But," he cries, "having such great messages to give, it would not be modesty, it would be cowardly treason to the affluence of Christ's evangel, if I did not tell the scientist that I, as a herald and minister of religion, have far more to give him than he, as a scientist, has to give me."———Another interesting article in the July Hibbert is Dr. D. S. Jordan's on "The Religion of the Sensible American." The article is largely an exposition of the religion of a friend, no longer on earth, derived from notes and fragments which he left. Here is a parable left by this friend: "In the old days a father built a home for his family. It was complete in every part, but the altar around which they gathered in prayer was not yet set in. The mother wished it set up in the kitchen: there she was perplexed with her many cares. The father wished it set up in his study: God seemed nearer to him among his books. The son wished it set up in the room where guests were received, that the stranger entering might see that they worshiped God. Differing thus, they at last agreed to leave the decision to the youngest, who was a little child. Now, the altar was a broad shaft of polished wood of a very fragrant sort; and the child, who loved most of all to sit before the great open fireplace and see beautiful forms in the flames, said: 'See, the fire-log is gone; put the altar in the fire-log's place.' So, not being able to agree, they obeyed the child, and the altar took fire, and they all got the good of it, for its sweet odors filled the whole house—the kitchen where the mother worked and the study where the father labored and the guest-room where strangers were received, and the child saw beautiful forms in the flames." This parable teaches that the object of having an altar of religion in a home is that the whole house, with all its industries and intercourse, may be filled with warmth and sweetness and that children may see the radiant forms of beautiful ideals hovering like pictures in the illumined atmosphere. Here is one of Dr. Jordan's own sayings: "I have no patience with the sophomoric spirit which vaunts its own reason and throws into the ragbag everything that the fathers believed. We should not be as far on as we are today if the fathers had not believed very close to the truth. However far afield we may go in our young and callow days, most of us will be found revamping and appropriating the old beliefs of our fathers and mothers *when we go to work in the world.* Eighty-five per cent of our students take up their old religious practices again when their real living finds expression. A little bit of real living brings back the enthusiasm and the emotion; and no one can be faithful and true to worthy ideals without soon finding God displacing those ideals with himself."

## BOOK NOTICES

### RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

*The Fact of Conversion.* By GEORGE JACKSON, B.A. Crown 8vo, pp. 236. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

THESE are the Cole Lectures at Vanderbilt University for 1908. The prescribed object of the Cole Lectures is the defense and advocacy of the Christian religion. Mr. Jackson, whose rare quality is known to our readers by his previous books noticed in our pages, says that this book is the message of a busy city pastor rather than the scientific treatise of a professional student, and is addressed primarily to those who are engaged in the practical work of the Christian Church. As such they are of particular value to most of our readers. The author believes, with the author of Ecce Homo, that the article of Conversion is the true *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiae;* but that in theology we retain nothing that we cannot reinterpret. "We are not done with Conversion; we never shall be done with it: but we must tell our own generation what Conversion means." Measurably this book is a reinterpretation. It is George Jackson's definition of Conversion in the light and vernacular of today and in terms intelligible to the mind of the twentieth century. Its title emphasizes and confirms the Christian minister's claim, put forth by Mr. Johnston Ross in this present number of our REVIEW in "Glimpses of Reviews and Magazines"—the claim that Religion has its Facts as indisputably as Science has its Facts. We couple this book on The Fact of Conversion with Carnegie Simpson's well-known book, The Fact of Christ. They should stand side by side on our shelves. Both are exhibits of indestructible Facts. This one frequently presents biographical illustrations of its exposition of some facts of Christian experience. These illustrations are various and present the subject in a broad as well as realistic way. The chapters are entitled: "The Reality of Conversion as a Fact of Consciousness," "The Reality of Conversion as a Fact for Life," "Varieties of Conversion," "The Rationale of Conversion," "The Psychology of Conversion," "Present Day Preaching and Conversion." Our language is scientific and justified when we speak of the incarnated, crucified, and risen Christ and of his present work, and of the contemporary activities of the Holy Spirit, and of the experience and evidence of regeneration, and of the powers which are now freeing men from sin and corruption—when we speak of these things as Facts, obvious and demonstrable Facts. John Henry Newman wrote in old age that the conversion of which he was conscious when a lad of fifteen he looked back upon at the age of seventy and felt more certain of its reality than that he has hands and feet. Matthew Arnold wrote concerning Paul's conversion: "It is for science an event of precisely the same nature as the conversions of which the history of Methodism relates so many." To this George Jackson adds: "But, surely, Paul's con-

version has also for science this further significance, that, next to the Death and Resurrection of our Lord, it is the most momentous event in Christian history." Carlyle wrote concerning a certain period in Cromwell's life: "In these years we must place Oliver's clear recognition of Christianity; what he, with unspeakable joy, would name his conversion; his deliverance from the jaws of eternal death. Certainly a grand epoch for a man: properly the one epoch; the turning point which guides upward or guides downward him and his activity forevermore." Cromwell himself once spoke of his conversion thus: "You know what my manner of life had been. O, I lived in darkness and loved it, and I hated light. I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true: I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. O the richness of his mercy!" A Lancashire drunkard gave once this simple testimony: "Religion has changed my home, my heart, and you can all see it has changed even my face. I hear some of these London men call themselves Positivists. Bless God, I am a Positivist. I'm positive God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned my sins, changed my heart, and made me a new creature." The writer of this book notice once heard a man testify thus in a Salvation Army meeting: "The man I am doesn't know the man I was." That was all he said. What volumes of Christian evidences are packed in those few words! A German countess once gave this testimony: After a period of darkness and uncertainty she seemed to hear God saying to her: "My child, thy salvation does not depend upon thy love to me, but upon my love to thee, just as thou art." "Then," she says, "broke in upon my heart a sun of joy in the beams of which I still rejoice, and whose light will shine upon me eternally. Now my cold heart began to burn, not on account of my love to Christ but because of his love to me." A telling chapter is the one on "The Reality of Conversion as a Fact for Life." The proof of Christianity is the Christian. The evidence in life is obvious and cannot be gainsaid. Mr. Jackson says: "Of all words that the hand of man ever penned, in the Bible or out of it, I know of none with such strange power to move the heart as those of Saint Paul to the Corinthians: 'Fornicators, idolaters, adulterers, thieves, covetous, drunkards, revilers, extortioners—and such were some of you: but ye were washed, ye were sanctified, ye were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and in the Spirit of our God.'" Referring to these exultant words, Dean Church says: "It seems to me that the exultation apparent in early Christian literature, beginning with the Apostolic Epistles, at the prospect now at length disclosed within the bounds of a sober hope, of a great moral revolution in human life—that the rapturous confidence which pervades these Christian ages, that at last the routine of vice and sin has met its match, that a new and astonishing possibility has come within view, that men, not here and there, but on a large scale, might attain to that hitherto hopeless thing to the multitudes, goodness—is one of the most singular and solemn things in history." (The Gifts of Civilization, p. 156.) Mr. Jackson says truly that George Eliot's pen was not usually overflowing with generosity when she wrote about Evangelicalism; too often, indeed, it was dipped in gall. But there were things in the religious world about her which even she could not refuse to see, as her

sketch of Milby society will show: "Whatever might be the weaknesses of the ladies who pruned the luxuriances of their lace and ribbons, cut out garments for the poor, distributed tracts, quoted Scripture, and defined the true gospel, they had learned this—that there was a divine work to be done in life, a rule of goodness higher than the opinion of their neighbors; and if the notion of a heaven in reserve for themselves was a little too prominent, yet the theory of fitness for that heaven consisted in purity of heart, in Christlike compassion, in the subduing of selfish desires. They might give the name of piety to much that was only puritanic egoism, they might call many things sin that were not sin, but they had at least the feeling that sin was to be avoided and resisted; and color blindness, which may mistake drab for scarlet, is better than total blindness, which sees no distinction of color at all. Miss Rebecca Linnet, in quiet attire, with a somewhat excessive solemnity of countenance, teaching at the Sunday school, visiting the poor, and striving after a standard of purity and goodness, had surely more moral loveliness than in those flaunting peony days, when she had no other model than the costumes of the heroines in the circulating library. Miss Eliza Pratt, listening in rapt attention to Mr. Tryan's evening lecture, no doubt found evangelical channels for vanity and egoism, but she was clearly in advance of Miss Phipps, giggling under her feathers at old Mr. Crewe's peculiarities of enunciation. And even elderly fathers and mothers, with minds, like Mrs. Linnet's, too tough to imbibe much doctrine, were the better for having their hearts inclined toward the new preacher as a messenger from God. They became ashamed, perhaps, of their evil tempers, ashamed of their worldliness, ashamed of their trivial, futile pasts. The first condition of human goodness is something to love; the second, something to reverence. And this latter precious gift was brought to Milby by Mr. Tryan and Evangelicalism." "I can assure my incredulous literary friends," writes that great master of English prose, Mark Rutherford, "that years ago it was not uncommon for men and women suddenly to awake to the fact that they had been sinners, and to determine that henceforth they would keep God's commandments by the help of Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit. What is more extraordinary is that they did keep God's commandments for the rest of their lives." John Wesley recognized no profession of conversion which did not bear fruit in life. There is a very instructive incident in the life of John Nelson, one of the early Methodist preachers. A woman whom Nelson had dismissed from the society about twelve months before for misbehavior stood charged at the York Assizes with a capital crime. Nelson, being at that time in the York Circuit, was subpœnaed to appear at the Crown bar to assign his reasons for having put this woman out of the Methodist Society. Nelson read the Rules of the Society in court, and at the end of that rule which forbids contracting a debt without any probability of being able to pay it, he stopped and said: "My lord, this was my reason for dismissing this woman from the society to which I belong." The judge arose and said: "Good morality, Mr. Nelson"; and then being seated again desired him to read the rest of the Rules. After hearing them, his lordship said emphatically to the court: "Gentlemen,

this is true Christianity." When Matthew Arnold indulges in one of his characteristic little jibes at the expense of a company of Cornish revivalists who, he says, "will have no difficulty in tasting, seeing, hearing, and feeling God, twenty times over, tonight, and yet may be none the better for it tomorrow morning," he may be saying nothing literally inaccurate, but he conveys a wholly untrue and unjust impression of the results of religion in that Methodist county. The Cornishman's faith has made him every way a better man, and I shall appeal to another English man of letters to reverse Arnold's unfavorable judgment. "You seem a very temperate people here," Mr. Augustine Birrell once observed to a Cornish miner; "how did it happen?" The miner replied, solemnly, raising his cap: "There came a man amongst us once, and his name was John Wesley." But there is no need of further witness. Wesley's sound English sense, his strongly ethical nature, his healthy hatred of Antinomianism in all its forms so stamped themselves upon the whole Evangelical Revival that today writers of all schools, even those who are furthest removed from his religious faith, freely acknowledge the greatness of the moral revolution which he wrought in the life of England. A book of much practical value is this on The Fact of Conversion.

*On Going to Church.* By G. BERNARD SHAW. 16mo, pp. 60. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

LET any man think what he thinks an essay on going to church is likely to be like, and then let him know that this essay is totally unlike anything he has imagined. This means not that the essay is brilliantly original but that it is in part fantastic and Bohemian. In relation to its nominal subject it is unexpectedly worthless. And some of it is so flippant that one mentally exclaims: "Bernard, O Pshaw!" He regards churchgoing as an equivalent for intoxicants, narcotics, and meats. Representing himself as a total abstainer from flesh foods, and from all stimulants, including tea and coffee, he explains his ability to do without these exciting drinks and foods by the fact that he goes to church! He says that the London world, in which he dwells, "lives spiritually on alcohol and morphia; most of the fine art of today is produced by the tea pot, the bottle, or the hypodermic syringe: tea, coffee, and cigarettes produce conversation; lager beer and pipes produce routine journalism; wine produces essays and novels; brandy and cigars produce erotic poetry; morphia produces tragic exaltation (useful on the stage)." He says the materials, the means, and the facilities for drugging ourselves increase continually, and the indulgence in them grows. As to the value of stimulants, he says he has noticed that all the drugs from tea to morphia, and all the drams from lager beer to brandy, dull the edge of self-criticism and make a man content with something less than the best work of which he is soberly capable. This is most true, and shows how much better informed Bernard Shaw is than Professor Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard, who, in McClure's for August, commends the use of alcoholic stimulants for psychological reasons, and says they are good to free Americans from "the humdrum of a puritanical existence." "Better America inspired

than America sober," cries Harvard's absurd ignoramus, not knowing, as is now assuredly and widely known, that there is no inspiration or intellectual help, but the exact opposite, in alcoholic or narcotic excitants or stupefiers. Intoxication is not inspiration. Even Nietzsche himself, having been for years a drinker and a smoker, saw and said that people who drink beer and smoke pipes lack delicacy and clearness of perception and are absolutely incapable of grasping profound and subtle problems. A great railroad company removed one of its chief officials solely because the bottle of beer he insisted on taking daily at lunch dulled his intellect so for the afternoon that important problems were not safe in his charge. Does Professor Münsterberg approve of drinking at Harvard as a relief from "the humdrum of a puritanical existence"? For students and professional men and creative artists who need clearness and elevation of thought and skill in execution, stimulants are especially dangerous and injurious. Bernard Shaw sees two classes of professional men; in one is the man who regards his work as a necessary evil and a means of making money by *extensive* industry, insuring comfort for his family; in the other is the man to whom his profession is a sphere for the objective realization of exacting ideals, and who by the fiercest *intensive* industry sacrifices everything and everybody, himself included, to the attainment of efficiency and, if possible, perfection in his work, which is the master passion of really great and noble men. The author thinks that "an unstimulated saint can work as hard, as long, as finely, and, on occasion, as fiercely as a stimulated sinner. Recuperation, recreation, inspiration seem to come to the saint far more surely than to the self-indulgent man who grows coarser and fatter every year, and who calls the saint an ascetic." The author says he has abstained from meat foods, coffee, tea, and spirits for a dozen years; in contrast with his colleagues who patronize the brewery, the distillery, and the slaughterhouse. But then, he says he *goes to church*, and there finds rest without languor and recreation without excitement, both of a quality unknown to the traveler who turns from the village church to the village tavern and seeks to renew himself with shandy-gaff. Mr. Shaw finds the unsightly interiors of some churches a serious obstacle to entering them. Some are so hideous that a bishop may consecrate them till he is black in the face without making real churches of them, and babies baptized therein will probably go to limbo if they die before positively qualifying themselves for the upper regions; and prayers said therein do not count. He remembers being obliged to attend such a church when he was a little boy, and thinks that every separate part, every window, every fillet of ornamental ironwork (half dog-collar, half coronet) in that building must have sowed a separate evil passion in his young heart; and that all the vulgarity, savagery, and bad blood that have marred his literary work are due to the influence of that building and its services: which is certainly a wildly extravagant statement. He is not easy to please in the matter of church exteriors or interiors. The vast sky-piercing pile of pinnacles at Milan he characterizes as a "petrified christening-cake of a cathedral," and calls the exterior of Westminster Abbey repulsive. He likes the church of San Zeno Maggiore

at Verona, built in the twelfth century, and says: "Let a man go and renew himself for half an hour occasionally in San Zeno, and he need not drink any drams or drugs, nor eat any animal corpses, to sustain him." He says the decay of religious art from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth was due to the eclipse of religion by science and commerce. He speaks of the church of San Lorenzo at Florence as Brunelleschi's masterpiece, and notes its intellectual mastery of form, its unaffected dignity, its combination of simplicity and homogeneity of plan with elegance and variety of detail; but says that Santa Croce or Santa Maria Novella casts a nobler spell, making you forget yourself as in a sanctuary shielded by God's presence from pride and vainglory and all other burdens of life; making you feel yourself equal with the beggar at the door, standing on ground made holy by such devoted labor as discloses to men the reality of prayer. On one page our author makes this declaration: "I am a resolute Protestant; I believe in the Holy Catholic Church; in the Holy Trinity; in the communion of saints; the life to come, the immaculate conception; and the everyday reality of Godhead and the kingdom of heaven." Evidently, when he declares his belief in "the immaculate conception" he refers to the miraculous conception and virgin birth of Jesus and *not* to the doctrine of the "immaculate conception," which is a new dogma, not based on Holy Scripture but recently and arbitrarily promulgated by the Papal Church, which doctrine, with its expression "the immaculate conception," relates not to the birth of Christ, but to the Virgin Mary's own birth in a state of immaculate purity without any taint of original sin. That the Virgin Mary was so born is a new doctrine and a new demand on the faith of papists. It is intended to justify the worship of the Virgin Mary. Among the characteristic Bernard Pshawisms in this booklet are the following: "All inspired books should be read either in church or on the eternal hills"; "On the whole, it is time to dismiss the Episcopalian prayer book as quite rotten with the pessimism of the age which produced it"; "I pity the poor neurotic who can say 'Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery,' as I pity a maudlin drunkard"; "An age of strength and faith and noble activity can have nothing to do with such a prayer book; Caliban might have constructed such a ritual out of his own terror of the supernatural, and such fragments of the words of the saints as he could dimly feel some sort of glory in." This new and very different Saint Bernard (neither of Cluny nor of Clairvaux, but of London's Bohemia) concludes his disquisition by saying, that no nation working at the strain we maintain can live without *public houses* in which to seek refreshment and recreation; that to supply this vital want there are, first, the drinking shop with its stimulant poisons; second, the vulgar conventicle with its hot, brimstone-flavored gospel; and third, the church! All these are *public houses*, open for resort; and of the three Mr. Shaw prefers the church; but he is not happy even there, and, while it is certainly wise and good for him to abstain from stimulants, one wonders whether he gets much more real religious good from churchgoing than does his resting bicycle which he leaves leaning against the gravestone in the church-

yard outside. We are not sure that he gets as much good as simple Mrs. Winthrop, the wheelwright's wife, in Silas Marner, says she has received when she is urging Marner to go to church: "If you've niver had no church, there's no telling what good it'll do you. For I feel as comfortable as niver was when I've been and heard the prayers and the singing to the praise and glory of God, as Mr. Macey gives out—and Mr. Crackenthorp saying good words, and more partic'lar on Sacrament Day: and if a bit o' trouble comes, I feel as I can put up wi' it, for I've looked for help i' the right quarter, and give myself up to Them as we must all give ourselves up to at the last; and if we've done our part, it isn't to be believed as Them as are above us 'ud be worse nor we are and come short o' Theirn." George Eliot tells us that the plural pronoun was no polytheistic heresy of Mrs. Winthrop's, but only her way of avoiding a presumptuous familiarity. We venture to suggest that the simple soul may have had the Trinity vaguely in mind. However this may be, the good woman's testimony is clear to the fact that she derived much satisfaction and benefit from going regularly to church. Bernard Shaw was probably never in the same pew with Dolly Winthrop, the wheelwright's wife.

*The Ideal Ministry.* A Comprehensive Handbook on Homiletics. By HERRICK JOHNSON, D.D. 8vo, pp. 488. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.75, net.

It is easy to see at a glance that this book is the work of a teacher. More than thirty years of vigorous work in the classroom (six years in Auburn Theological Seminary and twenty-five in McCormick) have formed the style of this writer, and a good style it is, too. One can find out immediately the object of each lecture; the plan, the purpose, and the motive are frankly laid open to the most superficial reader. A table of contents clear as a crystal, an index of ten pages well arranged and putting a book of nearly five hundred pages within ready reach, a syllabus as full as a careful preacher, notes preceding each one of the twenty-six chapters justify the publishers' word—"a handbook on homiletics." Even if there were not the suggestions of the classroom on every page—the numbering of paragraphs, the divisions and subdivisions so clearly marked, the frequent italicizing of a new thought or return after argument to a repeated statement of an old one—this book would be a model of lucidity and a guide for the preacher in the preparation and delivery of his sermons. The permanent function of the ideal ministry is preaching; the supreme aim, perfect manhood in Christ Jesus; the ruling spirit, love; the subject-matter, the word of God; the preëminent business, preaching Christ; the central theme, Christ crucified; the eternal sanctions, everlasting life and death; the coöperating agent, the Holy Spirit. Such is the thought of Dr. Johnson elaborated in the first part of the book, that portion which gives the name to the whole—"The Ideal Ministry." Part Two has to do with "Related Ideals" (for example, the call to the ministry, the minister's study, methods of preaching). Part Three has to do with "The Sermon" (its ideal definition, ideal qualities, and ideal delivery). No subject is advanced that is not proven—and no proof that is not given in the temper

of a kindly debater who loves his work and is eager to bring others to his conclusion. Indeed, one puts the book down with the thought that Dr. Johnson, strong as he is as a writer, must be even more convincing as a speaker. In the chapter on "The Call to the Ministry" Dr. Johnson says: "His call [the Holy Spirit's] is inner and silent to the ear of the soul but as immediate, personal, and effectual as was Christ's when on earth." Having said this, he goes ahead to prove it by an argument from Scripture, an argument from the nature of the case, and an argument from the testimony of the church, all of which make clear that he who enters the ministry should have a divine commission behind him, a divine summons before him, and a divine conviction within him. No wonder that Dr. Johnson closes a lecture with such exalted and most acceptable views with these words: "But if he [the preacher] is where he is, prompted by considerations of ease, or literary indulgence, or oratorical ambition, or social possibilities; or if he is where he is, the mere child of circumstances, drifted into the ministry without any profound conviction or burning desire to glorify God in holding up to dying men a crucified Christ and in beseeching them, with a great yearning, enfolding tenderness and love, to be reconciled to God—O the pity of it all! And the shame! And the sin!" Surely, the young Timothys who hear this Paul holding out to them the ideal ministry are to be congratulated. Still, individuality must be maintained. No man should be the copy of any other: "We must beware of quoting apostolic example . . . . lest we get Balaam's ass in the pulpit without the ass's inspiration." "Beware of books of skeletons called 'Pulpit Helps.' They are pulpit hindrances; snares of the devil. The fires of homiletic enthusiasm cannot be fed with them. As well think of rousing the passions with the propositions of Euclid, or of heating an oven with snowballs." Three methods of preaching are considered—the extemporaneous, the manuscript, and the memoriter. The advantages and disadvantages of each method are exhaustively treated. Whatever the method, there must be hard study. It is recreancy to the sacred calling of the ministry, and an offense against God, to indulge in idleness and neglect of study because endowed with natural fluency. Voluble loquacity may be superficial raut, . . . . a ready flow of sound, twaddle, and platitude. It costs the speaker nothing, for it is nothing . . . Let the preacher steadfastly and determinedly see to two things: first, that no natural fluency or surpassing facility of utterance shall keep him from the constant habit of careful writing; second, that no natural timidity, no stumbling and halting at first venture, shall keep him from the constant habit of preaching extempore." Surely, such teaching has a most ready welcome in the heart and thought of the Methodist ministry. "Listen to our Lord," says Dr. Johnson in conclusion, ending a searching chapter on the subject, "Why Not a Soul Winner?" "Listen to our Lord: 'All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth'—that's your authority; and it is heaven's own; 'Go ye therefore and make disciples'—that's your business, and it is the King's business. Preach the gospel—that's the one instrument of rescue. O, man of God, throw out the lifeline!"

## PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

*Pleasures of Literature.* By Robert Aris Willmott. 12mo, pp. 243. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.25.

This is a reprint of a book first published in 1851, the work of a gifted, cultivated, and widely read clergyman of the Church of England who died in 1863. In his preface to the first edition the author "hopes that his errors are neither serious nor many, and requests that all fault-finders will sit down immediately and excel him as much as they can." The author, it is said, was a born preacher. He took the greatest possible pains in the preparation of his sermons, aiming to proclaim God's truth in the richest language at his command. As to his delivery, one of his own sentences gives us a hint, "A persuasive voice makes love to the ear and wins the heart with music." Very few of his sermons were preserved. Some extracts are given. This: "The lone Hebrew woman rises from her grave to inspire me. She fed the prophet with a little cake, and the granaries of heaven nourished her barrel of meal; she gave him a little water in a vessel to drink, and the olive trees of Eden seem to bear fruit again that her cruse might run over with oil." And this: "There is a sound of solemn sadness in the saying that the glory of man is but as the flower of grass—a more perishable thing than the grass itself, more alluring to the eye, but exposed to fiercer enemies, and to the swifter ruin of the scythe. They are gone—the tyrants of ancient dynasties, with their splendor and cruelty—and have bequeathed to their successors the warning voice of the prophet, 'Where will ye leave your glory?' Think of the question having been asked of Sesostris, or Belshazzar! But so it comes to pass. Their magnificence is taken off like robes and crowns when a coronation is over. The great Conqueror strikes his sword into life, and a gulf yawns between Cæsar and his legions. The glory remains on this side of the chasm. The light of an empire dies out, like embers on a cottager's hearth. All the flashing shields of Persia, with the throne of Xerxes in the midst, could not cast one ray into the shadows. How is the King to summon his guard? What bridges may swing across the darkness between eternity and time?" And this: "What are poets, philosophers, and men of splendid enterprise, but the chivalry of Genius, going forth, in the morning of their strength, to vanquish enemies of virtue, release captive souls, and bring back treasures of renown? How dazzling is the march with Fame in the van! Many depart, few return. Some die in battle; some are borne from it wounded; some triumph, only to faint in the desert with the well in sight. So the tale of literature has its toll as well as its trumpet; the coronation incloses a funeral, and the banner of victory droops over the bier of the conqueror. But the eyes and ears of the living see and hear only the rejoicings and the honors of the departed. The trumpet drowns the toll; the conflict is forgotten in the conquest; the death is illuminated by the crown. So it should be. As one plume sinks, another eager foot climbs the steep. The dead ever speak to the weary, ever cheer the brave, ever beckon the hopeful to the temple, that shines with its own inward sun and glorifies time and thought." In these extracts there is, to be sure, no

novelty of ideas, but eternal truths solemnly and richly expressed. That this preacher was a studious book-lover is manifest on every page of the volume before us. On the fly-leaf he quotes from a letter written to a friend by Bishop Hall: "I can wonder at nothing more than how a man can be idle—but of all others, a scholar—in so many improvements of reason, in such sweetness of knowledge, in such variety of studies, in such importunity of thoughts. To find wit in poetry; in philosophy, profoundness; in history, wonder of events; in oratory, sweet eloquence; in divinity, supernatural light and holy devotion—as so many rich metals in their proper mines—whom would it not ravish with delight?" Willmott, as a preacher, believed in the usefulness of beauty, but not in the merely ornamental. He wrote: "The criterion of value is found in the result; whatever is truly beautiful is also powerful and profitable. The pictures of Raphael teach virtue, and a sermon of Jeremy Taylor is more binding than an act of Parliament." Of the wondrousness of the magical power of speech, he says: "How astonishing it is to know that a man may stand in the crowd of learned or ignorant, thoughtful or reckless hearers—all the elements of reason and passion tumultuously tossed together—and knock at the door of each heart in succession! Think how this wonder has been wrought already. By Demosthenes waving the stormy democracy into a calm from a sunny hillside, by Plato enchaining the souls of his disciples under the boughs of a slim plane tree, by Cicero in the stern silence of the Forum, by our own Sheridan in the chapel of Saint Stephen. They knocked and entered, wandered through the bosoms of their hearers, threaded the dark labyrinths of feeling, aroused the fiercest passions in their lone concealment. They did more. In every heart they erected a throne, and gave laws. The Athenian populace started up with one accord and one cry to march upon Philip; the Senate throbbed with indignation at Catiline; and the British Parliament was dissolved for a few hours, that it might recover from the wand of the enchanter." He notes that the treasures of literature are less liable to perish than the products of art, so that the poet and the historian have an advantage over painter and sculptor. "A mob shatters into dust that statue of Minerva whose limbs seemed to breathe under the flowing robe, and her lips to move; but the fierceness of the Goth, the ignorance of the Crusader, and the frenzy of the polemic, have not destroyed nor mutilated Penelope and Electra. Apelles dies; Æschylus lives. And if we have lost Phidias, Homer gives us a Jupiter in gold." The necessity of the right mood and favorable conditions for both power and appreciation is emphasized. Charles Lamb put it thus: "In the five or six impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up Spenser's Faery Queen for a stopgap or a volume of Bishop Andrews's sermons? Milton almost requires a solemn service to be chanted before you enter upon him. Only a zealot in political economy begins Adam Smith before breakfast; and who wishes Cudworth to come in with the dessert?" A celebrated author said: "I know not how it is, but all my philosophy in which I was so warmly engaged in the morning appears like nonsense as soon as I have dined." The cultivation of right

moods is important. The preacher must be in the preaching mood and the hearer in the hearing mood, or the sermon will fail of its effect. One of the greatest of artists always rose from his knees to his palette and pencil; which goes far to explain how he became great. Willmott warns against miscellaneous reading, and reading for entertainment thus: "A discursive student is almost certain to fall into bad company. Houses of entertainment are always open to a man who is trying to escape from his thoughts. But a shelter from the tempest is dearly bought in a house poisoned with the plague. Ten minutes contact with a French novel or a German rationalist has sent the reader away diseased for life." The pleasures of literature are traced in history, poetry, fiction, sermons, and philosophy. To the value of the right sort of fiction numerous testimonies are given: "Hannah More traced her earliest impressions of virtue to works of fiction; and Adam Clarke gives a list of tales that won his boyish admiration. Books of entertainment led him to believe in a spiritual world; and he felt sure of having been a coward but for romances. He declared that he had learned more of his duty to God, his neighbor, and himself, from Robinson Crusoe, than from all the books—except the Bible—that were known to his youth. These grateful recollections never forsook him, and the story of De Foe was put into the hands of his children as soon as they were able to read it. Sir Alexander Ball informed Coleridge that he was drawn to the navy, in childhood, by the pictures which that Ancient Mariner left on his mind." The value of the study of history is thus remarked upon: "History is to be regarded in an educational light, as it opens new sources of information. A scholar is six thousand years old, and learned brickmaking under Pharaoh. Never lived such a citizen of the world; he was Assyrian at Babylon, Lacedæmonian at Sparta, Roman at Rome, Egyptian at Alexandria. He has been by turns a traveler, a merchant, a man of letters, and a commander-in-chief; presented at every court, he knew Daniel, and sauntered through the picture gallery of Richelieu. Dryden called history a perspective glass, carrying the mind to a vast distance, and taking in the remotest objects of antiquity. How many battles by sea and land the student has witnessed! He clambered with the Greeks along the rocky shore of Pylus; he heard the roar of falling houses when the Turks stormed Rhodes; three times he was beaten back with Condé by that terrible Spanish infantry, which tossed off the French fire like foam from the cliff; he recognized Dante in the struggle of Campaldino; stood by the side of Cervantes when an arquebus carried away his left hand; and stooped with a misty lantern over the bleeding body of Moore. A cultivated reader of history is domesticated in all families; he dines with Pericles and sups with Titian. The Athenian fish-bell invites him to the market to cheapen a noisy poulterer or exchange compliments with a bakeress of inordinate fluency. A monk illuminating a missal and Caxton pulling his first proof are among the pleasant entries of his diary. He still stops his ears to the bellowing of Cleon, and remembers, as of yesterday, the rhetorical frown of the old tapestry and the scarlet drapery of Pitt." Of biography the author writes as follows: "The grandest lesson of biography is the need of moral and

religious principle. This is the burden of all its music. Stop for a moment before that youthful face, which shoots such a fitful brightness from its proud, visionary eyes. It is the portrait of Chatterton. Begin with his childhood. At six years of age he did not know A; he spent the same number of months in reaching P. Prior's plan of alluring the scholar with gingerbread letters, to be eaten as they are learned, might have failed. Suddenly a spark dropped on the cold mind. His mother tore up an old music book for waste paper, and the painted capitals caught his eye. She said that he fell in love with the manuscript. A black-letter Bible completed the conquest of the dunce. He awoke like the giant, devouring books with unsatisfied hunger. His temptation grew with his intellect. A manufacturer requested him to choose a device, or inscription, for a cup. 'Paint me,' answered the boy, 'an angel with wings and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world.' It was Milton's daring without his prayer. The tempter of Chatterton was pride. One of his latest letters is still preserved, in which the terrible workings of an ungoverned spirit is shown by the emphasis of his pen. 'It is my PRIDE, my native, unconquerable pride, that plunges me into distraction. You must know that nineteen twentieths of my composition is pride. I must either live a slave—to have no will of my own, no sentiments of my own, which I may freely declare as such—or DIE.' It is quite conceivable that a boy genius, overflowing with mirthful strength, might banter a pompous pewterer by a Norman pedigree, or a dull topographer with a castle in the clouds. But Chatterton had a baser motive. The pride that enslaved his soul at Bristol drove him to London. Its bondage became fiercer. One after another his home-thoughts and recollections are whirled away, like spring blossoms in a hurricane. The black-letter Bible is lost in shadow. Mother, and sisters, and the gifts of love, disappear. Only pride remains. John Foster has some striking and affecting observations on the last days of Chatterton: 'The ambition, flushed with confidence, had turned to insupportable mortification; the last expedient was brought, as by some demon, directly before him; and so eventful, wayward, ill-disciplined, unhonored, but eminently capable a life was terminated at a little short of the age of eighteen; of which the last few months must have hurried him through a violent tumult of the passions. And all this anarchy of emotions, the action and reaction of pride, exultation, resentment, and despair, the confusion, and conflict of all the passions, to close in the self-destruction of their slave and victim!' We see the 'marvelous boy' for the last time retire to his dreary chamber, with the dreadful remedy for hunger and pride; we watch him take it up and lay it down again 'with a shuddering sensation, for the power of death is there.' He collects his fragments of verse and prose; tears them in pieces; mingles the poison, swallows it, and plunges over the ghastly precipice in sullen, tempestuous, magnificent despair. Words to be graven in gold are these: 'Woe be to the youthful poet who sets out upon his pilgrimage to the Temple of Fame, with nothing but hope for his viaticum! There is the Slough of Despond, and the Hill of Difficulty, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death upon the Way.'"

*Views and Reviews.* By HENRY JAMES. Introduction by Le Roy Phillips, Compiler of a Bibliography of the Writings of Henry James. Crown 8vo, pp. 241. Boston: The Ball Publishing Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net; postage, 12 cents.

"A SENTENCE should be like a street, open from end to end," said one, "so that one may see through it." "If sentences were like streets," replied another, "a page of Henry James would resemble a section of old Boston." But this comment was made on the style of Henry James in later years. The volume before us is a reprint of a book first issued some twenty years ago, before the author achieved that marvelously elaborate, subtle, labyrinthic, and long-sentenecd style with which Henry James, like a big old spider in his web, fascinates and entangles his host of readers today. As Mr. Phillips says in his introduction to this volume, these critical views and reviews are in the author's earlier style, admirable for clearness and charm, written in the years when Henry James was known as a literary essayist and critic, rather than as the novelist he is today. These essays relate to writings by Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne, George Eliot, Arnold, Whitman, Dickens, William Morris, and Kipling. Though written, some of them, in Mr. James's early years they show no immaturity but are marked by clarity of insight, just judgments, and fine literary sense. In the essay on George Eliot's novels, we read this comment on Dinah Morris, one of the characters in Adam Bede: "It is hard to conceive of a woman so exalted by religious fervor remaining so cool-headed and so temperate. There is in Dinah Morris too close an agreement between her natural disposition and the action of her religious faith. It is very uncommon for religious conversion merely to intensify and consecrate preëxisting inclinations. It is usually a marked change, a reversal, a wrench; and the new life is apt to be the more sincere in proportion as it has less in common with one's previous life. Nevertheless, Dinah Morris is unquestionably a study from actual life. And there are genuinely religious lives marked rather by progressive purification, intensification, and exaltation, than by rupture and reversal." We read, too, of Mrs. Denner, the hard-headed little old serving-woman, who had a mind as sharp as a needle and a character like iron, who, when her mistress in a fit of weak despondency said, "I'm afraid to expect anything good any more," put in with wholesome sharpness: "That's weakness, madam. Things don't happen because they are bad or good, else all eggs would be addled or none at all, and at most it's but six addled to the dozen. There's good chances and bad chances, and nobody's luck is pulled only by one string. There's a good deal of pleasure in life for you yet." And on another occasion when her mistress exclaims in a fit of distress that "God was cruel when he made women," the waiting-woman replies: "It mayn't be good luck to be a woman, but one begins with it from a baby and gets used to it. And, for my part, I shouldn't like to be a man —to cough so loud, and spit, and stand straddling about on a wet day, and be so wasteful with meat and drink. *They're a coarse lot, I think, the men.*" Here is a bit of moral discernment in Adam Bede: "Under every guilty secret there is a hidden brood of guilty wishes, whose unwholesome, infecting life is cherished by the moral darkness. The contamina-

ting effect of evil deeds often lies less in the commission than in the consequent enlistment of our self-interest on the side of falsity; as, on the other hand, the purifying influence of public confession springs from the fact that by it the hope in lies is forever swept away and *the soul recovers the noble attitude of simplicity and openness.*" This we quote about Browning: "Nothing he writes can be vapid: he is robust and vigorous, He deals with human character as a chemist with his acids and alkalies, and while he mixes his colored fluids in a way that surprises the profane, he knows perfectly well what he is about. But there is apt to be in his style something of the hiss and sputter of the laboratory. The idea, in Browning's style, sometimes tumbles out into the world in a grotesque hind-foremost manner; it is like an unruly horse backing out of his stall, and stamping and plunging as he comes." What a picture of rampant energy! and how we like to see the powerful fellow stamp and plunge! An illustration of Swinburne's violence of intemperate speech is given: Mr. W. Rossetti in editing Shelley's works allowed the interpolation in a certain line of the word "autumn," and for this Swinburne broke out on him thus: "A thousand years of purgatorial fire would be insufficient expiation for the criminal on whose deaf and desperate head must rest the guilt of defacing the text of Shelley with this most damnable corruption." Referring to Mr. D. G. Rossetti, Swinburne once spoke of "the corrosive sore which he calls his soul, an ulcer which must rot unrelieved by ointment." Victor Hugo is Swinburne's divinity, "a divinity," says Mr. James, "whom he effectually conceals and obliterates in the suffocating fumes of his rhetoric and his prodigious redundancy of phrase." Does this part of Swinburne's characterization of John Ford, the poet, make anybody think of Bishop Charles H. Fowler? "His strength of impulse was matched by his strength of will; he worked by resolution more than by instinct; he knew what he wanted, and gained his end and did his work with full purpose and design. By the might of a great will seconded by the force of a great hand he won the place he held against all odds of rivalry in a race of rival giants." Here is part of Henry James's criticism of Swinburne's defects: "His style is without discretion or sense of what to take and what to leave, and after a few pages it becomes intolerably fatiguing. It is artificial and self-conscious; always listening to itself; always turning its head over its shoulder to see its train flowing behind it—a gorgeous train it is, but the rustle of its heavy embroidery is too importunate. But the most disagreeable feature of Swinburne's writings is the absence of the moral sense. We do not remember a single case in which he strikes the moral note, or in which the idea betrays the smallest acquaintance with the conscience. The moral realm for Mr. Swinburne is simply a brilliant chiaroscuro of costume and posture. Where he pretends to drop the moral plummet it goes to no depth, but simply dabbles in the shallows of the picturesque. He understands neither morality nor immorality; and his analysis is ghastly in its poverty of insight." From this he would seem to belong to the Brahman class of æsthetes. From a volume of Walt Whitman's alleged verses, Henry James rose wearily with the following remark: "It has been a melancholy task to read this book. Since the day of Mr. Tupper's

Proverbial Philosophy there has been no more difficult reading of the professedly poetic sort. It exhibits the effort of an essentially prosaic mind to lift itself, by a prolonged muscular strain, into poetry. Whitman's writings pretend to be poetry: they begin each line with a capital after the form of verse; but they turn out to be arrant prose. They are more like Tupper's proverbs than anything we have met." Mr. James notes that Whitman is very fond of blowing his own trumpet, and quotes the following as a sample of his ridiculous pretensions:

From Paumanok starting, I fly like a bird,
Around and around to soar, to sing the idea of all;
To the north betaking myself, to sing there arctic songs,
To Kanada, till I absorb Kanada in myself—to Michigan then,
To Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, to sing their songs (they are inimitable);
Then to Ohio and Indiana, to sing theirs—to Missouri and Kansas and Arkansas to sing theirs,
To Tennessee and Kentucky—to the Carolinas and Georgia, to sing theirs,
To Texas, and so along up toward California, to roam accepted everywhere;
To sing first (to the tap of the war-drum, if need be)
The idea of all—of the western world, one and inseparable,
And then the song of each member of these states.

And there are persons who call such stuff as that poetry! Mr. James remarks to Whitman: "You talk entirely too much about yourself. In one place you threaten to absorb Canada; in another you call upon the city of New York to incarnate you, as you have incarnated it; and in yet another you seem to identify yourself with the third person of the Trinity. This is tolerably egotistical. We find in your book not a single idea, but a medley of extravagances and commonplaces. What would be bald nonsense and dreary platitudes in anyone else is claimed to be sublimity in you." If this were the worst to be said about Whitman, no one need be offended: his offense is in his indecency, his beastly mental squalor. Going on to George Eliot's The Spanish Gypsy and Tennyson's Queen Mary, Henry James finds far finer matter to consider, and shows us many gems from both. In the former, Juan, the minstrel, who, like a troubadour, oft freshens life's dusty road with babbling rills of song, soothing men when weary and cheering them when sad, asks what he shall sing. Shall he sing "Some lay of afternoons—some ballad strain of those who ached once, but are sleeping now under the sun-warmed flowers?" —which recalls Tennyson's lines about "the homes of happy men that have the power to die, and grassy barrows of the happier dead." Zarca, the gypsy, a stalwart figure of rude majesty, realizing their loneliness and obloquy, speaks of himself and his race as "Wanderers whom no God took knowledge of—a people with no home even in memory, no history of ancestors to make a common hearth for piety, none of the rich heritage which belongs to nations and races fathered by a mighty past." With all the fine things found in The Spanish Gypsy, Mr. James does not consider it a genuine poem, in explanation of which judgment he says: "It lacks the hurrying quickness, the palpitating warmth, the bursting melody of a real poem. A genuine poem is a tree that breaks into blossom and

shakes in the wind. George Eliot's elaborate composition is like a vast mural design in mosaic work, where great slabs and delicate morsels of stone are laid together with wonderful art, where there are plenty of noble lines and generous hues, but where everything is too rigid and measured—nothing magical or dazzling. I imagine that the author allows her impressions to linger a long time in her mind, so that by the time they are ready to use they have lost much of their original freshness and vigor." George Eliot seems to have foreseen Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy and her doctrines many years ago, and to have satirized them in a poem entitled "A Minor Prophet," in which an American named Elias Baptist Butterworth teaches that what he calls the "Thought-Atmosphere" is increased by a vegetable diet, and that as his cult spreads the thought-atmosphere will become stronger and more prevalent, and then those higher truths, seized now only by a few higher minds like his own, will be apprehended by millions; and the day will come when the people residing in the Desert of Sahara will find the anterior lobe of their brains strong enough to think away the sand-storms! O happy day! Coming to Tennyson, Henry James finds, of course, no end of felicitous artistry: the tide which at first smiled and sparkled and then "ran sunless down and moaned against the piers": Enoch Arden's ship, which "at first sailed over a fair sea, day by day, scarce rocking, while her full-busted figure-head stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows"; "the myriad shriek of wheeling ocean fowl, the league-long roller thundering on the reef"; "the sunrise broken into scarlet shafts among the palms and ferns and precipices, the blaze upon the waters to the east"; and then at night, "the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven"; the dark forethought rolling about in Merlin's brain "as on a dull day in an ocean cave a blind wave feels round the long sea-hall in silence." Enoch Arden, returned from his desert island, drawing in and "down through all his blood the dewy meadowy morning breath of England"; the dress of "splendid silk whereon, as on a shoaling sea, the lovely blue played into lovely green"; the endangered bather caught in the seaward suction of the undertow, who, finding he could still touch bottom with his hands, dug his fingers into his "old fast friend the shore, and clinging thus felt for some moments the remorseless outdraught of the deep haul like a great strong fellow at his legs"; the archbishop saying of Edward the Confessor, "He has a twilight conscience, lighted through a chink, not by the sun," when Harold is wishing he could be as holy and passionless as Edward; and Queen Mary longing to welcome Philip of Spain on English shores and crying, "Let the great angel of the church come with him, stand on the deck, and spread his wings for sails." No wonder Henry James talks of Tennyson's perfect cadences, the exquisite perfume of his diction, his beautiful and curiously delicate descriptions, the verbal splendor which no poet has surpassed, the ineffable delicacy of imagination. Yet Tennyson seldom strikes the note of irrepressible emotion; and his poetry, for the most part, is "the verse of leisure, of luxury, of contemplation, and of a faculty which circumstances have helped to become fastidious; a talent ripened and refined and passed with a hundred incantations through the crucible

of taste." A year after Kipling burst on the world with his Plain Tales from the Hills and made everybody drop everything else and attend to him, Henry James wrote of him as a singularly robust literary character with rattling high spirits, a fresh phenomenon who made the world prick up its ears. His prodigious facility, his unabashed temperament, his flexible talent, his familiar friendship with India, his determination not to be duped, his "imperial" fiber, his love of the inside view and of the private soldier and the primitive man, and his mass of vivid and heterogeneous material—the irresistible magic of scorching suns, subject empires, uncanny religions, uneasy garrisons, and smothered-up women—and all the heat and color, danger and dust—all these were in his mastery from the first. Twenty years ago Mr. James believed that Kipling's talent was likely to have long innings. While he felt it a sort of discourtesy to speculate on what would become, in the later hours of the day, of a talent that had got up so early, and while his first performances seemed like a tremendous walk before breakfast which made some fear for the hours after breakfast, yet Henry James believed Kipling's force and mastery would increase, being encouraged in this faith by the unflagging character of his pace and the excellent form, as athletes say, in which he got over the ground.

## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

*The Life of Chaplain McCabe.* A Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Bishop Frank Milton Bristol. 8vo, pp. 416. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, cloth, with portraits, $1.50, net.

This is the well-told story of the inimitable, magnetic, irresistible McCabe, army chaplain, pastor, secretary, bishop; in his nature a genius, in his work a phenomenon; never anybody like him before; no possibility of another like him hereafter; the unparalleled McCabe. Not only is the story of his eventful and romantic life told vividly, but the best of his utterances are given. Here is the whole of his wonderful lecture on "The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison," delivered innumerable times, by which he earned $300,000 for the aid of perishing churches and needy institutions. Here are his interviews with Abraham Lincoln, which give a near view of the martyr president; and an account of Lincoln's funeral, in which the reader feels the heartbreak of the land over its murdered chieftain. Here, too, are Chaplain McCabe's genial but deadly tilts against Ingersoll, the notorious infidel. One day on a railway train the chaplain read in a newspaper that Ingersoll had said to a free-thinkers' convention: "The churches are dying out all over the land; they are struck with death." The chaplain took out his pencil and wrote the following telegram, and wired it at the next station to Ingersoll: "Dear Robert! All hail the power of Jesus' name! We are building more than one Methodist church for every day in the year, and propose to make it two a day. C. C. McCabe." This incident, Dr. Bristol truly says, electrified the church, and impelled the Rev. A. J. Hough to write an inspired song, which McCabe sang triumphantly from ocean to ocean, firing vast audiences with

enthusiasm for the victorious Christ and for the aggressive work of his church. Here is the great song, fit to raise a shout of triumph in any Christian camp, and more largely true now than when it was written. It has more than a passing value; it blazons the mendacity of infidels:

The infidels, a motley band,
  In council met, and said:
"The churches die all through the land,
  The last will soon be dead."
When suddenly a message came—
  It filled them with dismay:
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
  We're building *two* a day."

The King of Saints to war has gone,
  And matchless are his deeds;
His sacramental hosts move on,
  And follow where he leads;
While infidels his church defame,
  Her corner stones we lay—
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
  We're building *two* a day."

"Extend," along the line is heard,
  "Thy walls, O Zion fair!"
And Methodism heeds the word,
  And answers ev'rywhere;
A new church greets the morning's flame,
  Another evening's ray—
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
  We're building *two* a day."

When infidels in council meet
  Next year, with boastings vain,
To chronicle the Lord's defeat,
  And count his churches slain,
O may we then with joy proclaim,
  If we his call obey:
"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
  We're building *three* a day."

As an illustration of McCabe's way of dealing with infidelity, and as a sample of his effective popular style, we select for quotation here "A Dream of Ingersollville."

"I had a dream which was not all a dream. I thought I was on a long journey through a beautiful country, when suddenly I came to a great city with walls fifteen feet high. At the gate stood a sentinel whose shining armor reflected back the rays of the morning sun. As I was about to salute him and pass into the city, he stopped me and said: 'Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?'

"I answered, 'Yes, with all my heart.'

"'Then,' said he, 'you cannot enter here. No man or woman who acknowledges that name can pass in here. Stand aside!' continued he, 'they are coming.'

"I looked down the road and saw a vast multitude approaching. It was led by a military officer.

"'Who is that?' I asked the sentinel.

"'That,' he replied, 'is the great Colonel Robert I———, the founder of the City of Ingersollville.'

"'Who is he?' I ventured to inquire.

"'He is a great and mighty warrior, who fought in many bloody battles for the Union during the great war.'

"I felt ashamed of my ignorance of history, and stood silently watching the procession. I had heard of a Colonel I——— who resigned in presence of the enemy, but of course this could not be the man.

"The procession came near enough for me to recognize some of the faces. I noted two infidel editors of national celebrity, followed by great wagons containing steam presses. There were also five members of Congress.

"All the noted infidels and scoffers of the country seemed to be there. Most of them passed in unchallenged by the sentinel; but at last a meek-looking individual with a white necktie approached, and he was stopped. I saw at a glance he was a well-known 'liberal' preacher of New York.

"'Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?' said the sentinel.

"'Not much!' replied the doctor.

"Everybody laughed, and he was allowed to pass in.

"There were artists there, with glorious pictures; singers, with ravishing voices; tragedians and comedians, whose names have a world-wide fame.

"Then came another division of the infidel host—saloonkeepers by thousands, proprietors of gambling-hells, brothels, and theaters.

"Still another division swept by: burglars, thieves, thugs, incendiaries, highwaymen, murderers—all—all marching in. My vision grew keener. I looked, and lo! Satan himself brought up the rear.

"High afloat above the mass was a banner on which was inscribed, 'What has Christianity done for the country?' and another, on which was inscribed, 'Down with the Churches! Away with Christianity—it interferes with our happiness!' And then came a murmur of voices, that grew louder and louder until a shout went up like the roar of Niagara: 'Away with him! crucify him!' I felt no desire now to enter Ingersollville.

"As the last of the procession entered a few men and women with broad-brimmed hats and plain bonnets made their appearance, and wanted to go in as missionaries, but they were turned rudely away. A zealous young Methodist exhorter, with a Bible under his arm, asked permission to enter, but the sentinel swore at him awfully. Then I thought I saw Brother Moody applying for admission, but he was refused. I could not help smiling to hear Moody say, as he turned sadly way: 'Well, they let me live and work in Chicago; it is very strange they won't let me into Ingersollville.'

"The sentinel went inside the gate and shut it with a bang; and I thought, as soon as it was closed, a mighty angel came down with a great iron bar, and barred the gate on the outside, and wrote upon it in letters of fire: 'Doomed to live together six months.' Then he went away, and all was silent, except the noise of the revelry and shouting that came from within the city walls.

"I went away, and as I journeyed through the land I could not believe my eyes. Peace and plenty smiled everywhere. The jails were all empty, the penitentiaries were without occupants. The police of great cities were idle. Judges sat in courtrooms with nothing to do. Business was brisk. Many great buildings, formerly crowded with criminals, were turned into manufacturing establishments. Just about this time the president of the United States called for a Day of Thanksgiving. I attended services in a Presbyterian church. The preacher dwelt upon the changed condition of affairs. As he went on and depicted the great prosperity that had come to the country, and gave reasons for devout thanksgiving, I saw one old deacon clap his handkerchief over his mouth to keep from shouting right out. An ancient spinster, who never did like the 'noisy' Methodists—a regular old blue-stocking Presbyterian—couldn't hold in. She expressed the thought of every heart by shouting with all her might: 'Glory to God for Ingersollville!' A young theological student lifted up his hand and devoutly added: 'Esto perpetua.' Everybody smiled. The country was almost delirious with joy. Great processions of children swept along the highways, singing:

'We'll not give up the Bible,
God's blessed word of truth.'

"Vast assemblies of reformed inebriates, with their wives and children, gathered in the open air. No building would hold them. I thought I was in one meeting where Bishop Simpson made an address, and as he closed it a mighty shout went up till the earth rang again. O, it was wonderful! and then we all stood up and sang with tears of joy:

'All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.'

"The six months had well-nigh gone. I made my way back again to the gate of Ingersollville. A dreadful silence reigned over the city, broken only by the sharp crack of a revolver now and then. I saw a busy man trying to get in at the gate, and I said to him: 'My friend, where are you from?'

"'I live in Chicago,' said he, 'and they've taxed us to death there; and I've heard of this city, and I want to go in to buy some real estate in this new and growing place.'

"He failed utterly to remove the bar, but by some means he got a

ladder about twelve feet long, and with its aid he climbed upon the wall. With an eye to business, he shouted to the first person he saw: 'Hello, there!—what's the price of real estate in Ingersollville?'

"'Nothing!' shouted a voice; 'you can have all you want if you'll just take it and pay the taxes.'

"'What made your taxes so high?' inquired the Chicago man. I noted the answer carefully; I shall never forget it.

"'We've had to build forty new jails and fourteen penitentiaries—a lunatic asylum and orphan asylum in every ward; we've had to disband the public schools, and it takes all the revenue of the city to keep up the police force.'

"'Where's my old friend I———?' said the Chicago man.

"'O, he is going about today with a subscription paper to build a church. They have gotten up a petition to send out for a lot of preachers to come and hold revival services. If we can only get them over the wall, we hope there's a future for Ingersollville yet.'

"The six months ended. Instead of opening the door, however, a tunnel was dug under the wall big enough for one person to crawl through at a time. First came two bankrupt editors, followed by Colonel I——— himself, and then the whole population crawled through. Then I thought, somehow, great crowds of Christians surrounded the city. There were Moody, and Hammond, and Earle, and hundreds of Methodist preachers and exhorters, and they struck up, singing all together: 'Come ye sinners, poor and needy.'

"A needier crowd never was seen on earth before.

"I conversed with some of the inhabitants of the abandoned city, and asked a few of them this question: 'Do you believe in hell?'

"I cannot record the answers; they were terribly orthodox.

"One old man said: 'I've been there on probation for six months, and I don't want to join.'

"I knew by that he was an old Methodist backslider.

"The sequel of it all was a great revival, that gathered in a mighty harvest from the ruined City of Ingersollville."

The thrilling life-story of Chaplain McCabe is vividly told by Bishop Bristol in this large volume which will have a wide sale.

*Decisive Battles of the Law.* By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL, author of Lincoln the Lawyer, The Case and the Exceptions, etc. Crown, 8vo, pp. 268. New York: Harper & Brothers. Price, cloth, $2.25.

THESE are vivid narrative studies of eight great legal contests of national importance and affecting decisively the history of our country during the years between 1800 and 1886. The cases are as follows: The United States *vs.* Callender, A Fight for Freedom of The Press; United States *vs.* Aaron Burr, The Inside History of a "Scotch" Verdict; The Commonwealth *vs.* John Brown, The Prelude to the Civil War; Dred Scott *vs.* Sanford, The Uncovering of a Historic Trial; The Impeachment of President Andrew Johnson; the "Alabama" Arbitration, an International Lawsuit; The Hayes-Tilden Contest, A Political Arbitration; People *vs.*

Spies *et al.*, The Chicago Anarchists' Case. It is well known that court records often afford illuminating footnotes to history. Usually, however, the bare dull official forms of a law report prove dry reading. Such accounts do not furnish the surroundings and attendant circumstances which give life, color, and meaning to the proceedings. In this book not only are the issues clearly stated but the court scene is vitalized and peopled with the human beings that dominated it: the courtroom crowd, judges, lawyers, and witnesses are seen in action and the reader, as a spectator of the stirring scene, is put in intelligent touch with the moves of the *dramatis personæ*. The author, himself a lawyer and a writer upon law, presents these eight historically decisive legal battles with dramatic force and brilliancy, blending the majesty of momentous history and the fascination of a novel. In this book Aaron Burr is given a rehearing; it is set forth that the official records present a strong case for Burr rather than against him; and the conclusion is that the judgment against Burr was unduly severe and should be reversed. By far the most martial and intensely dramatic of these eight historic court scenes is the trial of John Brown by the Commonwealth of Virginia at Charlestown in 1859. The story is calmly, dispassionately, impartially told. The central figure is the gaunt, haggard, wounded old prisoner—"a magnificent figure, rough-hewn, but Titanic, patriarchal but aggressive, his strongly Hebraic features showing purpose, courage, passion, and relentlessness in every line." He asks nothing from the court except that he "may not be foolishly insulted." He is ready for his fate. When the clerk asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced, he replied: "I have, may it please the court, a few words. In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted—the design on my part to free the slaves. . . . That was all I intended. . . . Now, if it is necessary that I forfeit my life and mingle my blood with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I submit. Let it be done. One word further—I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received in my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what my intention was and what it was not. Now I have done." The author says that John Brown's only fear was lest something might prevent him from dying on the gallows; lest some inspired statesman in Virginia might divine the danger of making a martyr out of this champion of the enslaved and avert the execution by forcing a consideration of the theory of insanity. John Brown's great purpose would have been thwarted if the madhouse had been substituted for the hangman's noose; and he knew it. Therefore his most exultant and triumphant moment was when he stood on the scaffold, waiting for the trap to be sprung. Around that scaffold, says our author, "the armed hosts of Virginia marched and countermarched, deployed and maneuvered in battle array to insure the fulfillment of the old hero's hearty desire. No wonder he stood steady as a soldier on parade, while the muskets rattled and the ground shook beneath the trampling feet." Among the militia who rattled their muskets under that scaffold, which was to sway the future,

was John Wilkes Booth, a private in Company F of the Jefferson Guards, who secured a double notoriety by being in at the death of John Brown and at the death of Abraham Lincoln. An epoch-making case was that known as the "Alabama" claim presented against England by the United States. During our war for the Union, numerous armed vessels had been built or fitted out in England, against the protest of this country, to prey upon our commerce, thus giving aid and comfort to the Confederacy. Among them were the "Alabama," the "Florida," the "Shenandoah," which inflicted much damage to vessels on the high seas. When our war was well over, a list of these damages was presented to England by the United States. England demurred. It was finally agreed that all these claims should be submitted to a court of arbitration to consist of five persons to be appointed as follows: one by the queen of England, one by the president of the United States, one by the king of Italy, one by the president of the Swiss Confederation, and one of the emperor of Brazil, both nations agreeing to accept the award of this tribunal of arbitration as a full, perfect, and final settlement of all claims. The arbitrators met at Geneva, Switzerland, June 15, 1872, and remained in secret session until September 14, when their decision was announced. The arbitrators were Count Frederic Sclopis, appointed by the king of Italy, and unanimously chosen president of the tribunal in recognition of his acknowledged attainments as a jurist; Baron d'Itajubá, a diplomat of forty years' experience, appointed by the Brazilian emperor; Jacob Staempfli, the Swiss representative, a sturdy and able self-made man, a serious-minded statesman, probably the most thoroughly qualified and prepared of all the arbitrators except one; Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of England, whom the queen had appointed; and Charles Francis Adams, who was the chosen American arbitrator. The verdict of this tribunal was that England was morally and legally responsible for all the depredations of the "Florida" and the "Alabama," and for some of the injuries inflicted by the "Shenandoah"; and fifteen and a half million dollars damages was awarded to the United States. The English representative was so indignant at this verdict that he refused to sign the award; and as soon as Count Sclopis, the president, finished reading the decision of the tribunal the Englishman "rose, picked up his hat, and to the amazement of the company, marched out of the room without even a word of farewell to the men with whom he had been in daily association for nearly three months. . . . But intelligent England saw that the principles of neutrality which had been established by this case were of equal permanent value to both parties. And the great good thing for the world was that international arbitration had been magnificently illustrated and vindicated by the two foremost nations of the world in the satisfactory solution of a problem of extreme difficulty and danger." The next great legal battle rehearsed in Mr. Hill's book is the Hayes-Tilden controversy over the presidency which was argued and decided by the Electoral Commission in 1877. It is a story which affords the reader, whatever his party, no sense of pride or gratification. The last case in the book is that of the Chicago anarchists indicted for murder in connection with a meeting, May 4, 1886, in Haymarket Square, where a dynamite bomb thrown

by an anarchist into a company of policemen killed seven and injured sixty others. The verdict was as follows: "We, the jury, find the defendants, August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Louis Lingg, guilty of murder in the manner and form charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at death. We find the defendant, Oscar W. Neebe, guilty of murder in the manner and form charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at imprisonment for fifteen years." When an appeal to the Supreme Court to reverse the verdict had failed, Lingg committed suicide; Spies, Parsons, Fischer, and Engel were executed; the sentences of Schwab and Fielden were commuted to imprisonment for life, and they together with Neebe, were pardoned, after serving seven years, by Governor Altgeld, whose action was bitterly resented at the time.

## MISCELLANEOUS

*Jesus Christ and the Civilizations of Today.* By JOSEPH A. LEIGHTON, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy and Psychology in Hobart College. 12mo, pp. 288. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.50.

THE scope of the work is limited to a consideration of the ethical teachings of Jesus Christ in their bearings on the spiritual life of civilization. The central aim is to find the true bases and dynamic of civilization. He regards civilization as a spiritual process working from within outward. Material conditions do not determine moral character. The spiritual forces effect material change. Civilization is based on true ideals of humanity. The source and goal of man show that he has a spiritual significance. Hence the chief problem is to develop the spiritual character of man and civilization. Ethical principles must depend upon the convictions as to the relation of the human self to the world of spiritual values and ideals. The author says: "The source and goal of the historical and social life of human personality is a Divine Life, never withdrawn from the struggle and pathos of man's history. Man enters into this life not by the loss of individuality but by its perfection through service in the social and historical order of human culture. . . . Jesus's conception of ideal humanity is that of a society of free, self-directing personalities, each of whom possesses in himself and recognizes in others an individual life and character of infinite worth and dignity." The principles and personality of Jesus Christ are still of vital and supreme import to the civilization of today. The empirical test of the worth of his ethical principles is found in the relevancy and timeliness to the spiritual problems of civilization today as of all times. The author is competent and scholarly in his treatment of the subject. He has made a valuable and stimulating contribution to the study of the basic principles of civilization.

James M. King

# METHODIST REVIEW

## NOVEMBER, 1908

### ART. I.—THE CRADLE OF THE HUMAN RACE—RECENT LITERATURE

WITH very few exceptions, and these not of the highest authority, the leaders in contemporary anthropology hold and teach the unity of the human race. This, as Hoernes says, is a foundation doctrine.[1] Accordingly, they hold that, however originated and in whatever geological period, the human species had its beginning and earliest habitat on some one definite portion of the earth's surface, and that from this one primeval center our successive generations have spread themselves over the habitable globe. A problem of problems, therefore, is the discovery by proper scientific methods of the unknown country in which our race originally took its place among the living tenantry of the earth. The importance of the inquiry is self-evident. A well-known anthropologist has recently expressed himself as follows: "For the science of Man the question is one of fundamental significance. As a truly scientific ethnology was impossible so long as writers sought at the wrong end a point of departure for the highest developed of the human races, so must the character, the successions and affinities of the extinct races, as well as the descent, relationships, and diffusions of the yet surviving ones,

[1] Die Einheit und Gleichheit der menschlichen Art ist eine Grundlehre der Anthropologie. Moritz Hoernes, Urgeschichte der Menschheit. Leipzig, 1905, p. 16.

remain a book with seven seals to everyone who gropes in the dark with respect to this problem, or who, touching the origin and provenience of our ancestors, starts from false assumptions."[2] To students of language, of early arts, of social institutions, civilization, government, religion, no less than to the anthropologist, a knowledge of the true starting point of the development about to be studied by them is a desideratum comparable to no other. Important, however, as is the problem, a comprehensive treatment of it is extremely rare. By a comprehensive treatment is meant one in which account is taken of all the lines of evidence entitled to a hearing. For many generations partial studies have been appearing, probably—on an average—at least one or two a year. The data employed, however, have been in nearly every case conspicuously few and plainly inadequate. Even in our own generation trained theologians and untrained Bible students have again and again propounded new locations for Eden, or new arguments for old locations, solely, or almost solely, on the ground of new conjectural identifications of the "four rivers" of the Genesis paradise. So Cheyne,[3] Delitzsch,[4] Dressler,[5] Engler,[6] Fyfe,[7] Gordon,[8] Gunkel,[9] Haupt,[10] Hommel,[11] Hymmen,[12] Lohan,[13]

[2] Ludwig Wilser, Urheimat des Menschengeschlechts. Heidelberg, 1905, p. 1.

[3] T. J. Cheyne, Traditions and Beliefs of Ancient Israel. London, 1907, pp. 84ff., 90ff.—For the true significance of the four rivers, see "The Quadrifurcate River" in Paradise Found, pp. 250ff.

[4] Friedrich Delitzsch, Wo lag das Paradies? Leipzig, 1881.—Answered by Noeldeke, Haupt, Rassam, and others

[5] M. Dressler, Das verlorene Paradies. Article in the Preussische Jahrbücher, xc, 377–389 (1897).

[6] Moritz Engler, Wirklichkeit und Dichtung. Dresden, 1907. The book in which Engler originally announced and advocated his view was reviewed by me in the Boston University Year Book, vol. xiii (1886).

[7] H. C. Fyfe. An article in Peterson's Magazine for February, 1898.

[8] Gen. Charles George ("Chinese") Cordon, Article in The Universal Review, No. 8, December 15, 1888. Sympathetically noticed by J. Zaffanck, in Mittheilungen der k. k. geographischen Gesellschaft in Wien. Nos. 5, 6, 1900.

[9] Hermann Gunkel. Die Paradieserzählung. Article in the Deutsche Rundschau for October, 1904. Professor Gunkel correctly locates the ideal or heavenly paradise of the sacred writer in the celestial region immediately centering about the north pole. See page 62; also his Commentary on Genesis, p. 33.

[10] Paul Haupt, Wo lag das Paradies? Article in Ueber Land und Meer, vol. for 1894.

[11] Fritz Hommel, Where Was Paradise Situated? Article in Christian Literature, vol. v, 326–329 (1891).—Hommel's view is sharply antagonized by Eduard König in pp. 66–75 of his Fünf neue arabische Landschaftsnamen. Berlin, 1901.

[12] E. Hymmen, Das Paradies der Bibel, der arischen Völker und Götter Urheimat, aufgefunden in den Rheinlanden. Leipzig, 2 Aufl., 1902.

[13] Abbe Lohan, Das Paradies nach der Lehre der Katholischen Kirche (Aus dem Französischen). Mainz, 1900.

Poertner,[14] St. Clair,[15] Sherwood,[16] and others.[17] Among the strange locations thus advocated we have the following: an undiscovered region in the "Jerahmeel" territory (Cheyne); an oasis in Northern Syria (Engler); a region in the northeast corner of Arabia (Hommel); a place in the German Rhineland (Hymmen); Somaliland in Africa (Fyfe); the Scilly Islands (General Gordon); Jerusalem and its environs (Sherwood). In like manner trained scientists and untrained writers in scientific lines have often taken the data of some one field of nature-knowledge and therefrom attempted to show where, at least in predominant probability, the cradleland of our race must have been. Thus one has used facts of geography only, another the teachings of the biology of his day, another the views of contemporary paleontologists, another facts of early language-history, racial characteristics, ethnic relationships, and so on. In this way opinions confessedly hypothetical and tentative have been advanced, even recently, according to which our human species "probably" came into being in Equatorial Africa[18] (Gerald Massey); in Australia[19] (Klaatsch, Schoetensack); in Southern Asia[20] (Zimmermann); in a "now vanished Indo-African continent"[21] (Keane, L. M. Keasbey); or "possibly" at each of the poles of the earth—the blacks at the

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[14] B. Poertner, Das biblische Paradies. Mainz. 1901.

[15] George St. Clair, The Garden of Eden. Article in Biblia, vol. xi (1898).

[16] R. M. Sherwood, The Old Theology. London, 1907.

[17] Articles in Cheyne's Encyclopædia Biblica, and similar new dictionaries of the Bible. Dr. O. Zoeckler, Die Lage des Paradieses. Article in Beweis des Glaubens, xxxi, 323ff. (1899). Sir J. William Dawson Eden Lost and Found. New York, Chicago, Toronto, 1896. H. Rassam, The Garden of Eden. Transactions of the Victoria Institute. 1891–92.

[18] Gerald Massey, Ancient Egypt the Light of the World. 2 vols. London, 1907. On Pole-star worship, "in all mythologies," Massey has interesting remarks on page 330.

[19] Klaatsch, Entstehung und Entwicklung des Menschengeschlechts. Article in Weltall und Menschheit, Bd. ii (1903).—Answered by Rhumbler in Archiv für Rassen- und Gesellschaftsbiologie, Bd. i, 6 (1904).—Schoetensack, Die Bedeutung Australiens für die Heranbildung des Menschen. Verhandlungen des Naturhistorisch—Med. Vereins, N. F., vii, 1 (1902).—Answered by Wilser in Der Naturwissenschaftliche Wochenschrift, N. F., i, 23.—Also by Rhumbler in the Korrespondenzblatt der deutschen Gesellschaft für Anthropologie, xxxv, S.

[20] Zimmermann, Zur Frage der menschlichen Urheimat. Article in Politisch-anthropologische Revue, ii (1903).

[21] "We may suppose Indo-Malaysia to have been the cradleland of mankind." Professor L. M. Keasbey in article on "The Descent of Man," in The Popular Science Monthly, vol. 60, 372 (1902). In the anthropological journal Man and elsewhere, A. H. Keane has published not a little; but, as Deniker, in his Races of Men, remarks: "He is not easy to follow."

southern and the whites at the northern.[22] By no such narrow procedures as these is this problem of problems ever to be solved. Geology, with its fossils, has facts vital to every scientific investigation of the question. The testimony of prehistoric climatology must in no case be neglected. But to ascertain this testimony, or even that of geology, the secular movements and countermovements of the astronomic universe must be taken into account. Paleozoölogy throws light upon the cradlelands and progressive translocations of all mammals, and, since man is a mammal, its voice must be heeded. But mammals, like other subjects of the animal kingdom, can live only in regions where plant-life has anticipated their coming, hence paleobotany insists on being consulted. Then there are those more specifically human studies, anthropology, ethnology, culture-history, mythology, religion; the data of these must, most of all, have place in any worthy argument. It is a marvel that any man of intelligence should for a moment imagine that the cradleland of mankind is ever to be credibly located and identified without a careful and critical correlation of the pertinent facts in all the ranges of human knowledge.

In the year 1885 the present writer published a more comprehensive synthesis of these facts than had ever before been attempted.[23] The conclusion reached was that the primeval homeland of our race was a—later submerged—circumpolar continent within the Arctic circle. Some of the lines of evidence then presented were as follows: First, the overwhelming majority of biblical scholars, orthodox as well as heterodox, have openly and definitely abandoned the idea that the problem can ever be settled by any imaginable interpretation to be put upon the Garden of

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[22] Zweipoliges Erdenlebeo. Von O. F. I. A. Dresden und Leipzig, 1901. The earliest writer to suggest this hypothesis, and so far as I know the only one besides this anonymous "O. F. I. A.," was Count M. F. F. Björnstjerna, of Sweden. In a work entitled in the English version, The Theogony of the Hindoos; with their Systems of Philosophy and Cosmology (London, 1844), he remarks: "As according to the nature of the thing both the polar regions must have been prepared equally early for the reception of mankind, it is possible that the appearance of mao took place at the same time in both regions; perhaps the white race in the countries about the North Pole, and the black race in those about the South Pole. A number of difficult problems might hence be solved" (p. 177). In "A Suggestion for Anthropologists," printed in Nature, London, June 30, 1887, I called the attention of a later generation to the passage. Possibly the anonymous essay above named is a result.

[23] Paradise Found; The Cradle of the Human Race at the North Pole. A study of the Prehistoric World. Boston, 11th ed., 1898.

Eden narrative in Genesis. Second, the earliest habitable portions of the slowly cooling and gradually solidifying globe must have been the circumpolar. Third, at one stage in the secular cooling of the earth-mass the biological conditions in the circumpolar regions must have been more favorable to the origination and the diversification of floral and faunal life-forms than any existing on any portion of the earth's surface today. Fourth, the scientific surveys of the floral and faunal life forms of early geologic ages have led the chief authorities in paleobotany and paleozoölogy to the conclusion that the earliest diffusion of vegetable and animal species over the earth proceeded from one center rather than from two, and that this one was within the Arctic circle. Fifth, there is geological evidence that in the Arctic regions, in Tertiary times, there existed a circumpolar continent with a floral and faunal life analogous to that now found in the intertropical latitudes of the earth. Sixth, the common representation that within the Arctic circle darkness reigns six months of the year is contrary to observed fact, and utterly ignores some of the most fundamental laws governing the production of daylight and darkness in the polar zones. Seventh, the early spread of shipless paleolithic men over all the continents is more easily explained on the theory of a primeval Arctic point of departure than on any other yet propounded. Eighth, the traditions and mythologies of the oldest nations contain data which are incapable of credible interpretation except as faint memories of a time when far-off ancestors lived in a circumpolar region and were familiar with the distinctive celestial aspects and movements of such a region. It may be added as a noteworthy fact that no reviewer of the treatise has ever disproved, or even challenged, any one of these representations of the "pertinent facts." On the other hand, no inconsiderable number of the reviewers publicly stated that in their judgment the theory set forth was supported by a variety and a convergence of corroborative evidence far beyond that ever adduced in support of any other. Years have passed, but the writer has felt no misgiving as to the outcome of the discussion. Had it been otherwise, treatises well adapted to dissipate every doubt were every now and then appearing. With amazing erudi-

tion, in a work of more than a thousand pages, John O'Neill set forth the circumpolar, and indeed the Arctic, standpoint of every early mythology.[24] Independently of him, a native Sanskrit scholar of India, Tilak, in a work translated and reproduced three years later in Germany, next claimed that the earliest Vedic hymns were composed in the lands of "the Midnight Sun," and that the far-off ancestors of the Hindus must have come from those lands. With even stronger evidence from the Avestan literature he substantiated the like claim of a high north origin for the Iranian stock.[25] Independently of him, a constantly growing line of investigators—successors to Latham and Schrader and Penka—have in successive treatises made it more and more difficult to doubt that the Arctic region was the cradleland of all the Indo-Germanic peoples. Justi, Much, Ammon, Hueppe, Peez, Ujfalpi, Rendell, Rydberg, Krause, Sayce, Lombard, Clémence-Royer, are now numbered among the express supporters of this view.[26] Meantime paleontologists and anthropologists of every school have been accumulating fresh facts, and men of the standing of Kriz,[27] Moritz Wagner,[28] Haacke,[29] Rawitz,[30] Wilser,[31] in Germany; and Scribner,[32] Wortman,[33] Dolbear,[34]

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[24] John O'Neill, The Night of the Gods. An Inquiry into Cosmic and Cosmogonic Mythology and Symbolism. 2 large volumes. London, 1893, 1897.

[25] Bâl Gangâdhar Tilak, The Arctic Home in the Vedas. Poona and Bombay, 1903. Basis of Biedenkapp's Der Nordpol als Völkerheimat. Jena, 1906.

[26] Ludwig Wilser, Herkunft und Urgeschichte der Arier. Heidelberg, 1899, p. 55. See also Henri de Tourville, L'Origine des Grands Peuples Actuels. Paris, 1905, pp. 1, 2.

[27] Kriz, Ueber die Quartärzeit, etc. Mittheilungen der Wiener anthropologischen Gesellschaft, N. F., xvii, 1 (1898).

[28] Moritz Wagner, Ursprung und Heimat des Urmenschen. In his Entstehung der Arten durch Sonderung. Basel, 1889.

[29] W. Haacke, Die Schöpfung des Menschen und seiner Ideale. Jena, 1895.

[30] Rawitz, Die Urheimat des Menschengeschlechts. In Politisch-anthropologische Revue, vol. iv (1902).

[31] Ludwig Wilser, Die Urheimat des Menschengeschlechts. Heidelberg, 1905. Wilser's arguments in favor of the Arctic origin of mankind have been renewed and reinforced in his Tierwelt und Erdalter, Stuttgart, 1908, pp. 22, 31, 57, 72, 82, 92, 104, 115, etc. Also in his Menschwerdung, Stuttgart, 1907, pp. 11, 13, 15, 72, 107ff. For an appreciative French comment on this work see Dr. Laloy's, in L'Anthropologie, Paris, Tome xviii, 635.

[32] G. Hilton Scribner, Where Did Life Begin? 2d ed., New York, 1903. See pp. v–xiii.—"Simply incontestable," was the verdict of Professor Asa Gray, of Harvard University, on reading Mr. Scribner's line of argument. (American Journal of Science, June, 1903, Art. xlii). While maintaining that all animal species were of north-polar origin, Mr. Scribner suggests, as a "possibility," that the *homo sapiens* may have reached his human stage after his animal progenitors had left the circumpolar country and while they were *en route* from polar to equatorial regions.

[33] Scribner, *op. cit.*, pp. 59, 62, 63. Also Edwin Oviatt, Where Life Began. Article in Boston Evening Transcript for December 20, 1902.

[34] Scribner, *op. cit.*, p. 58.

and Wieland[35] in America are from year to year renewedly directing the gaze of all searchers for origins, animal or human, to "Arctogæa," the zoögraphic zone whose zenith is the polar star.[36]

In one portion of the work already referred to, Paradise Found, attention was called to the wide prevalence in ancient thought of two paradises, one on the earth and one in the heavens; usually also connected by a "ladder," or "pillar," or "bridge." It was furthermore shown that this medium of intercommunication, as in the case of the Chinvat bridge of the early Iranians, was in every instance coincident in position with the upright axis of the heavens and earth.[37] It was also noted that, where no such separation is recognized, the earthly paradise is thought of as at the top of a vast "world-mountain" whose head reaches at least to "the lunar sphere"; that is, to the first of the seven concentric planetary heavens inclosing the central earth. In this latter case the one paradise is described with equal correctness as "terrestrial" (being based upon the earth), or as "celestial" (its top being in the heavenly regions). The remarkable prevalence of these intimately related views is fully explained by the recent recovery of the ancient Babylonian conception of the world. In that conception the polar summit of the earth reached to the floor of the second heaven and constituted the immovable foundation of the throne-city of the glorious sun-god, Shamash.[38] In ancient Egyptian thought is found precisely the same variation. When the two paradises are conceived of as separate, the one above the other, the "ladder" of Shu connects them at the north-polar point of the heavens and earth; when, on the other hand, the two are merged into one it is simply because in thought the holy mount of the highest north has been carried up and up, until (as Brugsch and Maspero assure us) its head is lost in the nearer heavens.

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[35] Scribner, *op. cit.*, p. 61.—See chart in LeConte's Evolution, 2d ed., 1902, p. 189.

[36] In his important work, Die Entwicklung der Kontinente und ihrer Lebewelt (1907), Dr. Theodor Arldt styles this prehistoric circumpolar continent "Nordatlantis." Where the cradle of our race was found he cannot tell; his only suggestion is that "perhaps" it was in Thibet. He is certain it was not where Haeckel and his disciples place it (page 606).

[37] Paradise Found, pp. 145f.; also 155–158

[38] See the articles on the Babylonian Universe by the present writer in The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, 1908; and in the Journal of the American Oriental Society, vol. xxii, pp. 138ff.; xxiii, p. 388; and xxvi, pp. 84–92.

Now, it is interesting to observe that, among recent writers who have contended for a non-polar *terrestrial* paradise, some have yet been so affected by the evidence studied that they have correctly located the heavenly paradise at the north pole of the heavens. Reference has already been made to Professor Hermann Gunkel, one of the most influential of living Old Testament interpreters, and he, as we have seen, is in this class. Several Egyptologists, agreeing with Naville, hold that in the mythology of the Nile valley the heavenly On, the throne-city of the sun, was at the north pole of the heavens. In his work on Astral Myths Stucken reaches the same conclusion.[39] Massey, as already shown, would have us place the probable cradle of mankind in equatorial Africa; nevertheless, even he remarks: "The primal Paradise of universal legend was above the earth, upon the summit of the mount up which the spirits climbed to reach the region of eternal rest among the stars that never set. It was configurated round about the Pole of heaven." True to this view, he over and over writes of "the Paradise of the Pole" (p. 396); or of "the circumpolar Paradise at the Pole" (p. 613); or, more briefly, of "the circumpolar Paradise" (pp. 255, 261, 268, 302, 349, 397, 420, 444, etc.). As to the geographic position of his terrestrial paradise he seems quite uncertain; in one passage he even speaks of it as "subterranean" (358-9). His heavenly one, on the other hand, is ever "circumpolar"; it crowns the earth-crowning mount which touches the zenith of the Arctic sky. The testimony of such students, though incomplete, is all the weightier from the fact that it is unintended and unconscious.

Twenty years ago a well-known popularizer of science wrote as follows: "It is therefore to the North Pole . . . that all evidence points as the area of the origin and distribution of life. . . . The South Pole, through its isolation by the deep oceans, has maintained only a slender connection with the continents and large islands tapering toward it, and its plants and animals have been unable to make headway against the ceaseless

[39] Astralmythen, 1896, p. 36. Cf. E. Bischoff, Bab.-Astrales im Weltbilde des Thalmuds. Leipsig, 1907, p. 22.

life-stream from the north."[40] The progress of biological and paleontological science has not invalidated these declarations. It has confirmed them. Moreover, it is now more certain than two decades ago that men existed in Tertiary times.[41] And here is what a distinguished member of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain has lately written: "The evidence clearly shows that our ancestors were in North America during the later portion of the Tertiary Epoch, and that they came there from or by the Arctic regions, Behring Straits, or Greenland." And again: "We are compelled to admit that, long before the Glacial Epoch, man was in or near the Arctic regions. There is no getting away from this fact."[42] On the whole, it is evident from the foregoing survey of recent literature and science that the outlook for the doctrine of the Arctic origin of our race is far brighter than it was at the time when, in a lecture course in Boston University, just a quarter of a century ago, it was first elaborately set forth and defended. It is also evident that the narrower the premises from which the above-named writers have argued, the more apt they have been to reach improbable and fantastic conclusions; while, on the other hand, the broader and more comprehensive their premises, the more they have tended to reach the common conclusion that the cradleland of the animal kingdom was within the Arctic circle.

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[40] Edward Clodd, The Story of Creation; A Plain Account of Evolution. London, 1888, p. 147.

[41] W. J. McGee, "Anthropology and Its Larger Problems." In Congress of Arts and Sciences Boston, 1906, vol. v, 452.

[42] Samuel Waddington, The Cradle of the Human Race. Article in The Nineteenth Century, vol. xlviii, 801ff. Also in the Scientific American, December, 1900.

W. F. Warren.

## Art. II.—THE LIFE AND THE LIGHT OF MEN[1]

"In him was life; and the life was the light of men."—John 1. 4

It is the signal glory of supreme sentences in Scripture that they are not only declarative but prophetic, and are from age to age ever freshly fulfilled. With each advancing era from the very beginning the life of Christ has been discovered to be in some new and immediate sense the light of men. And the true order in the relation of life to light is indicated in the text. It is not light which is the source of life, but life which is the source of light. In the initial fervor of the apostolic age, in the ages of persecution and pilgrimage that followed, in the great age of doctrinal debate in the fourth and fifth centuries, the wide propaganda of the eighth and ninth, the crusades of the eleventh and twelfth, the Reformation of the sixteenth and seventeenth, the wonderful missionary expansion of the nineteenth, even down to the present hour, every age at last seems to reveal the discovery, as it were, of some deeper sense of Christ as providing a corrective for its own errors and the true illumination for its needs. When this principle has been obeyed there has been progress. When, under any plausible pretext, it has been disobeyed there have ensued confusion and retrocession. To illustrate this simple but immensely vital principle at one or two points of relation to present-day conditions is our purpose. Our proposition, therefore, is this: that fellowship with Christ, and with his very life and spirit, induces and fosters a certain true intellectual attitude and atmosphere for dealing with the religious issues of our modern age, and this upon both the speculative and the practical side of these issues. I shall take the ground of a vital conservatism, which, however, adopts the most fearless modernism as to form and method both in the recasting of doctrinal statement and in the conduct of practical church work. In this combination of ancient spirit and modern method we shall meet most effectively the problems of the hour.

[1] An address delivered in Free Saint George's Church, Edinburgh, in connection with the International Congregational Council, on Sunday, July 5, 1908. Condensed for the Methodist Review.

This idea is familiar enough, and may be almost trite, but the special force of it springs from a certain intensive stress upon the idea of life in the New Testament not always remembered. The Old Testament is the true prelude of the New Testament in this regard. But, confining our attention to the New Testament, the force of the idea of life breaks upon us when we remember that the use of the two ranking words for "life" in classic Greek is singularly modified, indeed almost reversed, in New Testament usage. This fact opens directly upon our main idea. The two words are *bios* and *zoe*. In classic Greek *bios*, reappearing in our word "biography," is commonly applied to man and the higher orders of life; while *zoe*, as in our "zoölogy," describes the lower things of Nature, which simply breathe. The original idea of the word *zoe* is breathing. But, strangely enough, in the New Testament this usage is reversed. It is the animal *zoe*, the word for breathing, and not *bios*, the human word, which is generally, as in this text, employed to denote the life of God, of Christ, and of the soul. One thinks the reason must be that *zoe* is a very intense word. It means life intensive, that which breathes—breathes fast and hard, and so might describe life in its divine essence—an internal and intense respiration of energy, while *bios*, although in the classics applied to man, is yet limited by duration of years and should not, therefore, be applied to God and the soul. In the New Testament the noun *zoe* appears one hundred and twenty times, *bios* only five times; in the corresponding verbal form "to live," *zoe*, seventy-five times, *bios* twice; in the participial form "living," *zoe* thirty-six times, *bios* five times; and even in these few instances always carrying some inferiority of allusion, as in the verse, "tangleth himself in the affairs of this life," *bios;* "divided unto them his living," *bios*. But all the great usage of the idea of life is rendered by the breathing, panting word *zoe*, which is always the word applied to Christ and the life of Christ in the soul. This lengthy exposition seems the straightest path to the glowing heart of our theme: that it is not merely the "life of Christ," as we quote the phrase in our common and conventional way, which is the "light of men," but it is a *certain kind of life* in Christ and with Christ,

which carries the mental illumination; that is to say, it is a roused, quick-breathing life; it is Christ's life realized as a rapid respiration of conscious spiritual energy; it is a certain throb and glow of Christian experience which carries with it the true correlative in the Christian intelligence. The psychology of the matter may, perhaps, be illustrated by the analogy of the patriotic sentiment. Academic patriotism is no guarantee of wisdom in practical politics, but the real, roused passion of the love of country does, as a matter of fact, exalt and rectify the practical mind in dealing with public affairs. So in religion. Christ's life, merely conceived of historically, or speculatively, or at a distance, is quite inadequate, but is there not such a thing as having the life itself, a kindled and keen passion of devotion to Christ, a quick-breathing sense of fellowship with him—like that of a man with his friend, a knight with his lord—a glowing respiration (let me dare to employ that word again) of Christ's very spirit, which does carry with it a quite unique and wholly masterful mental illumination in dealing with the issues both of faith and of action? The reason for this mental correlative in the influence of Christ upon our minds is that Christ's life corresponds to our rational as well as to our religious ideals. His all-pervading note is that of a delicate and pure intellectual justice. It is impossible to love him and yet tolerate unreason, or sham, or prejudice. The intellectual integrity of Christianity is realized and justified in the apprehension of Christ as the Truth; and this was his own claim. The genius of his mind is equity and symmetry. To cultivate fellowship with his spirit, therefore, is to breathe the atmosphere of what is fair and large and true. But the further and still deeper turn of the idea is this, and there is something about it of an exquisite spiritual beauty, that Jesus reached this mental clarity and gracious justness of the reason, in himself, along the path of moral fidelity and spiritual earnestness; not through any mere training of the understanding in itself alone. His mental light was a part of his spiritual life. His mental was a part of his moral justness. With us, accordingly, in our fellowship with him, not only is our own intelligence quickened and steadied by contact with a mind so fair and true, but the special

delicate turn just referred to holds also—that we reach his mind through his spirit. It is by loving him, and entering warmly into his moral purpose, that we may hope to catch at last, if we are bent on it, a glimpse of the "open" of his mind, and by God's grace enter into something of his sense of the truth of things.

I must seek only the plainest and most rapid illustration of this truth. There are four main fields, or titles of fields, if I mistake not, under which we are accustomed to consider the questions of religion and the affairs of the Church at the present hour. Over each field waves incessantly the flag of battle. They are: (1) The field of Christian doctrine, as between the Old School and the New School conceptions. (2) The field of church authority, as between the Conservative and the Progressive ideals. (3) The field of scriptural interpretation. Shall the church accept the Higher Criticism? (4) The field of practical work. Shall the church adopt the new Socialism? Let us very briefly lift the great light of our text, construed in the intense way just indicated, upon these four fields. We shall expect to find in each case this result: that as a matter of actual experience the sense of Christ's life, realized as a very high glow and ardor of the whole inner spirit, will be found to be the true light-bearer, the true condition and source of the requisite intellectual illumination. I intend by this nothing whatever esoteric or mystical, but simply a fact which can be verified in the conscious experience of any earnest Christian; nor do I seek to carry the psychological analysis back of the plain consciousness of such a man and try to determine in what sense or to what extent Christ, or the Holy Spirit which he sends, intentionally coöperates in and with the mind of his disciple in producing this roused spiritual glow. I simply affirm that when the glow is realized so that the sense of the actual Christ, as he was and is, is vividly reproduced in the man, there ensues also a quite unique and noble mental illumination, characterized by humility, sanity, and wise balance of judgment.

As to Christian doctrine, surely it must be our verdict that not the square and compass of speculative logic can reveal to us the true perspective of doctrine or tell us where to lay the stress, but rather a certain vivid breathing companionship with Christ

himself; and the sense of this puts us at a doctrinal standpoint which is neither "Old School" nor "New School," technically speaking, but back of both. Our age is exclaiming "Back to Christ," but this means not merely a freshened view of Christ, but a fresh view of God's truth as it lay in Christ's mind. But our true way to that mind, to what we may reverently call Christ's theology, is through an instant and warm apprehension of Christ himself. I would get close to Christ, not only that I may know him, but that I may know his God: that I may look through Christ's eyes at man, at duty, at the future. My path to doctrine, then, after all, is in the last analysis experiential, as, indeed, the path of the first disciples was, and it follows their order also. That is to say, first comes the human acquaintance with Jesus, the beautiful young Galilæan, the wayside Teacher and bosom Friend; then a reverent faith in the sacred and sacrificial Christ dying on Calvary; then we go as far as we can in the direction of the sky-soaring shafts of the great dual doctrine of the incarnation and the atonement shining in the almost dazzling radiance of the resurrection. This vital path to doctrine runs parallel with that deep saying of Saint Paul, "First the natural, afterward that which is spiritual," and in this vital way of approach we see that these two doctrines, incarnation and atonement, must never be sundered. In their union they make the great fire-opal at the heart of Christianity. We are never to think of them as divided, as both Old School and New School have tended to divide them. We are not to think, as in our modern merely humanistic fashion we often do, of incarnation without atonement, for sin, that subtle savage in the breast, can only be mastered by a divine suffering; nor, on the other hand, are we to think of atonement without incarnation, as the Old School theology too often did, for this separates between God and Christ; as though one God were slain in front of another God, as though a lamb were slain out before some infinite granite crag in order to make that rock image weep. No, no! The human warmth of incarnation and the divine strength of atonement unite inseparably in love's mystery of redemption. This is a mystery still, and must remain so; just as the infernal irrationality of sin, which it masters, is a mystery.

If this is mysticism, make the most of it. But it is not mysticism. It is mystery-ism, if you please, and in a sense it is a confession of the greatness of the Infinite and of the "abysmal depth" of the soul, as well as of the limitations of scientific theology. But is it not the wiser reason to kneel in front of, rather than by our short arm-length to attempt to fathom, the great gulf into which plunges God's Niagara of redeeming power? At all events, this vital way of approach induces an intellectual attitude which refuses to be labeled as "Old School" or "New School," because it is in sympathy with something in each. It is a kind of binocular, clear and large and of trustworthy efficiency in determining the true relation and emphasis in the field of Christian doctrine. In Christ's parable of the prodigal the forgiveness was the issue of something which went on in the father's own heart. May we not say that *Christ is the Father's own heart?* He is not outside that heart. We leave the mystery as Saint Paul left it, in a sentence majestic and unfathomed as the sea: "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself."

O, great pulsing two-lobed heart of the Christian gospel, in how many carved caskets of death have we solemnly inurned thy blessed breathing verity! The true theologian must ever first be very henchman and knight of Christ. We must incarnadine (to employ the same root word) the incarnation in life. That which begins in a lover's pulse-throb will end in a disciple's adoration and in a certain reasonable realism of faith. Truth in doctrine is reached through life. When we are personally nearest the soul of Christ, where we are comrade with him, aye, blood-brother with him, we can best determine the true structure and content of Christian doctrine. In him is life, and the life is the light upon our faith.

This first division of our theme is fundamental to all the other three. A single touch will be sufficient to show that the talisman, in every case, in reaching the true judgment and the wise action is a quickened and deepened sense of living fellowship with Christ himself. Take the great, and now urgently debated, question as to church authority—the proper attitude of the Christian mind, as between conservative and radical, in our relation

to the past. Are we tied to tradition, or may we cut loose from precedent? According to our position today we must decline to accept such an alternative and assert our privilege to be, in a true sense, both conservative and radical in one breath. Because, if a man realizes intensely the breathing vitality of our Lord's very self in and with his own self, then he comes at once into a kindled eagerness to discriminate between that part of the past in the history of the church which was temporary and provisional, the mere scaffolding, the fugitive form, the "time vesture of the Eternal," to employ the familiar phrase of Goethe, and that other portion of the past which, as Plato said, "groweth not old," because it was of the vital and the perennial and the immortal.

The church must, indeed, meet and match with the life of this age. But if it be on fire with the life of Christ, it will accomplish this by carrying on the burning life of all the ages. When God lights his lamp he doesn't require to carry the burned-out match down the hall, but he does carry the lamp. The church is not a new bin for old ashes; it is a new grate for old fires. Sinai and Calvary are never obsolete. The Ten Commandments smite us in the face each morning. The Sermon on the Mount was spoken yesterday. These ancient revelations still constitute our charter. They have the first-hand and continuing authority of Orion and the sea. Indeed, the chief part of the message of the Christian Church and its pulpit is old, and must always be old. The church must be what both Old England and the best of New England have made it—"venerable." That is the word for it. It must carry the fundamental sense of constitutionality, inaugural and therefore immortal. The true church, sharing the life of her Lord, must ever conserve the living part of the past. Our Protestant communions may take this ground, frankly and kindly: that the mistake of our Roman Catholic friends appears to us to lie not in their respect for tradition, but in their respect for dead tradition. And in our Protestant churches themselves the test question is not, What of conservatism? but, Conservatism of what? And this is why the evolutional conception of history, properly stated, is perhaps the strongest rational ally which the church possesses at the present hour because it dignifies both the

past and the present as the dwelling place of the Eternal and exalts the essence of the past into a position of permanent command.

Do not stop with the fire-mist and fungi, with the long reptilian æons and bat-winged flittings in the dark, with the droning drift of insect swarms, with the panther's velvet foot, and all the fierce play and pounce of the purring animal world. Go on higher! Follow the track of the same evolutional force up the entire octave: into the world of lower man, higher man, highest man and woman, to the summits of heroic and saintly devotion; for there is not a break, not a crevice, where the evolutional law is arrested until at the top and tip and finial of the whole process you come upon a legend such as this:

> She tore her kerchief from her breast
> And bared her bosom to the storm,
> And round the child she wrapped the vest,
> And smiled to think her babe was warm.

And then you behold in the divine passion of a human mother's self-surrender the essential purpose, the supreme errand, the spiritual beauty of God's law of evolution. I am far enough from asserting that evolution accounts entirely for these high things, but I assert that on these high levels the principle of evolutional law coworks with man's free will and God's free grace. It is our ally. And what is the logic of this? It is to the effect that if we admit the evolutional principle as the friend and ally of religion, then the force of its testimony is thrown as strongly upon conserving the essence of the old as upon welcoming the form of the new. A great institution like the church, which to a considerable extent is the product of the normal action of the law of evolution, must honor and maintain the original heart of the force and the fact from which the development has unfolded. We ask that the church shall be "up to date." In order to be "up to date" in the noblest sense the church must be back up to the first date, that is, it must be alive with the things that lived at the start, because God made them to live, and to live so nobly that they have lived on. The church must be mediatorial as between the heart of the old and the forms of the new. Now the vivid sense of Christ, the hunger for the consciousness of a realized fellowship with

him, is the true talisman for accomplishing this union. In the midst of our rush of rash experiments we need a deeper sense of the axiom that the church is and must be, and ought to be, the conservative institution in society; more so than the school; more so than the courtroom even; and the faster the whirl of the hour, the fiercer the craze of individual ambition and social extravagance, the steadier and firmer must be the Church's insistence on loyalty to proved principles and tested truths; just as the planetary orbs, straining out as if to dash from their track, are yet held in by their centripetal law as if they rolled against rims of immovable crystal. What most people most want in a church is that it shall carry on the best of the old in the best of the new; but the only way by which the church or its ministers can spontaneously and infallibly approximate this is from the standpoint of roused, conscious, full-toned companionship with the very life of the ever-living Christ.

Our third field of application is exigent and fascinating. The church of a living Christ will be the church of a living Bible. And what do we mean by that? We mean that we sometimes sit down by a dead Bible. "The letter killeth, the spirit maketh alive"—but the spirit is Christ's spirit. A vital fellowship with Christ will discriminate, as he did in dealing with the Old Testament Scripture, between the living and immortal part of the Bible and that which was temporary and local. If the human intellect was availed of to write the Bible, the human intellect must be availed of to interpret the Bible. And a glowing sense of Christ is the touchstone for this highest of the Higher Criticism, for rational modernism also is of Christ, whose living name is Immanuel—God with us. The Higher Criticism has come to stay, but let us remember that the Higher Criticism is that which leaves us higher. There is a criticism which is alien from the spirit of Christ, as if some smartly dressed Greek tourist were to find fault with the poor plebeian style and fit of the Nazarene coat which Jesus's mother had made for him. Love the man and you can judge of the coat. Love, together with knowledge, must be our critic and exegete, for the love of Christ is not blind. The purpose of criticism thus becomes constructive. While its

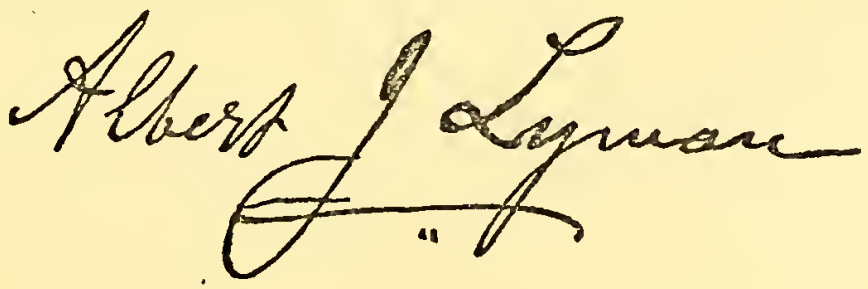
spirit is reverent it ever seeks to open the way to a deeper and truer sense of Christ. That critical process which breathes of a quickened fellowship with Christ's spirit is to be welcomed and trusted, but the criticism which, under whatsoever plausible show, chills the pulse of that fellowship is to be distrusted. In him is life, and the life is the light upon the Bible.

And so we come racing up into the open of our fourth and final observation, which is instantly practical, to the effect that, as in the fields of doctrine, of Church authority and of biblical criticism, so in the field of Christian organization and work the same principle holds. Realized fellowship with Christ is the key to practical wisdom and efficiency. For we are come upon new times. The science of sociology and the propaganda of Socialism, the most dynamic word and movement of the hour, at once hopeful and baleful, have opened new aspects and possibilities to Christian enterprise. We are hearing not only of "institutional" churches but of whole batteries of new methods, new adaptations of social alignment and device, all well and good if we have a living Christ in them all, but not otherwise. Upon this field of current experiment, tumultuous and bewildering, there is but one sure guide—the glowing sense in the heart of Christ's life and spirit showing us what and what not to approve and do. This alone will preserve for us the true individualism in the church, and prevent us from getting tangled up in our own machinery. Socialism has this to its credit, that it sees a fact and recognizes a need; it feels agony and hears the "bitter cry"; but it breaks down in the means it adopts to answer this cry and meet this need. Socialism without Christ is a snare and a delusion, and some of our ministers, who have been apparently bewitched by it, are following false fires. Socialism does not know what to do with genius, or sin, or death, or Christ. But, on the other hand, the social idea in our time is one of the newly kindled lamps of God which Christ is carrying in his hand. What is the church? A house of God, a shrine grand and holy, with prayers incessant and eternal song? Yes; but more than that. A school for religious instruction, a gymnasium for the training of spiritual athletes? Yes; but more than that. The

church is more than a row of kneeling acolytes before the altar, though it is that. It is more than an audience of listeners hanging upon a preacher, though that preacher were a Chrysostom; more than a school of pupils attentive to a teacher, though that teacher were a Paul. Still less is the church a club of social similars, or a cult of esoteric faddists with their "half-glances upon the sky." The church is a lifeboat in the foam. It is a fraternity of free men; a social body, sane and large, made up of various factors but pervaded by one breathing life, even the life of Christ, and bent, as with one panting energy, upon the end of winning other men to share that life. "I in them and thou in me, that they may be perfected into one." In the midst of the seething tumult of the modern time the church is Christ reincarnate in a living social organism whose true keynote is power for redemptive service. And what is the law and method of this power? What is the modern keynote of all corporate or social efficiency? Is it not the division of labor: each man set to do what he can do best, as in a great factory or business; a federation of dissimilars, but all united in one common errand and in devotion to one common Lord. Subdivide function; unify and intensify spirit. But in order to prevent church enterprise from becoming a mere jumble and jangle of officious mechanism the passion for Christ at the heart of the whole must be kindled to a white heat. Then there may be as many subdivisions in the church organization as there are different groups of men in the field to be reached and yet we shall maintain unity. It is not enough that the church should be merely democratic. So is a graveyard. The church must be socially alive, and in alignment with the age, yet maintaining its vital oneness in and with Christ; it may then go out after different types of men with means and methods as varied as the types, so that every man in town, whatever his nature, nationality, or station, may feel himself remembered by the church; so that every man that passes by yonder church door may say, and have the warrant to say: "There is something in that institution for me; something there for the kind of fellow I am and for the group to which I belong in the community."

Especially is all this true in our great modern cities where the problem presents its acutest phase; where the splendid and the Satanic jostle each other; where along the pavement stream the endless processions of comedies without merriment and tragedies without dignity; where one hears the strange clash of luxury and despair; where sanity is elbowed by madness; where infamy treads on the heels of honor, so that optimism and pessimism may walk arm-in-arm down the street and each find its apparent justification. Where, in the midst of such a weltering moil of grandeurs and terrors, shall we find any real force wise to judge, quick to act, strong to save, except in the sense of a realized Christ, in his spirit at once of a living Man and a loving God? In him is life, and the life is the light upon methods of service. Thank God for one great institution in modern society such as the church may be, animated throughout by one passion—tender as Bethlehem, mighty as Calvary—to tell to every man the good news we have heard of Christ; to lift before all men what we think we have discovered of the incredible loveliness of the beautiful Galilæan and the way of the knightly life through him.

I love to dream of what the younger men will see as the great new century wheels on after we older men are sleeping—a church not only fronting but matching the entire breadth of the community; with something for every man; true to Christ, true to men, quick to see, mighty to save; a living temple of man and of God. Let each do what he can, and may God bless us all! Reverent toward a living past, faithful to a living Bible, realizing the transcendent presence of a breathing and living Lord, banded in a living social organism, free yet fraternal, let us go forth to save—always to save and to save all—in the service of a living humanity and in the power of a living God.



## Art. III.—JAMES MARCUS KING[1]

Since first I came to the New York Conference, in 1881, more than one hundred and sixty of its members have ceased to answer to their names down here. They have answered to the general roll call of the church on high. Their faces, however, are fresh in the recollection of many of the Conference who still survive them. Today, again as we recall them each, we miss especially "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." In either case it is that of the thoughtful, considerate man who secured for us, by his own recommendation and motion, the recent change in the time of the observance of our New York Conference Memorial Service. We have thus guaranteed to us the more general attendance of the Conference and a more dignified, reverent and sympathetic order of procedure as we take the needed time to express our grief for those of our number who have died during the Conference year. One after another of our bishops—as Bishop Hurst, Bishop Newman, Bishop Merrill, Bishop Joyce, Bishop McCabe, and Bishop Fitz-Gerald—with others who have been the recognized masterspirits in our great Conference and conventions, our leaders in church and state, in philanthropy and reform, have lately left us. At times we feel sorrowful, bereaved, and lonely. Our mood becomes melancholy. One prayer is but natural to all; it was the swan song of Henry F. Lyte:

> Change and decay in all around I see:
> O thou who changest not, abide with me.

Methodism, it is true, is today rich in men both good and great. Never, probably, in the history of our beloved church have we had so many in our ministry so abundantly qualified to do the Master's work or more worthy of the high esteem and confidence of the world at large. As it seems to us, not one of them can well be spared. Certainly this was true with regard to one so able, so resourceful, so greatly useful and so justly distinguished,

[1] An address delivered before the Preachers' Meeting, New York City.

as was the Rev. James M. King, D.D., LL.D., born in Girard, Pennsylvania, March 18, 1839, and dying in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, October 3, 1907.

James M. King made no claim that he was infallible, or that he never laid himself liable to adverse criticism. His may have been errors of judgment, owing, in part, to temperament, to misapprehension, or to misinformation. Like us all, he was human. He never posed as an ideal man or a perfect man. There never was but one such. That one was the divine Son of God in whom our friend trusted as his Saviour from all sin. We are not inviting attention to any real or supposed blemishes in the character of an at length confessedly great man. If ancient, idolatrous Rome once said, "*De mortuis nihil nisi bonum,*" how even more considerate and charitable should be the *post mortem* judgment of the Christian ministry and the Christian Church. It is now nearly fifty years ago when, myself a student in the Brooklyn Polytechnic, I had occasion to visit the Fort Edward Institute. I there met one of its instructors, a young man, companionable, courtly, and kind. He impressed me. He attracted me. He won me. This casual acquaintance was renewed within the walls of the Wesleyan University. Ever since then I may claim to have known James M. King. I recall him as ever bright, brave, and breezy; a good student; among the most agile and vigorous on the old-time football ground, and a recognized positive force in class, college, and fraternity. His photograph as a graduate aids my memory of his manly appearance: tall, affable, scholarly, with a wealth of hair so abundant that one knowing him only in these later years might be led to exclaim, "Did ever James M. King look like that?" Speaking of him in the general, and anticipating kindred observations yet to be made, James M. King was a man, a manly man, self-respecting and self-reliant. He was not only an intelligent man, well-informed, well-equipped, widely read and widely traveled, he was a man of broad observation, of quick penetration; intellectually alive and alert, of unusual mental capacity and strength. Socially, he was always interested and interesting; a man of wit and humor, often the very life of the company he was in. It

might have been said of him truly on festive occasions again and again: "Where Macgregor sits is the head of the table." His loyalty to his friends took on the quality of devotion. He enjoyed them. He championed them. On occasion, he was ready to fight for them. He was a moral and spiritual force, of deep religious convictions, and with a faith that was deep-rooted and tenacious. He was really gifted in prayer. He was a preacher, intense, effective, and at times powerful. He was wise in counsel and prompt in action. He was always influential and sometimes controlling in the great committees of the church, in the New York Conference and in the General Conference as well. He was a highly honored man, enjoying the personal respect and confidence of many of our chief superintendents and of other prominent leaders in the church and in the nation. He was true to his friends, steadfast and unabashed in the presence of his foes. He was the warm, admiring personal friend—when himself a student in Wesleyan University—of its great president, Dr. Joseph Cummings. When Dr. Cummings died, it was his sympathetic, admiring pupil of other days, the Rev. J. M. King, who, in the name of family, faculty, and board of trustees, delivered a noble funeral oration. Toastmaster or after-dinner speaker at the annual meetings of the Wesleyan Alumni, and for many years, until the time of his death, a trustee of the University, Dr. King had in himself the timber of a great college president. Handicapped in the race of life by defective eyesight, and early in his ministry by serious throat and lung trouble, he made full proof of his ministry in the following appointments as found in the New York Conference Minutes:

> KING, JAMES M.—Troy Conf., 1866-'68, Gansevoort; '69-'71, North Second St., Troy; '72, '73, Saratoga Springs; New York Conf., '74-'76, St. John's, N. Y.; '77, '78, Washington Square, N. Y.; '79-'81, St. James, N. Y.; '82-'84, Eighteenth St., N. Y.; '85-'87, Park Ave., N. Y.; '88-'90, St. Andrew's, N. Y.; '91-'93, St. John's, N. Y.; '94, Gen. Sec. Nat. League Prot. Am. Instit's; '95, '96, Union Church; '97, '98, Gen. Sec. Nat. League Prot. Am. Instit's; '99, P. E. New York District; '99-1907, Cor. Sec. Board of Church Extension. (1026 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.)

Thus Dr. King was a city preacher from the time he left his first

charge. After coming to New York city he continued to hold leading appointments in this metropolis for nearly twenty-five years.

Dr. King was remarkable for nerve and verve. He seemed never to shirk through indolence or indifferenee nor to shrink from any form of responsibility or of Christian effort or enterprise. He ventured so many things. Undaunted in the presence of obstaele or of opposition, he seemed at last, to borrow a striking metaphor, to have a backbone like the Brooklyn Bridge. He could be self-restrained and apparently tranquil in thought and feeling, mild and moderate in expression, or again, he could be vehement, and even passionate and denunciatory, in speech. He could be winsome as the tones of the *vox humana* in the tenderness of his persuasive appeals, or he could, in turn, pull out all the stops of irony, sarcasm, and invective. He could, in parlor or in pulpit, speak with high reason and judicial dignity, or, as sometimes on the platform, be facetious and even playful. But whatever his mood, he was impressive and convincing, commanding often the sympathy, and always, I am sure, the respect of those who heard him. Overworked, overtrained, or overstrained, Dr. King was often on the eve of nervous prostration. At such times he might seem imperative, impatient, and even irritable. Many may have thought of him as self-eentered and altogether self-contained. I have seen him, apart from the public eye, weep and sob like a broken-hearted girl. When temporarily relieved from the overpressure of work and care, and he saw life from a different angle, he could laugh till his eyes were moist with tears. It may not have seemed that our friend ever humbled himself to mortal man: he did humble himself—however great his pride and self-determination—in the presence of a sin-forgiving God. Some of us have heard him tell of his occasional visits to his boyhood home and of his climbing, at such times, the garret stairs and pouring out his heart before God in tearful thanksgivings as he once more knelt at the very place where God met him—a youth—in awakening, convicting, converting, regeuerating power. Dr. King was a vigorous exponent of what at last has come to be spoken of, even in Methodist circles, as the old-fashioned gospel.

The old theology—I do not mean that of John Calvin but that of John Wesley—was insisted on in his last formal evangelistic address, delivered a year ago in the Arch Street Methodist Church, Philadelphia. It was an uncompromising, unqualified insistence on the great fundamentals of the Christian faith: the need of conviction, of repentance, of full salvation and of the assurance of faith. In 1879, called to the Saint James Church of New York city, Dr. King's first communion service was signalized by the accession to his church of more than forty members by church letter. Later, a revival somewhat of the Charles G. Finney type broke out. It was due, under God, to preaching the most fearless and fervent. Dr. King preached the "terrors of the Lord" as seldom even referred to today. The altars of this church were filled with penitent men and women. With strong cries and tears many of them sought thus publicly the pardon of conscious sin. Dr. King shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God. The severity as really as the goodness of God was, with Dr. King, a frequent theme. Yet, down to the last year of his life he was in continued demand as a pastor. And Dr. King was a man of affairs. The detailed work of the New York Conference and of the General Conference was never, perhaps, followed more closely by any of its members than by this painstaking man. Probably the name of no other member of the New York Conference ever appeared in its published Minutes on so many responsible committees, or as being so conspicuously occupied with the business of the Conference, or so constantly at the fore for so many years consecutively. He knew, possibly, every Conference in our country. He was constant in his attachment to his own. Through the influence of Dr. King the Watts de Peyster Home came into the hands of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. He was a conspicuous member of the General Missionary Committee and for many years was on the board of management of the American Bible Society. He was also the very aggressive corresponding secretary of the National Federation. Three times he was a delegate to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference. In 1884 he was a member of the Centennial Conference in Baltimore, Maryland. He was bold and unrelenting in his opposition to what

did not commend itself to his conscience or his reason. He could be very stern in the face of what he believed to be improper, injudicious, or wrong. He had the courage of his convictions. Those who differed from him were not long in doubt as to his attitude on the great questions of the hour. He was not only outspoken in his opinions, he was emphatic, insistent, and on rare occasions he might even seem—to the sensitive or critical—imperious in manner. He was not without the politician's tact and skill. Yet no one will question his statesmanlike qualities as he faced in debate questions affecting the welfare of home or church or native land. He could accommodate himself to the politics of primary or caucus, or prove himself not unworthy of senatorial honors in the Congress of the Union. He could, on occasion, show himself deserving of the shield of a Pinkerton detective in unearthing iniquity, or he could sit with consummate dignity as secretary of a great Ecumenical Conference in the capital of the nation. It seems to be generally admitted by those best informed that the cause of Church Extension was never more vigorously or more successfully pushed or better financed than during these last seven or eight years under his executive leadership. While listening respectfully to the views of others Dr. King was, nevertheless, independent in his judgments and opinions. He was not absorbent of other men's ideas. He was no mere "looker on in Vienna." His brethren expected to hear from him on occasion, and when he expressed himself he was apt to be both vital and virile—to say plainly what he meant and to mean what he said. The New York Conference, from time to time during the last thirty years, has witnessed in debate a contention between some of the giants of Methodism. In this battle royal was the form of James M. King unseen and was his voice unheard? Of intellectual strength and breadth, he was otherwise admirably endowed to do the most effective work in the ranks of the ministry and in the extended development of the work of the Redeemer's kingdom. At times, like the first king of Israel, he, too, seemed to tower head and shoulders above the rank and file of his brethren. High qualifications and high position were again and again conceded to him. Looking backward one or two hun-

dred years, we say, "There were giants in those days." And so there were. But there are giants in these days, men of God, too; men who bulk as big as did the fathers. We are too near to them rightly to estimate their height. Moreover, the demands are greater now than they were then. The standards are higher, the qualifications called for more varied. The competition is more strenuous. The man on horseback in the earlier years of the nation was really no larger than very many more who now in the course of a single year repeatedly cover the continent on a train. The spirit of reverence does not distinguish these our days. We may be holding too cheaply the manhood and the ministry of today. For the last twenty-four years, without a break, James M. King was a member of the General Conference. For three quadrenniums in succession he was, by the vote of the New York Conference, the leader of its delegation made up of some of the strongest men of Methodism. Seemingly, by this indication, did he not rank, in the respect and confidence of his brethren, with Freeborn Garrettson, Nathan Bangs, Davis W. Clark, Randolph S. Foster, and Cyrus D. Foss—three of these at last among the most honored bishops in our great Methodist Church?

A man so positive, so outspoken, so aspiring—and surely not without adequate merit and warrant—must expect to arouse antagonism on the part of others possessed of kindred qualities. But Dr. King seemed to be in his own element in time of opposition, and with great odds against him could rise to the occasion in a way that has been recognized as really masterful. When met by obstacles seemingly insuperable, and on the brink of disaster itself, he had the genius to "organize victory out of mistakes," and by the generous suffrage of his admiring brethren, to march on to the honors and opportunities he nobly coveted. The counsel, "Aim high and consider yourself capable of great things," is wise. Other counsel, it is true, was once given: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not." And many a man has failed of his opportunity because of a sentiment which, too often, has been perverted and abused. The question is not unreasonable. Was not this precept of Jeremiah to Baruch a rebuke to mere selfishness, and was it not altogether

local and personal? Is it not, in effect, offset by the teaching of our Lord? Paul, a close follower of his Master, does not seem to have had any morbid ideas about the highest forms of aspiration. He seems to put a premium upon all self-respecting faithful men who "by patient continuance in welldoing seek for glory and honor and immortality." To be sure, Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Cardinal Wolsey the oft-quoted words, "Cromwell, I charge thee, throw away ambition." But it might be well for us to recall the real character of the Popish cardinal as history gives it to us, the regal magnificence of his palace, his courtly retinue, and the vast treasures at his command, to see that his had not been the unworldly spirit of a true minister of Christ. Doubtless hosts of those mentally, morally, and spiritually disqualified have erred through a false ambition. But is it not also true that vastly very many more have been too self-repressive, too much disposed, through a false modesty, to take a back seat, or to stay, through a real timidity, in the rear rank when God has called them to the front? "What doest thou here, Elijah?" was the reproachful challenge addressed by the Lord God of hosts to one who had become intimidated, who had lost heart, who was in ignominious retreat when his Maker had called him to be the foremost leader among the prophets of his time. Someone has sagely said: "The man that thinks he can't do it is more than half right." There is a form of ambition—shall I call it?—that Paul, writing to Timothy, his son in the gospel, absolutely enjoins. What is it? Observe the existence of a peculiar proverb in Paul's day. Listen to Paul's unreserved indorsement: "This is a true saying, If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work." James M. King at one time confessedly desired that high office and that good work. If he really did any dishonorable or unworthy thing to secure any office within the gift of the church, his many friends, I am quite sure, never heard of it, or, if they did, they did not credit it. Many an able man, through false notions, has missed the opportunity of his life, only to spend his declining years in a regretful retrospect of his error or his folly. With a diocesan bishopric not too remotely in view, the young men of our Conferences may

well be aspiring and put a new personal meaning in those other words of the apostle, "Seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the church"; that is, excel in devotion to every sacred interest; excel in ministerial, soul-winning fidelity, in Conference discussion, in executive energy and in the development of an upright, noble, saintly character. Writing to me a semi-humorous letter, bearing date November 3, 1899, Dr. King said: "I have learned that a man never gets anything in this world unless he asks for it or fights for it."

Dr. King was a public-spirited man. It is the year of the great intercollegiate boat races at Saratoga Lake, as I remember. General Ulysses S. Grant, not yet president, is accorded a popular reception in the parlors of one of the great hotels. Who stands yonder at his right as seemingly the chairman of the reception committee? It is our friend. A thousand or more are permitted to shake hands with the great general. It is the Rev. James M. King, pastor at that time, possibly, of the new Methodist church, who introduces each. One at least of the throng was surprised to hear the usually taciturn warrior repeat after that ever-alert pastor an otherwise undistinguished name. Years later Dr. King was in close touch with President McKinley. He was representative of our Methodist Church in New York city. He was so considered and honored by other communions than our own. Again and again he had access to their pulpits. He sometimes shared in their counsels. Is there a Crittenden Hall Committee? Dr. King is a member. At the great union meetings of the Protestant faith in New York city Dr. King may be looked for on the platform. In some distinguished capacity he may be invited to speak. Has the Evangelical Alliance its session here? or is its program for the "Week of Prayer" published from year to year? Dr. King's name is almost certain to appear among the most influential of its promoters. Is an address wanted before the Nineteenth Century Club in the year 1900? Dr. King is invited to deliver it. Does William Arthur or Dean Stanley or Hugh Price Hughes visit our shores? James M. King may be expected to await them at the wharf, and give them words of hearty welcome.

As a writer Dr. King was among the strongest and most aggressive the Methodist Church has had; one article, if not more, having been published broadcast, translated into several foreign languages in lands where the Roman Church has almost undisputed sway. In the last article he ever wrote, as we have reason now to believe, entitled "A Letter to Patriotic Young Methodists," Dr. King said: "I beseech you, as patriots, to take some part in making our citizens freemen 'whom the truth makes free.' I beseech you, as Christians, to become 'coworkers together with God' in making this 'Immanuel's Land.'" Some of his patriotic predecessors had sounded the watchword, "America for Americans." James M. King blew a different bugle blast—penetrating, stirring, far-reaching: "America for Christ." He has left us still "Facing the Twentieth Century." But we shall miss the help of his powerful personality. And why? James M. King was a Protestant. No man in this country probably, outside the Roman communion itself, was better informed in regard to the misleading doctrines and undermining policy, open and secret, of the Latin Church than was he. To him its priestcraft was ever a menace to our religious liberties, its Jesuitical duplicity a peril to our American school system. He regarded the very existence of the Papal Church on our shores as inimical to our distinctively American institutions. He was acquainted with monastery, nunnery, and parochial school; with priest, bishop, and archbishop. They could not altogether ignore him. A watchman on the watchtowers of Zion, he did not hesitate to sound the alarm, to call things by their right names, and to protest against any invasion on the part of the enemy at any point. His was the religious conviction, the Protestant principles not only of John Wesley, but, as basal to all these, of Martin Luther, of Philip Melanchthon, of John Knox, of the Huguenots, and of our Pilgrim Fathers. He clearly saw and vehemently protested against the indifference, so evident today, on the part of nominal Protestantism in every quarter of the globe. Dr. James M. King was a true American. The Roman Church knew he could not be suppressed, intimidated, or mollified.

The first time I saw the Rev. James M. King, after he had

entered the ministry, was at the Round Lake Camp Meeting in the days of John S. Inskip and of the Holiness Association. With the Rev. George P. Mains we stood and together looked upon a scene of most marvelous spiritual power. We were deeply moved. As an inspiring memory it lingered through the many later years. The last time I saw our friend was last summer at the Pine Grove Camp Meeting, near Canaan, Connecticut. I had never seen Dr. King, it seemed to me, in better health or in finer form. We had a pleasant old-time talk in one of the rooms back of the platform. That talk referred to his work, to the unification of the Home Missionary and Church Extension Societies, to the coming session of the New York Conference, to his General Conference aspirations, and to his confidence in the friendship and favor of his brethren. Subsequently, on invitation, he made an impromptu address of some length, full of fire, yet full of tenderness and of unusual poetic beauty. A bright future seemed to be before him as he pleaded for his new enterprise with its new responsibilities and expressed the larger hopes he cherished for its success. The great strain, far too much for any one man, of reorganizing our Home Missionary and Church Extension Society was about over. All the plans were formulated for the fall. The time apparently had come for relief, if not for rest, to Dr. King as corresponding secretary when, in the fullness of his powers and in the flush of success, the end—all unsuspected but not unprepared for—came suddenly. His passing must be recognized and regretted as a most grievous loss to his sorely afflicted family, his noble wife and cherished son and daughter, but it will be a loss also to his host of admiring friends, to the New York Conference, to American Methodism, to Ecumenical Methodism, to the great American Church of all denominations and to the Protestantism of the globe.

John J. Read.

## Art. IV.—DR. OTTO PFLEIDERER

The death of Otto Pfleiderer on July 18, 1908, was an event of more than ordinary significance to all who are interested in Christian theology and the progress of modern thought. As teacher, author, controversialist, and public lecturer he had won the reputation on two continents of being one of the profoundest thinkers and most learned scholars that the nineteenth century produced. At the time of his death he was probably "the leading representative of the liberal theological movement within the evangelical churches on the continent of Europe." No man has stated the positions of modern Rationalism with greater courage, more respect for the assured results of science, with greater critical acumen, and with more breadth of learning and logical cogency than he. His influence upon the thought of the world, through the thousands of students from many lands who for forty years sought his lecture room, and beyond this through the many works he published and which have been translated into several languages, has been greater than can be estimated. Naturally, he has been variously regarded; and some by epithets have tried to put him out of court. When he delivered the Gifford Lectures in Edinburgh the Methodist Review said: "The inviting of Pfleiderer to Edinburgh is like selecting a certain notorious and blatant infidel lecturer as orator of the day for a Y. M. C. A. convention"; and "for a foreigner to bring to Scotland his basketful of cold victuals left over from the rationalistic revival of half a century ago, and spread a table in Edinburgh with these superfluous viands, hardly justifies his traveling expenses." It is to be noticed, however, that these "cold victuals" created such a storm in Scotland that he had scarcely delivered his last lecture before a special lectureship was improvised to answer him, and such men as Dr. Rainey, Dr. Orr, and Dr. Dods appeared on its platform. Moreover, the "cold victuals" when served up in book form had a wide sale on both sides of the Atlantic. We may disagree with Pfleiderer, regard his assumptions as unwar-

ranted, and his conclusions as erroneous, but we cannot truly deny that he was one of the finest spirits of his generation, a man of earnest piety, and a philosopher, a critic, and a scholar scarcely second to any theologian of the last fifty years. The questions he studied are the great questions of human thought; the problems he discussed are the most important which confront the church; and all of us who are honest thinkers, no matter how orthodox our convictions, must admit they are not fully settled yet.

Otto Pfleiderer was born at Stettin, Germany, September 1, 1839. When eighteen years of age he went to Tübingen University, where that remarkable scholar and critic, F. C. Bauer, was at the height of his fame. Here he studied theology for three years, and later continued his investigations at other places until, in 1868, he became pastor at Heilbronn. His ability had already been recognized, and in 1870 he was made superintendent and ordinary professor of theology at Jena University. Here he published some papers on New Testament criticism and the Johannine and Pauline Theology which attracted the attention of the leading thinkers of Germany, with the result that in 1875 he was called to a chair in the world's greatest university, that of Berlin. This chair he filled with conspicuous ability until the time of his death. He was twice called to Great Britain as lecturer, giving the Hibbard Lectures in London in 1885 and the Gifford Lectures in Edinburgh in 1894. He was also twice brought as lecturer to this country, once during the World's Fair at Saint Louis, and a year ago, when he gave a course at Harvard University and before the Brooklyn Institute. Pfleiderer was a very voluminous writer, and covered an exceptionally wide field for a man who was regarded by scholars as an authority. His chief work was in the philosophy of religion, and no man has yet equaled him in the learning and ability with which he has written on this great subject. His early work, Die Religion, in two volumes, was followed by his Philosophy of Religion, the second edition of which was translated into English in 1886 and published in four volumes. This book has later gone through many editions. The first volume of the Gifford Lectures is on the same subject, and his late book, Religion and Historic Faiths,

translated into English last year, has to do with the same general theme. He published a work in German on Christian Doctrine and Ethics and wrote a strong criticism of the theology of Ritschl which has not been translated. A work of massive learning and splendid critical judgment was first prepared for English readers and is entitled The Development of Theology in Germany since Kant, and Its Progress in Great Britain since 1825. This work and the first two volumes of his Philosophy of Religion revealed Pfleiderer's ability as an historian and a critic of human thought, a department of study sufficiently extended to consume the strength of any man. But Pfleiderer had entered a third field and written extensively upon it, and that is the department of biblical criticism. Of his books in this line the following have been translated: Paulinism, two volumes; Lectures on the Influence of the Apostle Paul on the Development of Christianity, the second volume of the Gifford Lectures; Primitive Christianity, Christian Origins, and The Early Christian Conception of Christ. His work on Evolution and Theology is a series of essays on both critical and general subjects. He also contributed frequently to English and American magazines. Of his many works in German we make no mention, since the material found in them is for the most part also found in the translated books. As a lecturer and writer Pfleiderer possessed a rare and fascinating charm. Not only was his style clear and accurate but there was a vigor and finish about it that is exceedingly rare with the more famous German thinkers. In his books he avoids the technical terms of the schools and uses the ordinary language of men, but he is not commonplace nor verbose. There is never found in his writings the vagueness of the man who has not matured his thought and mastered his material before he writes. He had the lucidity of the French writers with the condensation and logical vigor of the German. As a lecturer he was almost ideal. There were fine enunciation, a musical voice, a poetic and mystic nature joined to great weight of thought. The personality of Pfleiderer is a most interesting study, for he combined qualities very rarely found in one man. Intellectually he possessed, in a remarkable degree, both analytical acuteness and constructive

strength. He was a critic and a philosopher. His analysis of men and their systems in his history of German and English theology, and in the first volumes of his great work on the Philosophy of Religion, is acute, original, appreciative, and masterly. This critical power is seen in his exegetical work. At the same time he was a constructive thinker, and could have made a reputation in philosophy as he did in theology and criticism. He had the philosophic temper and the creative imagination to construct a system. He who reads the first volume of his Philosophy and Development of Religion will need no other proof of the fact. He was a man of great self-reliance and deep convictions, and yet of generous appreciation of the opinions of others and of becoming modesty. He was not out in a warfare against creeds but in a search for truth. He respected traditionalism and he welcomed light. He was not a Melanchthon who demanded the suppression of the teachings of Copernicus because they were "contradictory to the biblical view of creation," but he asked, What is true? He had enough genuine faith to receive the assured results of modern science and of critical historical research no matter what changes they demanded in the reformulation of his beliefs. No one could hear him speak without being impressed with his deep sincerity, his intellectual honesty, and the fact that long and profound thinking had transformed intellectual opinions into consuming convictions. He laments that what he writes may hurt the feelings and unsettle the faith of some, but says "necessity is laid upon" him to speak the truth, and state what contemporary science has to teach concerning the origin and value of our traditional religious beliefs. Yet he does not dogmatize. In the preface of his last book he says the conclusions he presents are those which seem to him, after years of research and meditation, to be most probable. In a most unusual way Pfleiderer combined rationalistic opinions with deep devotion and earnest piety. It is often thought, and probably often true, that a man who denies the supernatural in the Bible, except in the sense that he finds it in the world, who rejects the divinity of Jesus, who makes redemption an educative process in the life of humanity and who handles the literature of the

Old and New Testaments with the critical freedom with which he would handle early Roman or Hindu literature, must be religiously cold, self-confident, lacking in true spiritual tone and feeling. We should expect his religion to be a pure intellectualism. This was not true of Pfleiderer. Possibly no man ever sat long under his tuition without being impressed with his deep, earnest spirituality. He felt that while modern criticism had vitally affected the ordinary interpretations and traditional conceptions, it had not at all affected the great fundamental ethical ideals or spiritual conceptions that are the vital breath of true religion. The letter, he thought, was in a measure gone, but the spirit was fully retained. He swept away the old dogmas, as far as their doctrinal forms are concerned, but he held tenaciously to their religious content. Religion was with him not an intellectual opinion, although he believed in doctrinal statements, but an attitude of soul. He says: "One may have a mass of ideas about God, perhaps carry a whole system of church doctrines in his head, and yet be an entirely irreligious person, and remain so as long as those ideas are merely matters of knowledge and find no echo in the will; so long as they do not release religious feelings. The presence of religious feeling is an evidence that a man does not only know about God but that he is moved by it as to his will and follows its decisions; that he has God not only in his head but also in his heart. Would you have him as your own, Then feel the God you think." And again: "The more the light of knowledge unites with the warmth of the heart and the strength of faith, love, and hope, so much the more will man become the temple of the living God." He declares: "God demands the devotion of the whole man, of his individual heart, to do his will." "By entire self-devotion to God man finds his higher self and his own true will satisfied." Everywhere he shows that, while he deals freely with the records and doctrinal forms of Christianity, he is mastered by its ethical spirit and finds "in unity with God his true self, the fulfillment of his life." Rationalist as he was, he has been called "probably the most deeply religious great thinker in Europe," and demonstrated in his own life that extreme liberalism may be joined to vital piety.

The purpose of Pfleiderer's work is twofold: to develop a strong and satisfactory philosophic basis for religion, and to show that the essential truths of Christianity do not lie in the traditional and often mysterious dogmas which aim to express them but in the universal truths which underlie them, and on which all men can agree because they are comprehensible. He realizes that, while some minds can rest in external authority—the declarations of the church or the Book, for example—other minds are so constituted that this is no basis at all for faith; they can be satisfied only when their belief rests on rational grounds. Persons of this class, possessed by the spirit of the modern world, the scientific spirit that demands reality—facts, not theories—are often out of the church because they cannot make the theology in which they have been taught harmonize with modern knowledge or with their deepest moral judgments and instincts. It is this class which Pfleiderer especially seeks to serve. He says: "The more we are filled with a sense of the incomparable worth of religion, and especially of our Christian faith, so much the more must we feel it to be incumbent upon us to overcome the impediments which have sprung up in the way of the faith from the scientific view of the world of the present day. For this end it is necessary to show that the doubts of the thinking mind do not affect the essence of the Christian faith, but apply only to the forms in which earlier generations have set forth this faith; forms which sprang from and corresponded to the state of culture and the philosophy of former ages, but which on that very account cannot be any longer sufficient and authoritative for the advanced knowledge of our time." Again he says: "The theological task is to strike off the dogmatic fetters of ecclesiastical Christendom and to clothe the spirit of Christianity, its religious-ethical principles which lie as a compelling force at the basis of all preceding developments, in the fitting and intelligible form for our age, regardless as to how far this new form may be separate from the old." Pfleiderer's contention, then, is with the traditional forms of dogma and not with the ethical and spiritual content of religion itself. Indeed, in all his discussions of the various religions and of Christianity as well, he is always

seeking to show their vital and essential truth, and how they answer to the spiritual needs of men. Religion, he holds, will lose nothing by making concessions to verified scientific knowledge, or to the results of scientific biblical criticism, but rather gain in spiritual depth and purity; for the history of religion proves that, when the sensual forms and logical wrappings of more ignorant ages have been consumed in the fires of scientific criticism, the spiritual content of religion has come forth increasingly pure and approached more and more to the ideal, the worship of God in spirit and in truth. In carrying out his purpose Pfleiderer is influenced by certain results of modern knowledge which constitute for him a method and determine the conclusions which he reaches. The most important of these is the law of evolution. He says: "That all life is to be apprehended from the point of view of development, that is that every moment of its course is to be regarded as the effect of causes lying in the preceding condition, these causes again serving as means for the following condition—this may be designated as the commonly recognized principle of all the science of today, no matter in what domain of existence its object lies." He accepts this law as not only verified by natural science but as a necessary deduction of the rationality of the world-ground. If the Logos is the creating, regulating, and veiling power in all nature and life, then all must proceed as an orderly system of purposes reaching upward in a progressive series to a realization of the divine will. Otherwise the immanent reason of the world would act without logical sequence, or irrationally. All arbitrary, disconnected, or interjected action is ruled out by the consistency of the divine Logos, which is the fundamental causal energy of the world. A second great principle of interpretation, or method of procedure, with Pfleiderer is the emphasis he gives to the historic basis of all human institutions and beliefs. The earlier rationalistic school assumed a standpoint of superiority, doubted all that was traditional, and attempted to test all phenomena on the basis of abstract ideals of reason. To this Pfleiderer opposes the conception that everything has its genetic antecedents and is grounded in the past. He says: "He who will understand human affairs may

not judge them according to the patterns of abstract concepts of the understanding, but must transport himself into their living growth and development, and learn to appreciate each people and age according to its peculiar character." Back of everything present is the past, and what it is must be explained by its genetic historical connections. History, however, is no more chaotic than nature; for back of the confused play of phenomena is "the ordering wisdom of the divine government of the world," which is gradually working out the education and perfection of humanity. The third great principle which enters in to constitute the method of Pfleiderer is his assertion that the critical sense necessarily belongs to the truly historical sense. He says: "The historian does not satisfactorily perform his task when with sympathetic meditation he penetrates into the traditions of the past and, after the model of the images of saints upon a golden ground, paints for the edification of his reader ideal pictures of its manifold forms. Rather we demand of him that before all he shall distinguish well between that which is handed down by tradition as having happened and that which actually did happen, that he shall go behind the legend to the historical kernel of fact." In short, there must be a truly historical criticism, which penetrates historical data with thought, to "distinguish appearance from essence, the real from traditional ideas," and to disclose the ruling purpose, the theological end of the historic process. These great principles—the law of development, the historic basis of present phenomena, and the importance of historical criticism—are the deterring factors in Pfleiderer's system, and we will now consider very briefly some of the results to which they have led him.

First, Pfleiderer believes that religion is the necessary output of the life of man; it is the deepest fact of his consciousness, the most universal and vital factor of his experience. Its origin is not in the unreason of imagination, the idealizing of our wishes, or in any form of illusion or deception, but is to be sought in the nature and demands of reason itself, the capacity of the race to achieve a destiny above that of its life in nature. And cognitive reason ever strives to harmonize our ideas by tracing all particular being, and becoming, back to one adequate cause. Thus we arrive

at the idea of *truth*. But reason finds in the soul "desire activities" and seeks also to establish unity and harmony there. It does this by classifying all the objects and desires of the will according to their value, the individual and momentary being of less worth than the universal and abiding. The ultimate and universal purposes of the will constitute its good, which all reasonable willing should strive for as its ideal. But the ideal of the true, or what is, is never actually one with the idea of the good, or what ought to be. Thus a dualism is developed in the primary movements of the soul and the harmony of our whole spiritual life is broken into. The only way this dualism can be solved is to rise to a higher reason, in which all contradictions, even that of the true and the good, are harmonized to God. The fact of God, and the need of reaching him, is thus the absolute demand of reason itself and constitutes the revelation of the divine in the human soul. But this need is not realized immediately in experience but has to be worked out in the history of the race, and this constitutes religion. Religion is, then, the task of man in the realization of his destiny in the world; it is his effort and striving after God, and the various religions of the world express the history of that struggle. To know any religion well we must, therefore, study all religions, and thus see the phases of the evolution of the spiritual life of the race, as in an historical process of culture the reasoning, moral personality of man is becoming the spiritual personality, which in the satisfaction of its deepest desires grasps the eternal spirit more and more. The driving force and the law of development of the entire history of religion, from its native beginnings in primitive forms up to its highest form in Christianity, is, therefore, to be found in a sentence of Augustine which correctly expresses the essence of what religion is: "Thou hast created us for Thyself; therefore our hearts are restless until they find rest in Thee."

This movement of religion in history, under the impulsion of the Divine Spirit in which the human soul is grounded, is always in the form by which all the ends of reason are carried on, and especially Infinite Reason, namely, development. The higher is ever rising from the lower, as in the fulfillment of any purpose

the advance steps are taken on the basis of their antecedents. Reason does not proceed by leaps and abrupt new-beginnings. Each conclusion is based on antecedent premises. So in the unfolding of religious history there are ever the natural relations and activities of individuals under the conditioning influences of the time and the environment. The idea, therefore, of miraculous events, and special interpositions of Providence, and particular revelations, Pfleiderer regarded as a contradiction to the rationality of the method by which the divine purpose is being realized as man rises from the depths of animal nature to the sublime heights of spiritual freedom. God is in the life of the race, and history is the panorama of his working, but there is no place for special miracles or supernatural phenomena, as that would indicate a cessation of law and order which are one with the unchangeable nature of the Infinite. It is clear at a glance what a revolution and upturning these conceptions must have when applied to the Christian religion. In the first place, its literature must be a natural and not a supernatural product. It must represent a stage of the religious development of humanity, and embody traditions, myths, temporary forms of religious life and service; it must be the expression of its race and its time. This being true, a belief in its infallibility and inspiration must be surrendered, and the various biblical books must be studied to see what is permanently and vitally true and what is only particular and temporary form.

This brings us to Pfleiderer's treatment of Christianity, on which we have space enough to say only a word. He does not regard this religion as merely a result of the personality of Jesus, but as the product of a mighty and multiform evolution of the ancient world toward which many factors had for long been working together. He, therefore, discusses at length the antecedents of Christianity in Greek Philosophy, in Philo, and in Judaism in the two centuries which preceded Christ.[1] Still it was the powerful personality of Jesus which crystallized the various impulses and tendencies of the age and sent them moving in a new channel; he gathered them up "into an organism possess-

[1] See first volume of Das Urchristenthum.

ing vitality." Pfleiderer, therefore, differs from the rationalistic school of the last century which sought to explain Christianity without aid of the historical Jesus, on a social-evolutionistic basis. He says: "The origin of Christianity is to be thought of as a developing process in which various other factors were working along with the lifework of Jesus; these united and adjusted themselves gradually but not without inner contradictions and struggles." Jesus was especially stimulated in his work by John the Baptist, but he was of different disposition and training, and united John's passion for righteousness with a gentle nature and tender heart. His religious genius grasped the thought of the evangelist prophets of the Old Testament, that God is gracious and forgiving, a Being of love and compassion, and that he desires to save his afflicted people. This idea of the love of the Father-God became the ruling note in Jesus's life, the central truth in his personal feeling, and the basis of his philosophy of human existence and destiny. In this lay his originality. Others had suggested the thought; he made it an organizing principle. Pfleiderer says: "The first and most immediate outcome of this new feeling of God was a new ideal of righteousness; from this there proceeded in the dialectic of the kingdom a new ideal of the kingdom, in combination with which the Messianic consciousness was formed." While he made the kingdom not political but moral, the establishing of righteousness and piety through love to God and men, yet he retained in a measure the old conception that it would come about by means of miraculous divine acts. He was especially impressed with the picture in Isaiah of the anointed servant of God, humble and gentle, who by his patient sufferings atones for the guilt of sinners and carries God's cause to a triumphant conclusion. This description he came to apply to himself; and he began in the latter part of his ministry to look forward to and speak of future sufferings, to indeed expect a tragic death. "But while he saw in his approaching death the means of accomplishing his mission as a Saviour, and of the realization of the kingdom of God, he at the same time cherished the assured hope that God would bring back to life the obedient instrument of his will for the salvation of man, and would exalt

him to the visible splendor of the Messiah." This belief was founded on statements he read in Isaiah, Hosea, and the Psalms. It became the basis of his disciples' belief in his resurrection. "The crucified one did rise again into life and dominion, if not bodily, yet in the belief and for the faith of his disciples. His own faithful trust in God became the staff of his people, which in spite of his death upon the cross upheld their faith in him as the Saviour, became the rock on which the infant church was founded." Pfleiderer goes on to show that the salient feature of Jesus's religious consciousness, namely, the sense of sonship to God, constitutes the essence of Christianity, its distinguishing mark as a distinct religion. This sonship Jesus did not conceive as a unique metaphysical relation between him and God, but as the filial spirit of love and obedience. "By entire self-devotion to God's perfect will man finds his own true will fulfilled, his better self satisfied, his inmost being and life freed from the painful discord between desire and obligation; he finds the salvation of his soul." Redemption, therefore, in the sense of the Gospels, "is not a miraculous event occurring once, and brought about outside of humanity by a superhuman mediator between the Godhead and humanity; it is an inner process, within the heart of man, which always and everywhere repeats itself when the fettered and diseased powers of the soul are freed and healed, when the image of God and the child of God that slumbers in everyone are aroused to life, reality, and power."

A very marked feature of Pfleiderer's theology is the place he gives to Paul. Jesus founded Christianity, but Paul originated its theology. He gave the teachings of Jesus a speculative and didactic form, and developed them from a particular to a universal religion. But for Paul Christianity would probably have remained a sect of Judaism, but he grasped its real inner spirit, and drew out its implications, so that he emancipated it from Jewish particularism and made it a world-faith. Paul underwent a psychological conversion on the road to Damascus, the grounds of which Pfleiderer explains at length. It brought to him a consuming conviction that Jesus was the suffering Messiah, and by him the world was to be redeemed. This revolu-

tionary thought forced him to reconstruct his system of thought, to reconcile his Pharisaical theology with his new belief and experience, and the result is the doctrines of Paul's epistles. Here we have the true spirit of Jesus's teachings exhibited, but often in the earthen vessels of Jewish rabbinical form and phrase. It is the task of the critic to show what is of enduring value in Paul's teachings, and what is individual and a part of the historical limitations of the time. Pfleiderer then proceeds to examine Paul's theology, explain his significance in shaping the doctrinal forms of Christianity, and to separate, as he would say, the chaff from the wheat. What is ethical and spiritual is retained, but most of what is metaphysical, speculative, and formal is cast aside. Paul's influence has been twofold; on the one hand, he "led Christianity through the critical years of enthusiastic childhood into the path of an ordered church existence, saving its historical future, making possible its ecclesiastical development," and, on the other hand, he gave it speculative forms and mystical elements which became a basis for Gnosticism, and which have led to much misunderstanding of its true historical basis and spirit.

This exposition of Pfleiderer's views is necessarily very meager but may indicate the direction of his thought. If in conclusion a word of criticism may be indulged in, we would say, first, that Pfleiderer seems to us to have exaggerated the demands of the law of evolution. With him every phenomenon has its causal ground in what proceeds, so that in neither nature nor history is there a disconnected link where supernatural action can enter. Beyond doubt every event has its cause, but if God as a free Being is immanent in the universe, as Pfleiderer holds, we cannot see why his plans and purposes may not be the basis of the uniformity we everywhere observe, rather than an antecedent dynamic energy such as a self-contained physical system might require. But if the consistency of the divine reason is the basis of the uniformity of nature, it is certainly possible that God's purposes in human history may require special acts, and that these are provided for in the plan by which he is accomplishing his ends in humanity. Natural science itself hints that Pfleiderer

has made his law of evolution too rigid. Another criticism is that Pfleiderer is too fond of psychological explanation. He often speculates on the mental processes by which certain convictions or beliefs came about, as in his oft-repeated theory of the conversion of Paul, and the way the apostles came to the conviction that Jesus was the crucified Son of God. These might be regarded as interesting guesses, as even probable processes; but Pfleiderer sets them forth as certainties, and builds the whole structure of Christianity upon their flimsy foundation. He certainly does not in this follow that strictly scientific method of which he boasts so much. There is no evidence in Paul's writings that on the road to Damascus his mind was occupied by the ideal image of Christ which so wrought upon him as to create in his mind an objective vision and make him hear a voice. Indeed, the evidence is the reverse. Nor can we believe the writer of the Epistle to the Romans could have been a victim of such self-created hallucinations. We believe that Pfleiderer exaggerates the antagonism of the parties in the early Christian Church. This is with him a crucial point. He uses it as an interpretative principle of primitive Christianity. If he finds in any of the documents a trace of this conflict, they are set down as early; but if there is no such trace, they are considered late. The difference between the factions he believes to be the same as that between the Ebionites and the Marconites of the second century. But the proof for these opinions is a pure exaggeration of the evidence.

Pfleiderer is very apt to get good out of all sorts of errors. Thus Paul's mistaken vision of Christ transforms Christianity from a particular to a universal religion; and Jesus's erroneous notion about his Messianic mission has given the world a satisfactory doctrine of redemption. The point could be widely illustrated. We cannot believe that mistaken notions are so fertile in developing world-wide truths. Sometimes his statements seem contradictory. Thus he says Paul's vision was due to an excited nervous temperament and a vivid phantasy, and in another place he declares it was "God in the soul of Paul who caused a light to shine to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Pfleiderer dates the Gospels, except John,

shortly after the destruction of Jerusalem, in 70 A. D., or not more than half a century after the death of Jesus. This is too short a time for myths about him to have arisen and gained such wide acceptance that these Gospels, with their many stories of miracles and supernatural claims, would have been accepted as authoritative. The best results of New Testament criticism do not sustain Pfleiderer's assumptions about the untrustworthiness of the Christian records.

But not to unduly extend these criticisms, we conclude with the statement that Pfleiderer's view of Christ as a religious genius, a produce of the evolutionary principle in history, fired by high enthusiasm and laboring unsuccessfully as a religious, ethical, and social reformer, seems to us utterly inadequate to explain the new force which was introduced into the world by Christianity. Mr. Lecky tells us: "The simple record of his [Christ's] active life has done more to regenerate and soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers, and than all the exhortations of moralists." To suppose that such a personality, "the noblest, sweetest, purest in human history," a personality which introduced ideals and principles which have changed the face of human society, was only a self-deceived Jewish peasant is to make a claim which the facts in no sense warrant, and which presents a cause utterly insufficient for the world-wide greatness of the results.

Samuel Plantz

## Art. V.— THE SCIENTIFIC VIEW OF GOD

The vast progress of scientific research in recent years and the utility of the discoveries made have inaugurated a new era in industrial and social life. This has led, naturally enough, to the tendency in certain quarters to find in scientific conclusions the answer to philosophical and theological questions. The tendency is a part of the materialistic temper of a time of great commercial expansion and yet it is not indulged by the clearest or the most representative thinkers. It is difficult for the mind that has become confused by the glare of outward values and equivalents to think highly of the values and equivalents which are out of sight. The man who comes assuming that such values are as real as the coin of the realm is likely to appear in a somewhat ridiculous aspect to the men who demand that everything shall be measured and weighed by definite and material standards in order to prove their existence and reality. In the life of Herbert Spencer the last generation witnessed the spectacle of a man of science, fitted to observe certain facts of the physical world, rushing into the realm of metaphysics, for which he had neither adaptation nor training, and speaking with a positiveness which did not realize its own limitations. This role has been imitated many times since by those who dreamed that the collating of scientific facts could yield metaphysical conclusions. The undeviating characteristic of the cult is the absolute confidence that because they are fitted to teach some things concerning scientific conclusions they are also the representatives of the coming thought of all the cultured in the philosophical and theological worlds. Such an attempt is to be seen in the recent book of President Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, entitled, What is Religion? The object of the effort which produced the volume commends itself— a desire to lead into the clearer light of personal faith a class of young men upon whom the traditional thought is weakening. There are indeed some parts of the book with which one would be in hearty agreement; but these portions are so contradicted and

negatived by the arguments that follow that, instead of being a beacon to faith, one is forced to conclude that its practical result may be quite the contrary. The young mind to which "the old traditional voices of authority no longer appeal" must gather something of the insight of the seer, must catch some vision of the reality and worth of spiritual values. In the words of the author, in the preface, "No cold and formal rationalism will suffice, but a leadership which shall be tender, hopeful, spiritual, and fearless"; and yet this would seem to be the very point in which the author has failed. Because he has attempted to work out the problem from the basis of a pure rationalism it becomes destructive of the highest faith.

In these days of popular disrespect for traditional theology anyone who has been willing to generalize from scientific data and hit hard blows in defense of a better faith has been hailed by the one side as an arch-heretic, and by the other as a savior of the remnants of faith, with but slight regard to the conclusions made necessary by his premises. It has also quite usually been assumed by such writers that their optimistic generalizations are the most truly representative of modern thought; that the race generally, with the exception of a few negligible antiques, has conceded to science the right to say the final word in matters of faith and religion. To such, truth has become that alone which can be scientifically tested; the divine Personality is exchanged for a creative and eternal Energy, and even to admit him at all is considered a large concession and a supreme act of faith. Nature gains the upper hand of God and man, and prayer becomes either impossible or useless because, we are informed, the eternal Energy can on no account turn aside his usual processes. The great realm of mind and spirit having been left out of the problem altogether, the case is then considered closed for all time. Little wonder that under the influence of the same movement in its beginning, Wordsworth wrote:

> Great God! I'd rather be
> A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn.

In the chapter entitled "What is Religion?" this definition is given of religion as the man of science apprehends it:

> Nothing other than the divine life in the human soul; a life which manifests itself as all life manifests itself, by the growth which it brings forth: the divine flowers of the human heart—unselfishness, love, fearlessness, serenity, patience, service.

Then again (p. 37):

> To receive this divine energy into one's soul and to transform it effectively into those spiritual forms which make for justice, mercy, joy, unselfishness, serenity of mind and of life—this is true religion. If in your heart this divine transformation is not going on day by day and year by year, you are not a religious man, no matter what your denominational connections or your formal professions may be. And if, on the other hand, in the soil of your heart these flowers are growing, it matters very little whether you call yourself Catholic or Protestant, Episcopalian or Unitarian, Methodist or Christian Scientist, or if you belong to no religious organization whatever. It is the life in your own soul which determines whether you are a religious man, not the things that you believe or the name that you call yourself.

The author after giving us this definition, with which probably none of us would be in violent disagreement, proceeds to the somewhat startling assumption that such a standpoint raises the following questions:

> 1. Does not such a conception take from religion the idea of a personal God and our relations as men with God our Father?
> 2. Does it not wipe out the distinction between religious and irreligious men, between good and wicked men? for, as recipients of the divine energy, would not all men be religious men?
> 3. If this conception is true, what is the practical lesson which it brings concerning the method by which a human soul may become an efficient transformer of divine energy, and therefore truly religious?

Having asked these questions he proceeds to affirm that the aforesaid scientific view of religion compels the following answers:

> That this conception of religion and of God is inconsistent with the idea of a divine omnipotent Person interfering directly in the affairs of our lives and of our world seems to me clear. The whole conception of the universe, as the man of science sees it, leads him to recognize the presence of God in the working of steadfast and unchanging laws. So far as his observations go, and so far as his researches into the history of mankind throw light upon the question, no instance of such interference has ever been known. . . . Nor does it follow that, because we no longer

**think of him as an omnipotent Person, our relations with him as the author and sustainer of the universe have been changed. . . . The man who finds that his reason leads him to accept the scientific view of God does not truly accept a spiritual relationship less rich, less sincere, less helpful than he who thinks of God as Father and as governing directly and arbitrarily the affairs of his own life and of his own world.**

As to the second result of this scientific faith, he affirms that "the distinction between religious men and those who are not religious . . . ought to be wiped out." As the energy of the sun is transformed by one plant into the beauty of the rose and by another into the deadly poison of the nightshade, "in some such way," he says, "the spiritual energy radiated into each human soul is there transformed into human character and human action. In one heart it is transmuted into justice and mercy and truth, in another into selfishness and greed and lust." Concerning the third point, that of the practical influence of the scientific conception of faith, he says: "Whether we think of him [God] as the infinite and eternal energy showing itself in all law, all order, all nature, or whether we think of him as a Father, the way to him is the same."

The spreading of the realm of scientific investigation, the representation of natural forces by symbol and formula, the discovery of the essential unity of the universe, has unduly magnified the importance of scientific hypothesis. The scientific man attempts to symbolize the results of the natural forces in formulæ, and by means of equation and sign to represent the result to be expected in cases where all the elements of his problem are the same. These formulæ, gathered from long hours of observation and experience, represent the sum of his knowledge of the working of nature. His temptation is to assume that these formulæ, which represent the order and relations of natural forces, are, without modification or qualification, the explanation of the thing itself. What he has grasped bears the same relation to the knowledge of nature itself as the mathematics of music bears to music. In the words of Martineau, "What we call science is nothing but our critical interpretation of nature; our reduction of it into intelligible pieces or constituents, that we may view successively what we cannot grasp at once. And it no more exhibits to us the real sources from which creation sprang, or the modes of its appearing, than the critic's

system shows us the poet's soul. . . . The books which repeat to us the laws of the physical world usually mislead us on this matter. They enumerate certain forces, with which they pretend to be on the most intimate footing, which are able to do great things in the universe; and by putting them together in this way and that they show what events would come about: they then point out that such events do actually occur, and think it proved that the real phenomena are manufactured after their pattern and truly spring from the causes in their list. Thus Newton is said to have detected the powers that determine the planetary orbits. The imagination of it is a pure fiction which begins and ends with the mind that thinks it. What, then, you will say, has Newton done? He has done this: he has found or defined two forces which, *if they were to operate under the conditions prescribed, would* produce just such phenomena as we observe. He has discovered a way in which the same thing *might be done;* has detected not the actual causes but a system of equivalents that will serve the end as well."

Certain important considerations stand irremovably in the way of the acceptance of this "scientific" view of God. First, it is safe to say that the scientist is not in possession of all the facts, and the consequent raising of his formulæ into the inevitable and final law of God is a presumption, to say the least. Because we have found a working formula we have not completed our knowledge of the elements involved nor precluded the discovery of new elements to which our formula has been blind and, in a sense, inaccurate. If one desires any confirmation of this fact, let him compare the text-books in physics of today with those of twenty-five years ago. And yet from the beginning certain scientists have been sure that they had discovered the inevitable divine order and have not risen to the fact that there might be laws of God's working as yet unclassified, laws that were able to modify that order with which they have become familiar. Second, the scientist in this case neglects a whole world which enters in to determine the problem. There are certain spiritual laws and values, as real and as inevitable as any in the physical world, which are constantly working toward a different resultant, just as the mind of man introducing elements not in the original problem changes the

natural course of events. Every mechanical invention man has made, from the syphon to wireless telegraphy, has been, in a sense, the abrogation of a law already known by the introduction of a higher. And these higher laws must ever have remained unknown and inoperative but for the introduction of human mind into the problem. Nearly every great scientific discovery, from the discovery of the Copernican system to the discovery of radium, has meant the abrogation of laws considered by science as absolutely fixed and inevitable, and presented with the same old assurance. If we say that the influence of mind upon the natural course of events comes only by the introduction of a higher law, it is necessary to account for the mysterious and inexplicable power of mind without which the higher law would be inoperative. Again, the universe cannot be explained on any theory of infinite and eternal energy as cause unless this infinite and eternal energy be posited as infinite Mind. Otherwise the world becomes unthinkable, and the mind of man can depend in no way upon its own conclusions or know that the things which it reports are true. If the world is thinkable, and capable of being known by man, then the infinite energy behind all must itself be infinite Mind. If the individual discovers laws, modes of action, and formulæ upon which he can forecast the future, it is only because there is an infinite Mind of which these are the original and definite expression. And this is well, in the face of the assurance of Dr. Pritchett that "the man who finds that his reason leads him to accept this scientific view of God does not truly accept a spiritual relationship less rich, less sincere, less helpful than he who thinks of God as a Father," and, further, that "whether we think of him as the infinite and eternal energy, showing itself in all law, all order, all nature, or whether we think of him as a Father the way to him is the same." That is to say, it is quite as easy, and the way to communion is the same, whether the infinite and eternal energy is a person, a mind, or whether it is only an abstract "it," an unthinking process or law not to be modified by any mental or spiritual elements. The fact is that communion is impossible except between thinking beings. The moment that communion is asserted with even the eternal and creative "It" we drag back the

personal God whom we have already read out of the universe. We cannot posit communion with an abstraction. If the eternal energy is not to be approached as a mind, a personality, the loneliness of man in the universe becomes a tragedy and all his organized knowledge may be nothing more that the phantasm of a dream. Surely, it can be seen that if there is an infinite and eternal energy which manifests itself in the laws and processes of nature it is not too much to add that this infinite and eternal energy manifests itself also in the laws and processes of human mind. If so, the conclusion is unavoidable that the infinite and eternal energy is infinite and eternal Mind. That granted, we have a personal God. But perhaps the author has vainly imagined that the thought of personality in God was inevitably bound up with the conception of him as a sort of omnipotent Man, the white-whiskered, anthropomorphic conception of the Middle Ages. Any suggestion that the rank and file of the Christian churches believe in any such personal God would be grossly misrepresentative.

As to the second contention, that this view of God wipes out "the distinction between religious and irreligious men, between good and wicked men, for as recipients of the divine energy would not all men be religious men?" and the conclusion that "the distinction between religious men and those who are not religious ought to be wiped out," the common mind will wonder at once how any morally sane man could take such a position. Are we to assume from this the unreality of moral values? Does religion consist, in accordance with this author's definition, of "unselfishness, love, fearlessness, serenity, patience, service," and is there no distinction to be made between those that have these qualities and those who have them not? There are none in these days but are willing to admit that in the last and wickedest man there are some lingering sparks of conscience or remorse that may be fanned to flame by which he may arise to better things, but that is very far from saying that he is a good or religious man. If no distinction is to be made between good and wicked men, why not imprison the saint and release the culprit? The Doctor has here hit upon one of the fundamental laws of the infinite and eternal energy. There are such things as moral values. Right is right and wrong is wrong

as surely as the released weight falls to the ground. It is as futile for the author to attempt to wipe out the distinction between good and wicked men as it would be for him to attempt to climb by pulling on his own boot-straps. If that is the best that the scientific view of God can do for us, then so much the worse for the scientific view. This standpoint he illustrates as follows:

> As the radiant light of the sun falls upon our earth each plant takes up the waves of vibrant energy after its own ability. In one plant this energy is transformed into the beauty of the rose, in another into the fruitfulness of the corn, and in still another this same energy is transmuted into the deadly poison of the nightshade. In some such way the spiritual energy radiated into each human soul is there transformed into human character and human action. In one heart it is transmuted into justice and mercy and truth, in another into selfishness and greed and lust.

The upshot of such a conclusion ought to be evident even to a "scientific" mind. If selfishness, greed, and lust are manifestations of the infinite and eternal energy, we ought not so much to blame man when through him the same is worked out in fraud, arson, and murder. The illustration is misleading. The plant obeys the necessary law of its nature. It has no choice between producing the poison of the nightshade or the beauty of the rose. But there is a law of the moral realm of which the author may not have heard, having been all taken up with the laws of the physical universe, and this law is called the "freedom of the human will." A man, unlike the plant, is free to choose which he will produce: poison or fruit; wickedness or goodness. As Lanier's lines on "Individuality" so beautifully put it:

> Ye
> Say wrong this work is not of me,
> But God; it is not true; it is not true.
>
> For thee, Cloud, if thou spend thine all
> Upon the South's o'er-brimming sea
> That needs thee not, or crawl
> To the dry provinces and fall
> Till every convert clod shall give to thee
>
> Green worship; if thou grow or fade,
> Bring in delight or misery,
> Fly east or west, be made
> Snow, hail, rain, wind, grass, rose, light, shade,
> What matters it to thee? There is no thee.

Pass, kinsman Cloud, now fair and mild;
  Discharge the will that's not thine own!
I work in freedom wild,
But work as plays a little child.
  Sure of the Father, Self, and Love, alone.

If in me the infinite and eternal energy is transmuted into selfishness and greed and lust, it is not because I am not fitted to produce different results; it is because I *will* not to. If the author means only that the distinction of religious and irreligious cannot always be applied by the lines of church membership, he is in perfect agreement with nearly all of us. No organization, save the Greek, Roman, and Mormon Churches, pretends to make any such distinction. As to the method of approach to God being the same whether we think of him as infinite and eternal Energy or whether we think of him as a Father, the only reply necessary is to point out the essential absurdity of the statement. If Fatherhood means anything it implies all those elements which are necessary to communion, all of which are wanting in a vague, abstract, eternal energy manifest only in physical law. Communion with a law or a process is out of the question. The author contradicts his own assumption every time he prays. If the infinite and eternal energy be not mind and personality, to which his prayer means something, he might as well stand upon the precipice and shout into an abyss; the only response or semblance of sympathy would be the returning echoes of his own voice.

Of the significance of prayer he says that there are three typical prayers which indicate "three great steps which humanity has taken in its effort to know and to come in touch with God." One is a prayer of Marcus Aurelius: "Rain, rain, O dear Zeus, down on the plowed fields of the Athenians and on the plains." The second is a prayer of Jesus: "Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me; nevertheless, not what I will, but what thou wilt." The third and highest step is thought to be discovered in the prayer of Saint Chrysostom: "Grant us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting." The first prayer, he declares, "bespoke a soul which stood fearlessly before God, conscious of its own rectitude and willing to submit to the decrees of the divine power, but neither

asking nor expecting the support and sustenance of that faith which looks upon God as a kindly and loving Father." Of the second prayer he says, "Here speaks a soul conscious of a life day by day and hour by hour with a heavenly Father. Every word and act and hope is permeated by that conscious relationship, and he prays to this Father as one who can not only sustain and help, but also take upon himself the adjustment of every human circumstance which the complexities of life present. A loving, all-powerful heavenly Father, not only immanent in the universe and in the lives and acts of men, but ready also at the prayer of his children to change these laws and processes to compass their well-being—these are the relations and conceptions called up by the prayer of the Son of man." Of the last, and to him the highest type of prayer, he says: "Not earthly help nor the intervention of the heavenly Father is asked, but knowledge of God's truth, resting sure that with this knowledge all other problems are resolved. Does this conception of God as the infinite power in the universe, immanent in all life and all nature but working through law, not under the action of humanlike motives and purposes, make such a prayer less possible, less helpful, less needful?" He further adds: "Whether communion with him means a direct communion with a personal Spirit, or whether it means a communiou with our better selves, it comes in either case through the medium of our personal spiritual consciousness," and concludes: "It seems, therefore, clear to me that, in the sense in which I have used the words, all serious men, whatever their intellectual training, must pray, not, perhaps, for material help, not in the expectation that the laws of the universe shall be changed at their request, not even primarily for strength to live rightly and justly, but as the supreme effort of the human soul to know God. And whether that which we call prayer be a direct communion with him as our heavenly Father, or whether it be a communion with our highest consciousness which is in touch with him, in either case the time can never come when a human soul will not rise from such communion purified and strenghthened, with new hope and new patience, and with a more serene view of his own duty and his own future."

It would be very difficult to believe that this address was fol-

lowed by any increased interest in prayer on the part of the young men who heard it. Rather would the question arise as to what is the use of prayer, anyway. Men are driven to prayer not by a vague desire to be in touch with the universe, "the world is too much with us, late and soon," but for help in their hour of need. When men are in desperate straits communing with their own self-consciousness does not meet their need. They must lay hold of a higher, nobler, wiser, more far-seeing One, a personality that understands their secret motives and hidden desires for good. Most of us have been led to look on that prayer of Jesus, who "prays to this Father as one who can not only sustain and help, but also take upon himself the adjustment of every human circumstance," as the highest type of prayer, and there will still be some who will continue to consider it so. Where the author goes wrong is in the assumption that the man who believes in prayer as definite and helpful necessarily believes in the possibility of breaking the laws of nature. Certainly such thought of prayer would be farthest from even the "unscientific" mind of Jesus. Not once in the gospel story do we find him at war with the natural course of events. He did not seek to escape the toils, the sorrows, nor even the death, which the circumstances decreed as being his Father's will. But we will venture to say that he had one thing which many more "scientific" minds have lacked: a spiritual perception, keen and true, that understood the reality of spiritual values in a universe which is not physical alone, but mental and spiritual as well. And why was he not right in this unquestioning trust? Are we to assume that the deductions from God's working, which in his limited sphere the scientist has been able to formulate, are all the laws of which God is capable—that they are not conformable to the mental and spiritual forces of the universe? That God is able to insure the delicate reactions in the chemist's test tube and unable to make an earnest prayer turn the current of a life? That he can plan a seed arbitrarily, and with a delicate kindness waft it to the place of good soil, and at the same time be unable to respond to the higher forces that play in and through my life? Shall that Mind, which with a minute care can clothe the seed lest the winter's frost destroy the little life hidden within,

possess no power for my preservation and help as my spirit lies crushed upon the plains of life? If the "scientific" view be correct, man is strangely out of place in the universe, calling out for sympathy where there is none, the least cared for of all God's creation. When the author has tabulated the laws of the mental and spiritual universe, and has come to know what are the actions and reactions there, the influence of mind and spirit upon the workings of the physical universe, it will be easy to strike hands with him heartily in the statement that we cannot think of anything happening outside the reign of law, while protesting against the attempt to solve the riddle of the universe, physical, mental, and spiritual, from the knowledge and on the basis of the physical alone. The profoundest facts of human existence can never be brought to bay in the professor's laboratory, and the mightiest forces, which alter the lives of men and nations, defy his exact computations. If in his problem of the religious life of man he leaves out these unseen forces, which really dictate the result, how can his answer to the problem be trustworthy? If into the desperate situation which faces me in my hour of crisis I put a desire for righteousness, to which in more independent days I have been less heedful; if into the hour of trial comes a new submission to the divine will which puts me into an unwonted harmony with the universe, I go forth with a new power over myself, with a new power over men, and with a new power over the world of nature. I may not indeed bid the sun to stand still, nor intercept the law of gravitation, for such intervention would wreck the lives of millions and bring no real advantage to my selfish life. So I dare to pray only as Jesus prayed, "As thou wilt." But the consciousness that he is not the unthinking eternal energy, not inexorable and unsympathetic law, but my Father, gives me a new hold on life when its wildest storms sweep over me. I know that he has resources that are numberless—the quickening of my own understanding and perception, the healing of my own diseased mind, the subtle influence over the kindly heart of my fellow men, the reinforcing of my will—a thousand resources any of which may be sufficient to work the miracle of victory out of defeat; and, if it be his will to lead me into failure, even here there is the spiritual

victory which makes me conqueror where I seemed to have been defeated. I must confess that the more I think of it the more does Jesus's conception of God as his Father, concerned in the affairs of his human lot, appeal to my "unscientific" mind as, after all, the highest form of prayer, and as containing, perchance, the secret of the superiority of Jesus's life and spiritual vision over my own and other lives. He certainly did not expect the heavens to fall for his benefit, nor did he pray that the sun should rise no more for his sake. A selfish prayer was never found upon his lips. That there was some human shrinking from the outrageous destiny that was staring him in the face was but natural. There fluttered in his heart the transient wish that the great end might be achieved in some less excruciating way, but communion with his Father brought the settled conviction that the cross was the only way, and out of that hour of lonely prayer he went with the tread of a conqueror. What would have been the result in strength or weakness if there had been no consciousness that the infinite and eternal energy was also Father, Lover, Friend? And where is the test of truth in the matter to be found? Is it not in the result? The author declares that in the physical realm alone we may know; that in the spiritual there is no test for the truth as in the physical. In this we have again the egotism of a certain type of scientist. Does he need a formula to express the elements of his mother's love as a prerequisite to knowledge thereof, or does it not rather defy all analysis? And yet can he doubt its reality? Its reality and truth are discovered in the result, though it be rationally unaccountable. So, if Jesus's conception of God did in his own case work out the highest order of living that the world has seen, is not the test of its truth and value actually made in terms of life, which none need misunderstand? That faith, that consciousness, which works out the Christlike life most surely approximates most exactly the perfect truth. The learning of the secret of Jesus's life has been, and is still, the task of humanity, and through the centuries of growing wonder the conviction has been more surely brought home to man that Jesus is the Truth. To act upon his consciousness is, at least, as sound for a working hypothesis of life as the good Doctor's vibration theory of light

is as a working hypothesis for the experiments of his laboratory. For even this hypothesis, which he assumes as forever settled, and about which he talks with a supreme confidence, is, after all, purely theoretical. It is sufficient for the working needs of science until the mystery of light is better known. So Jesus's consciousness of God as Father, proved true by the test of result in his life, is sufficient as a working hypothesis in the spiritual life of man. He who has arrived at a better consciousness of God must prove it by his own life, must improve upon the perfections of Jesus, just as the scientist would have a right to insist that the man with a new theory of light should prove it better than the old by the actual tests of the laboratory. And this is the only satisfactory conclusion of the matter.

Last of all, we may dismiss the personal God from our universe again and again, and in place of the Father put the infinite and eternal energy, but the old vision comes back in every hour of pain and loss and need, like the unending repetitions of the ever-recurring strain of a fugue.

> Just when we are safest there's a sunset touch,
> A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
> A chorus ending from Euripides—
> And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears,
> As old and new at once as nature's self,
> To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
> Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring,
> Round the ancient idol, on his base again—
> The grand Perhaps!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Once feel about, and soon or late you hit
> Some sense in which it might be, after all—
> Why not?—"the Way, the Truth, The Life."

Ralph T. Flewelling

## Art. VI.—SECRET OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S SUCCESS

Robert Louis Stevenson achieved phenomenal success in the face of singular difficulties. As the only child of wealthy parents he was freed from the necessity of toiling for his support. This exemption, it is true, gave him the leisure essential to liberty of choice as to his vocation, but the temptations which such a favoring fortune may rally often overcome the advantages. "It is the bright day brings forth the viper." The venomous serpent which fastened upon the arm of the apostle did not strike from the driving rain that confronted and chilled him on the barbarous island but from the fire that warmed him. So the convivial habits, genial fellowship, prodigal self-indulgence, and idleness, which are often the inheritance bequeathed, especially to youth, by exemption from care, are liable to prove but a nest of vipers which may sting to moral, intellectual, and physical death. The few notable exceptions but prove the rule that "Necessity is the mother of invention." But Stevenson was not only a child of fortune, but was also a comparative invalid from his youth up. The natural inclination because of this would have been for him to seek any but an arduous career. So constantly, indeed, was it necessary for him to battle for his very life that it is astonishing that he was able to give his attention to aught else. His letters show that constantly he felt the Grim Monarch was either trying to steal a march upon him, or openly threatening him with his dreadful dart. In one of them he says: "I am liable to come to pieces, like the one-horse shay, at a moment's notice." Writing to his publisher in the noonday of his fame, he says: "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health. I have waked sick and gone to bed weary, and I have done my work unflinchingly; I have written in bed, and written in sickness, torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weariness." This same year he writes: "I don't die—'me and I' can't get along on both my feet to save my soul. I am a chronic sickist; and my work cripples

along between the bed and parlor, between the medicine bottle and the cupping glass." A year previous he had written: "I am very dim, dum, dowie, and damnable. I hate to be silenced, and if to talk by signs is my forte, to understand them cannot be my wife's. . . . Written, part in slumber, by a dull, heavy, somnolent son of a bedpost." He humorously sought consolation in the reflection that possibly literary ability was a special secretion of the brain of a diseased body. Maybe Pope, as he contemplated "that long disease," his life, and Heine, from his "mattress tomb," and bedridden Mrs. Browning, and twilight-visioned Prescott, and Blind Milton, and Byron as he crippled along, and dyspeptic Carlyle, if anything could be consoling to him, or John Addington Symonds in his enforced Alpine residence, facetiously encouraged themselves with a like reflection. Finally, the year the dread summons came, from the somber shadows of the cypress he wrote: "I have been so long waiting for death, I have unwrapped my thoughts from about life so long, that I have not a filament left to hold by; I have done my fiddling so long under Vesuvius that I have almost forgotten to play, and can only wait for the irruption and think it long in coming." And with a sigh at last he wrote: "I haven't had a fair chance; I've had to spend nearly all my life in expectation of death." And yet, handicapped much of the time with scrivener's cramp, and forbidden to speak, from his invalid chair he dictated, in sign language, those remarkable stories which set the world dreaming with him and about him. This is the man, this sunny-spirited, courageous invalid, who battled his way to the highest literary eminence; who at forty-four, when death came to him, was receiving an annual income from the productions of his wizard pen of twenty thousand dollars; who was offered eight thousand dollars for the American serial right to his next story. This is the man into whose alchemic laboratory, into whose magnetic sanctum, we are daring to grope our way in the hope that we may discover the secret process by which he effected his charming mastery, and give it without copyright to all the world. But we are not adventurous enough to assume that, even should we hit upon the coveted secret, we can go and do likewise. To discover the composition of the diamond

may be possible for the chemist, but to chance upon the process which will produce it would require an original laboratory for which the world is still waiting. To a success like Stevenson's there is no royal road. It must come rather as that road did which was made for him by the Samoan chiefs, as a reward for the loving and unselfish interest he had taken in them.

The way he treated the embargo which his lack of physical vigor imposed upon him invited success. He felt he must do something to keep his mind from himself. He would not brood over his ills. Many an invalid, while he takes himself all too seriously, does not so take life, but seeks to forget his condition by games, society, travel, or popular amusements. Not so Stevenson; work was his prophylactic. When he was but twenty-six years old he wrote: "What a blessing work is! I do not think I could face life without it." A spirit within moved him. Hands from out the future seemed to beckon him. He felt he had a mission in life, and that, regardless of his handicap, he must speed to the goal. This was the "spur which pricked the sides of his intent" when he wrote, "Acts may be forgiven, but not even God himself can forgive the hanger-back." As there was a spirit that moved Samson at times in the camp of Dan, so there was a spirit that moved Stevenson; and its moving led him to write: "There is something in me worth saying, though I can't find what it is just yet." While his success was the confluence of many tributaries, the streamlet which started it was the calling which he chose for himself. Had he determined upon any other vocation, he would have acquitted himself with credit, but hardly with distinction. His was a nervous, energetic temperament which would have done well, because faithfully, anything to which it was devoted. But had he chosen a different lifework, he could hardly have written at its close as he did: "Take my life all through, look at it fore and back and upside down—though I would very fain change myself—I would not change my circumstances." This choice unwittingly illustrated one of his own sayings: "We are not here to make predestined paths, but to walk in them." Still it is surprising that he did not choose differently. He was at home; and it was expected and desired that

he should tread the pathway which had been made illustrious by his ancestors. The choice of the profession of civil engineering would have been backed by the prestige of success. It was his inheritance. And yet the fact that he abandoned it, after an abortive effort to adjust himself to it, was an advance guard of his destiny. Nor is it likely that the outcome would have been more flattering had he continued in the law. The bent of his genius was, manifestly, not to become a criminal practitioner but to create fictitious brigands; to marshal pirates in platoons, and, himself being the whole court, string them up at his pleasure. His entire career was such a tragedy that it could hardly have served a secondary part in life's drama. He was like Longfellow, who, when considering what should be his lifework, wrote to his father: "Whatever I do, I will put my whole soul into it. I shall be eminent in something." Multitudes have had their usefulness impaired by getting into an unsuitable vocation and then failing to effect a timely escape from it. Much depends upon a right choice in the start, but, next to this, success depends upon courageously giving up a wrong one. Better let the marred vessel go again to the potter. It is said that the mother of Benjamin West made a painter of him by the approving kiss which she gave him when he brought to her some crude venture of his brush. So Stevenson's mother may have made a writer of him, for she records admiringly in her Journal, when he was but three years old: "Last night Louis dreamed of hearing the noise of pens writing." And the fact that when he was but eight years old he wrote such an appreciative history of Moses that his uncle gave him five dollars as a reward of merit showed that he had waking visions of "pens writing." And all these things his mother kept and pondered in her heart.

Choosing a life of letters for himself did not alone assure success. Others have made a like choice and have failed as disastrously as he succeeded notably. But it started him on the right road. And he realized that this choice was a turning point with him, for in 1878, before Mr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde or Treasure Island had made him famous, he wrote: "How glad I am I took to literature! It helps me so much." But his suc-

cess was further promoted by a constitutional peculiarity: he had the courage to be radically unconventional. He declined "hand-me-downs" as an inheritance. He chose according to his own tastes and beliefs. He dressed to suit himself, simply because he was a racer who did not care to be cumbered with Sartor Resartus. On one occasion in his youth he resorted to an original experiment to gauge woman's estimation of the value of clothes. In a sleeveless jacket, and otherwise indifferently clad, he traversed a populous street in London, and noted with contempt the lack of interest he awakened in the female pedestrians. They passed him like a dog, without a glance, which led him to express a desire to know at just what stage of attire a man would become invisible to the female eye. As an amateur emigrant he cherished a feeling of revulsion for the first-cabin women, who did not seek to disguise the air of patronage with which they regarded him, a second-cabin passenger allied with emigrants. Mere respectability he held to be "the deadliest gag that can be laid on men." The fear of being regarded as peculiar by those with whom he was associated did not restrain him from doing singular things for his own pleasure. As an illustration of this he says that, when he was a young man, he carried, caged, some odd little song birds along a fashionable street, back and forth, day after day, to his boarding house, and there placed them by his plate, that as he ate he might have the pleasure of their songs and company and forget that he was in a boarding house. This spirit ultimately led him to think over, and make over to suit himself, theories and creeds which were mossy and musty with the sanction of ages. It was only after he had thought them out for himself that he put them into his creed. If his conclusions were the same as those which had been reached by others, then so much the better for the others. His independent and self-confident habits of thought sometimes developed into consummate egotism. One can but regard in this light his open letter to the clergy of Scotland, when he was but twenty-seven years old, in which he gives them admonitions and counsels which must have been received with a smile of indulgence by the grave seniors whom he sought to instruct. Nevertheless, this faith in himself was one of the

steeds which sped him to the goal. It was this marked unconventionality which led him to dare to question the authority of the religious creed to which his parents and nearly all Scotland bowed. He was certainly regarded as "very far gone in unrighteousness" when, in writing to his mother, he referred to the Shorter Catechism as "not the merriest epitome of religion, and a work exactly as pious, although not quite so true, as the multiplication table." He subsequently seems to seek to soften his estimate of it, to soothe his mother, and says: "I keenly admire its merits as a performance; all that was in my mind was its peculiarly unreligious and unmoral texture, from which defect it can never, of course, exercise the least influence on the minds of children. But they learn some fine style and some austere thinking unconsciously." That he did appreciative thinking along this line is manifest, however, by his saying: "The Bible in most parts is a cheerful book; it is our little piping theologies, tracts, and sermons that are dull and dowie; and even the Shorter Catechism, which is scarcely a work of consolation, opens with the best and shortest and completest sermon ever writen—upon man's chief end." But when, as the final outcome of this independent thinking, he was led to write, "I do not call that by the name of religion which fills a man with bile," and again, "I will think more of a man's prayers when I see him in a spirit of praise," it is manifest he was but obeying that injunction of the apostle, to "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." This unconventional characteristic, with a man of narrow vision, limited horizon, and intolerant of the views of others, would have developed an offensive crank. With a man phrenologically bulging with approbativeness and veneration, and with ideality dished, we should have a mischievous fanatic; while a woman so endowed, with but a moderate education, and a competence sufficient to keep her from being dependent, might be given to vagaries and foibles and fads which would make her harmlessly peculiar. But Stevenson's unconventionality was the unconventionality of a racer which breaks all records; of an inventor who brings things to pass and fills the world with astonishment and admiration where others see nothing; of a plunger in business who ventures

and wins while the conservatives shake their heads incredulously and regard his success with astonishment. Even Stevenson's prayers illustrate the peculiarity we are considering, as may be seen from the following composite of them, offered, as they were, daily in his Samoan home in the presence of his family and of servants of many nationalities:

Lord, enlighten us to see the beam that is in our own eye, and blind us to the mote that is in our brother's. Let us feel our offenses with our hands, make them great and bright before us like the sun; make us eat and drink them for our diet; blind us to the offenses of our beloved; cleanse them from our memories and take them out of our mouths forever; accept us, correct us, guide us, thy guilty innocents. Dry our vain tears; delete our vain resentments; help our yet vainer efforts. If there be any here sulking, as children will, deal with and enlighten him. Make it day about that person so that he shall see himself and be ashamed. Make it heaven about him, Lord, by the only way to heaven—forgetfulness of self. Make it day about his neighbors, so that they shall help, not hinder him. We are evil, O God, and help us to see it and amend. We are good, and help us to be better. Recreate in us the soul of service; renew us in the sense of joy. Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and persevere. Offenders, give us grace to accept and forgive offenses. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear the forgetfulness of others. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Remember and receive, we beseech thee, those who are in pain. Remember sick children. Visit the fathers of destitute families. Shine in the house of affliction. Cause injuries to be forgotten and benefits to be remembered. For Christ's sake let not our beloved blush for us nor we for them. Grant us to accept death, loss, and disappointment as if they were straws upon the tide of life. For our sins forgiven or prevented, for our shame unpublished, we bless and thank thee, O God! As the clay to the potter, as the windmill to the wind, as children to their sire, we beseech of thee this help and mercy for Christ's sake.

Surely these petitions are unconventional. You would expect one who prayed thus to nurse, as he did, the sick child of his landlady until he himself was prostrate. You would think he might, as he did, send a grand piano to the children on leper island after he had spent a week among them and been moved with compassion at the sight of their desolate, cheerless lives. You would say such a spirit would lead him, as it did, to wrap his coat about a lost, crying child whom he found one night on the streets of Edinburgh and carry it for hours in an effort to

locate its home. You would expect that if he found a man abusing his dog, as he did, he would indignantly interfere, and that when the owner protested the dog was his, and he would do as he pleased, he would be answered with blazing indignation, by the man who so prayed, "The dog belongs to God, and I am here to stand up for him."

But it was in his literary method that his unconventionality contributed in no small degree to his success. The proper thing to do was the one that commended itself to his own artistic perception of its fitness, regardless of how his critics might regard it. Writing to one of his would-be mentors he said: "The next thing I shall hear is that the etiquette is wrong in Otto's Court! It is wrong with a warrant, and I mean it to be so, and the whole matter never cost me half a thought. I make these paper people to please myself and God Almighty, and with no ulterior purpose. I have been to sea, but I never crossed the threshold of a court, and the courts shall be the way I want 'em." His attitude toward women in his stories was so out of the ordinary that his success in spite of it is an interesting tribute to his genius. As a rule he excluded them, with Masonic persistency, from his conclaves, and the man who attempts to rule women out of the problem of his successes is generally in danger of finding that the problem becomes hopelessly involved. But with Stevenson this was an asset in the make-up of his power. In relation to this peculiarity he writes: "I'm afraid my touch is a little broad in a love story; I can't mean one thing and write another. As for women, I am no more in fear of them; I can do a sort all right; age makes me less afraid of a petticoat, but I am a little in fear of grossness. The difficulty in a love yarn which dwells at all on love is the dwelling on one string. . . . With a writer of my prosaic literalness and pertinacity of point of view, this all shoves toward grossness—positively even toward the far more damnable closeness. This has kept me off the sentiment hitherto." But in David Balfour he ventured upon a departure in this direction, and writes: "Now I am to try." "When you introduce the female sect a book does run away with you." But he felt that now he was sailing in dangerous waters, for to a friend

he writes: "I am very curious to see what you will think of my two girls—I am in love with both." In writing and plotting his stories he gave himself at different times the range of all the ways of reaching his end, which he thus states: "I know three ways, and three only, of writing a story. You may take a plot and fit a character to it; or you may take a character and choose incidents and situations to develop it; or, lastly, you may take a certain atmosphere and get action and persons to express and realize it." It would seem that Prince Otto's Island was an evolution of his last method, but as to his general method he says: "Other writers appeal to the heart and seek to capture the affections, but my method is to take my readers by the throat." It is by such a violent method that he compels them to keep with him to the end of his tragic creations. A few characteristic examples will show how Hyde, and not Jekyll, ruled in his stories. This from Black Arrow: "An arrow sang in the air like a huge hornet. It struck old Appelyard between the shoulder blades and pierced him clean through, and he fell forward on his face among the cabbages." From Markheim, a short story, this: "Markheim bounded from behind upon his victim. The long skewerlike dagger flashed and fell. The dealer struggled like a hen, striking his temple on the shelf and then tumbled on the floor in a heap." Here is a sample from St. Ives: "Both lunged in the same moment with equal fury. My scissors plunged below the girdle into a vital part, and that great bulk of a man, falling from his whole height, knocked me immediately senseless." This characteristic illustration of the same method is from Treasure Island: "With a cry John seized the branch of a tree, whipped the crutch out of his armpit and sent that uncouth missile hurtling through the air. It struck poor Tom, point foremost and with stunning violence, right between the shoulders in the middle of the back. His hands flew up, he gave a sort of gasp and fell. Whether he were injured much or little none could ever tell. Like enough, to judge from the sound, his back was broken on the spot. But he had no time given him to recover. Silver, agile as a monkey, even without leg or crutch, was on the top of him the next moment and had twice buried his knife up to

the hilt in that defenseless body." The Master of Ballantrae contributes this kindred specimen: "The Master, lunging in the air, stumbled on his knee, and before he could move the sword was through his body. I cried out with a stifled scream and ran in, but the body was already fallen to the ground, where it writhed a moment like a trodden worm and then lay motionless." From Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde this concluding specimen: "The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a trifle hurt. At that Mr. Hyde broke all bounds and clubbed him to the earth: and next moment, with apelike fury, he was trampling his victim under foot and hailing down a storm of blows under which the bones were audibly shattered, and the body jumped upon the ground." Tragedy, moving with prophetic and gory details toward a fatal crisis, whether on the stage or on the street or in a book, always attracts a crowd. Next to a fire, nothing rallies an audience quicker than a fight. It was a case where the child was father to the man, when a lad, whose grandmother insisted upon reading him a chapter from the Bible every Sunday afternoon, said, "Well, granny, if I must listen, read me a chapter from the fightingest part of the Old Testament."

Stevenson stands almost solitary in the use of this method, and it helps mightily to draw his crowds as the limelight of his vivid imagination illuminates the scenes and characters. Dickens waits until the concluding chapters of his stories before he visits those providential judgments upon his guilty characters which it is foreseen, with a shudder, must overtake them. Thackeray, it is true, uses the dissecting knife, and lays bare the joints and marrow, liver and gall, of his characters, and carves society into roasts and steaks from start to finish; but though he takes his pound of flesh again and again from nearest the heart, until you see the start of guilty apprehension blanch the face of his tortured creation, yet in all this he is careful not to "shed one drop of Christian blood." And Goldsmith would as soon make a murderous assault upon one of his fellows, or even pay his debts, as to embroil his characters in a bloody row. Charles Reade is wholly a stranger to this exhibition of the finished pro-

duction of anger, malice, envy, lust, or greed. George Eliot, with all a woman's faintiness at the sight of blood, would revolt against having the children of her brain, her heroes, stain each other's garments with blood. Hawthorne broods over his sin-smitten characters with paternal solicitude, and corrects them with suitable punishment for their rectification or brings the skulking transgressor out into the light of day, where he is abhorred of himself and his neighbors. But Stevenson revels in the bludgeon method. He does not postpone the fight until the end, but brings on the row almost from the start. His characters scent blood with a relish and are not his real heroes until they have shed it. Of course there are exceptions to this rule—notably his Bottle Imp—but these are his stock in trade. His almost universal use of the first person imparted to his delineations exceptional energy, lucidity, and simplicity. It would seem that the pen and sword were united in his hand and brain by that martial spirit which from his invalid chair led him to write: "The dream of my life has been to be the leader of a great horde of irregular cavalry, and my favorite attitude turning in the saddle to look back at my whole command (some five thousand strong) following me at a hand gallop up the road, out of the burning valley, by moonlight."

He was not restrained by prudential considerations if he saw within his reach the thing he was aiming for. He was a concrete illustration of his own abstraction as to prudence. "So soon as prudence has begun to grow up in the brain, like a dismal fungus, it finds its first expression in a paralysis of generous acts. The victim begins to shrink spiritually. Now the man who has his heart on his sleeve and a good whirling weathercock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded, makes a very different acquaintance with the world, keeps all his pulses going true and fast, and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running toward anything better than wildfire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end." It was this spirit, indeed, which furnished the next great tributary to his success—his enthusiastic devotion to his calling. His letters reveal a man aflame with his vocation. He writes

and thinks of nothing else. He is literally steeped in his productions. As he approaches the completion of one great story his mind is fertile with half a dozen others. He is as a tropical tree loaded with blossoms, buds, half-ripe and richly matured fruit at the same time. Paul's epistles are not fuller of the Christ than the letters of this colossus of literature are of his plans and achievements. In 1883, when the world was a-flutter with his fame and his pen could scarcely speed fast enough to supply the ever-growing demand for his stories, he wrote: "I am merely beginning to commence to prepare to make a first start at trying to understand my profession. O the height and depth of novelty and worth in any art! And O that I am privileged to swim and shoulder through such oceans! Could one get out of sight of land all in the blue? Alas not, being anchored here in the flesh, and the bonds of logic being still about us. But what a great space and great air there is in these small shallows where we venture! And how new each sight, squall, calm, or sunrise! An art is a fine fortune, a palace in a park, a band of music, health, and physical beauty—all but love—to any practicer. I sleep upon my art for a pillow; I wake in my art; I am unready for death because I hate to leave it. . . . I love my wife. I do not know how much, nor can, nor shall unless I lost her; but, while I can conceive my being widowed, I refuse the offering of life without my art. I am not but in my art; it is me; I am the body of it merely." As the outcome of such a devotion no wonder he doted upon his productions and spoke of them as might a fond mother of her children when praised in her presence. See and hear him as he polishes his family jewels: of Prince Otto he says: "None of it is exactly funny, but some of it is smiling." He fondly pats The Master of Ballantrae on the head and says: "It is a howling good tale." Of the Wrecker he writes: "I honestly think it a good yarn, on the whole, and of its measly kind." In his delight over its success he wrote: "I'm glad the Wrecker should so hum. But, Lord, what fools these mortals be!" Of Weir of Hermiston, his posthumous child, he predicted: "This is to be my masterpiece! It ought to be a snorter and a blower." Of Treasure Island, while it was in development, he wrote: "I've

got something now that will fetch the kids unless they've gone rotten since I was one." Of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde he said: "Jekyll is a dreadful thing, I own; but the only thing I feel dreadful about is that —— old business of the war in the members. This time it came out; I hope it will stay in in future." It is but natural that the zeal of his profession should have haunted his slumbers. He says he dreamed the window scene in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and the scene where Hyde takes the transforming powder when he was being pursued for one of his crimes. He speaks of his dreams as his "brownies" which did his work for him while he slept and reported to his waking hours many a plot with its details. In harmony with this utter abandonment to the rushing current of his thoughts he wrote: "I have had a splendid life of it, grudging nothing, regretting very little—and then only some little corners of misconduct for which I deserve hanging, and must infallibly be damned—and, take it all over, damnation and all, would hardly change with any man of my time, unless, perhaps, it were Gordon, or our friend Chalmers." This complacent view of his life, this affectionate appreciation of his works, can only be approved on the principle that "wisdom is justified of her children." Having poured his life-blood into the painstaking efforts of their production, he could but know that the results were praiseworthy. Because they were his children he was certain that they had been trained to perform well their part in life.

This fact discloses to us another, and final, tributary to the ever-widening current of his success—the relentless censorship which he exercised over his works. He was determined to be a writer. He placed before himself the highest ideals. No writer ever profited more by Emerson's advice, "Hitch your wagon to a star." It was his persistent effort to realize his ideals which developed his all-but-inimitable style. He was an example of his declaration, "A man will either get what he wants, and diligently seeks for, or be changed in the trying." He says he scarcely pulled up a weed, that he did not find himself framing a sentence to tell in the most concise way how he did it. He asserted: "If there is anywhere a thing said in two sentences which could have

been as clearly and as engagingly and as forcibly said in one, then it's amateur work." Again he says: "There is but one art—to omit! O, if I knew how to omit, I would ask no other knowledge. A man who knew how to omit would make an iliad of a daily paper." He applied this rule relentlessly. The first chapter of Weir of Hermiston he rewrote four times, and other of his productions seven times, before they were allowed to go to the public. He says of the Bottle Imp: "I always particularly liked it—one of my best works and ill to equal; and that was why I loved to keep it in portifolio till I had time to grow up to some other fruit of the same *venu.*" In writing of some short stories which would have been the pride of an amateur he says: "I will reprint none of the stories mentioned; they are below the mark." Of his attempts to get the Amateur Emigrant pressed into life he writes: "It is only a question of time and prayer and ink, and should leave something—no, not good, but not all bad—a very genuine appreciation of these folks." "No pain no pleasure is the iron law" was his own yardstick by which he measured his works. To Sidney Colvin he wrote: "Night or morning I do my darndest, and if I cannot charge for merit I must e'en charge for toil; of which I have plenty, and plenty more ahead before this cup is drained; sweat and hyssop are the ingredients." Writing of the Wrecker, he says: "I have written sixty-six thousand words in thirty days—two thousand two hundred words a day; the labors of an elephant. God knows what it is like, and don't ask me, but nobody shall say I have not taken pains. I thought for some time it wouldn't come at all. I was days and days over the first letters of the lot; days and days writing and deleting and making no headway whatever, till I thought I should have gone bust; but it came at last, after a fashion." But while he exercised this rigid censorship over himself he was like a racer speeding to the goal, and bearing hard on the bit if any other was likely to surpass him. When he was writing David Balfour, and produced but twelve chapters in a month, he deplored his slowness, and thinking enviously of Scott, who turned out Guy Mannering in three weeks, exclaimed: "What a pull of work! Heavens, what thews and sinews! And here

am I, my head spinning from having only rewritten seven not very difficult pages—and not very good when done. Weakling generation! It makes me sick of myself to make such a fash and bobbery over a rotten end of an old nursery yarn, not worth spitting on when done." But this was in 1902, when he complained that he was smitten with a dire sickness in the form of uncertain aim and impaired vitality. Surely, when he was writing Treasure Island he would not have been distressed at the superior speed of any other; for he wrote the first fifteen chapters in as many days, and then the fountain seemed to have gone dry, and he changed scenes and waited for weeks for it to fill, when it again began to spout—he was as dependent upon his moods as was Joan of Arc upon her voices—and he poured out the last sixteen chapters in a corresponding number of days. Learning of the favor with which his Excursions with a Donkey had been received, he said: "If they like that so much, then I ought to have given them something better, and I shall try to do so." He read the great stylists, studied and digested them, but copied none of them. His own style was a composite of them all. It was thus he won his way to eminence. His way of putting things, of fashioning his sentences, grew to be so trim, so vigorous, so realistic, so comprehensive, and charged with such verve that it awakened the unappeasable envy of all his compeers. He himself attributed his success to his tireless industry. "I frankly believe," he says, "thanks to my dire industry, I have done more, with smaller gifts, than almost any man of letters in the world." Goethe also says that the only genius he was conscious of having was energy, invincible energy, a determination to succeed, and then victory.

## Art. VII.—THE SUPREMACY OF THE SPIRITUAL ASPIRATION

Man *is* a soul and *has* a body. This soul is spiritual. This is a proposition so self-evident that time and energy are unnecessary to establish it. Passing, for the present and without challenge, the affirmation which some make, that Job had not any clear conception of immortality, yet it will be conceded that there is in this most ancient of the inspired records a sublime aspiration of the spirit of Job for better and higher things than this world furnishes. In the patriarchal age there is certainly found this high aspiration of the spirit. Abraham, once a Bedouin sheik (and no offense can be meant in the designation), becomes "the friend of God." It is the higher aspiration of his spiritual nature that entitles him to this change in name. Jacob in the lower nature is "supplanter," but Jacob the wrestler with the angel becomes entitled to the new name of "Israel," one who prevails. Moses smiting an Egyptian represents the coarser nature of this adopted son of the house of Pharaoh, but Moses bathing his soul in the light of God, and ravishing his eyes with the view of Canaan—this exhibits him in his higher aspiration. In the Magnificat of Hannah we hear her exclaiming: "They that were full have hired out themselves for bread; and they that were hungry ceased." In her day riches did not satisfy the aspiration of the spirit of man. In David, the shepherd king, this aspiration of the spirit is self-assertive; wherefore we hear him exclaiming: "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness. . . . My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God. . . . As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. . . . The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." The evangelistic prophet of the captivity, Isaiah, exclaims: "My servants shall eat, but ye shall be hungry; my servants shall drink, but ye shall be thirsty; my servants shall rejoice, but ye shall be ashamed." Messiah shall give fullness, Mammon shall give leanness. Mary, in her Magnificat, exclaims,

"He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away." In the fourth beatitude Jesus declares: "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."

> From heavenly John, and Attic Paul,
> And that brave, weather-battered Peter,

even down to our own day and in the inner sanctuary of the soul's needs, God is the only satisfying portion. When Jesus discoursed to the multitude on the bread of life, the twelve being present, the multitude were startled. His words were "hard." They could not, or did not, understand how he could be the bread of life! They turned a deaf ear to him and began to melt away like a summer cloud under the warm rays of the sun. "Will ye also go away?" was the eager inquiry Jesus addressed to his disciples. "That brave, weather-battered Peter," as a spokesman for the twelve and for the whole race, exclaimed: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."

Man's spirit, therefore, has capacity for a no less greatness than the Almighty Spirit himself. How disproportioned the demand and supply in the economics of the industrial world! And this disproportion is correlative of the kingdom of God. That is to say, the demands of the soul are not commensurate with the abundance of God. "He is able—abundantly—above—all—ask—or think"—this is the manner of Paul's hyperbolism that seems to be running away with his faith and optimism. The philosopher-poet, Robert Browning, exhibits this supremacy of the aspirations of the spirit in man in what seems, at times, groundless exaggeration. But his optimism is rational always. He is the one soul that never lags, doubts, or despairs.

> I thirst for Truth, but shall not drink it till I
> Reach the Source.

And that "Source" is always God.

Browning is another "Greatheart," not battling for others only, but for the supremacy of his own spirit that he feels stirring in him. The giraffe is an animal with points and parts much like the horse, but he is not satisfied with low grasses. His head is

up among the treetops. The kangaroo is a quadruped that at some time in its evolution became dissatisfied with the slow manner of reaching objects and concentrated its strength in its hinder parts, and made its rear limbs so strong that at a single leap it obtained its object. "Make no more giants, God, but elevate the race at once!" The pent-up water is a momentum corralled that means inundation and destruction to all that lies in its path. The soul with the supremacy of spiritual aspiration is a spiritual momentum that will inundate sin before it. When the soul loses this spiritual momentum, aspiration, it is "dead," and must touch and be touched by the living Christ if it stands up again. Roman Catholicism is the church of traditions; Protestantism is the church of revelation. Romanism has clogged itself with the *debris* of the dead past and has lost spiritual momentum. It thrives on ignorance and where superstition is most rife. Protestantism thrives not on these, but in the midst of them and in spite of them; for it has spiritual momentum, an open Bible, a free state, a free church, free speech, liberty of conscience, and the approach of the soul to the immediate presence of God without the intermediary of a bachelor priest.

The author of Deuteronomy uses the habitat of the young eagle, and its efforts to use its wings and the mother eagle to teach it, to show how slow the soul of man is to take hold upon its privileges: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him"—that is, the Israelites, personified by "Jacob." The eagle is built for flight and association with the clouds. The Pilgrims thought their lot a hard one, and doubly so when they had to push out on a trackless sea in pursuit of a place where they might worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. But America must be discovered, tamed, populated, and was longing to get on its feet and stand up for God, and those Pilgrims gave us the chance of our life. The youth splashing in the shallow waters had not learned the art of self-preservation from the flowing tide had not some stronger hand taken him, neck and crop, and plunged him into the deeper waters. Let us thank God for this aspiration of the

soul of man! The smell of salt is on Peter when Jesus finds him and calls him, but that saltiness is turned to saintliness when Peter lets loose and takes hold. John was once a thunderer of wrath, but when he took hold on Jesus he was a great passion turned loose upon the churches of Asia. He outgrew the narrow provincialism of Galilee and is become cosmopolitan. "Saul of Tarsus" is a walking volcano of "threatening and slaughter" against the disciples of the Lord, but when he finds Jesus he is a spiritual inundation turned loose upon the narrow provincialism of the Jewish religion. There was the John Wesley of the gown and the ritual and formalism of Oxford; there was also the John Wesley, the far-flung evangel of the eighteenth century. The soul of man is built for almightiness. You cannot tether the spirit of man. You may put iron bands about the tree to stop its enlarging its girth, but it will bulge around that iron band and laugh at your folly. The town guardian of peace thought he would put an end to John Bunyan by putting him into the "cooler," but he found a new throne for the Bedford tinker. His feet are on the floor of the cell, but his heart and soul are everywhere browsing among the stars! Wherefore the Pilgrim's Progress is a new Apocalypse, and John of Patmos and John of Bedford lift heart and hands to the same Jesus: "Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father."

Ruskin stands amid the broken pillars, decaying walls, and fading frescoes, and with that imperial servant, the supremacy of the spiritual aspiration, sees sublime truths and has committed them to paper for us in his Seven Lamps of Architecture and Modern Painters. One sublime truth that he teaches us as he stands in the midst of these ruins is that effete nations cannot rise out of the ruins of their own violated truths; that only the nations and individuals that aspire for the highest ideals and are inspired by the highest hopes can be pathfinders for succeeding generations.

## Art. VIII.—THINK

When the soul of Justin Martyr began to be athirst for God he first sought relief among the representative philosophers of his day. But the Stoic simply intensified his anguish by telling him it was foolish. The Peripatetic disgusted him by demanding a fee. The Pythagorean dismissed him because he did not understand music and mathematics. Then he fell in with a Platonist, who told him to think, and to do nothing else, until his mind soared away to deity. Charmed by this advice, he went to dwell by the seashore, that, undisturbed by the world's tumult, he might think his way to God. One day, while he was pacing the sands to the rhythm of the waves, he found himself staring into the face of an old man, who said: "Do you know me, that you gaze so earnestly upon me?" Startled into self-consciousness by this sudden interruption, Justin explained that he was in search of truth, and disclosed the method of his quest, whereupon the aged stranger deftly drew his attention to the Christian revelation, as containing the sublimest exposition of truth ever made to the mind of man. It enchained his thought; it captivated his spirit. He became a convert to its amazing philosophy. Without doffing his scholastic robes he went through the classic cities, intent on winning learned pagans to Christ. He took his position near the public baths in Rome and conversed with the passing throng on the interests of their souls, and until he attested his faith by a martyr's death he continued to be an eloquent advocate of the doctrines of Christianity. The thinker had been provided with an object worthy of his profoundest meditations. That was a fact of the deepest importance, for it is indispensable to the highest spiritual development that there shall be first a disposition to think, and then a divine somewhat on which to expend the mind's energies. Christianity supplies these two essentials. It awakens dormant intellectual powers to activity and then furnishes the mightiest themes which can engage the thought. In this lies one of the secrets of its omnipotence.

The peculiarity of the passage from which our text is taken is that it presents a catalogue of excellences on which to think, and that these admirable things are equally pagan and Christian virtues. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Now these are things which you will find commended by Seneca, Plato, Epictetus, and other heathen writers. They are also taught by such modern pagans as Goethe, Carlyle, and Emerson. Nothing slanderous is intended by this way of characterizing these great persons. Goethe had an insight into the spiritual nature of man which was quite divine. Carlyle has taught us the nobility of truth and sincerity as few apostles have been able to do. Emerson was an angel of light and leading to many souls of men. But these teachers were not essentially Christian. They were beautiful-souled pagans. They illustrate the possibility of learning truth from enlightened minds of all cults. The supercilious disdain of heathen writers sometimes affected by good people is not genuinely Christian. Nor is any contempt of human nature. There is something good in humanity everywhere. God is present, however obscurely, in every man. Where God is there good is, whether we are able to discover it or not. That word "virtue" was a great term with the Romans. It expresses the sum of all excellences. It meant valor, manhood, civic righteousness, social health, national integrity. Paul uses it but once. It is never employed again in the New Testament in this sense. But Paul would omit no appeal which might move his readers. He therefore bids these Philippians meditate upon the heathen virtues which they had been taught before Christianity had touched them. But it must be remembered that Christianity embraces all that is good in any system of morals, and that it contains much more than all others combined. Its supremacy consists in the fact that, in addition to this advantage, it is able to do what no other religion ever has done—it offers these great excellences embodied in a personality. They are vitalized and made active in Jesus Christ. Whatsoever things are

true inhere in him who is the Truth. Paul would commend to these Philippians and to all Christians everywhere the thoughtful consideration of goodness, however expressed, as a means of constructing character. And if abstract goodness cannot seize upon the heart with much firmness, as it must be confessed it frequently cannot, then let us study goodness concretely exhibited in character and conduct, and especially in the spirit and life of Jesus Christ. The blessed consequences of such contemplative study are truly wonderful.

I. One will thus come to know himself, which is the beginning of any advance toward personal improvement. Ruminating on goodness will lead one to institute comparisons. By far the larger part of our accurate knowledge about any matter is reached in the process of comparison. Self-knowledge is the greatest human wisdom we can attain. Studying goodness, as displayed in good persons, will surely reveal by contrast the defects in our own characters. We shall come to know ourselves. An Englishman used to meet the great philosopher, Arthur Schopenhauer, every morning walking with his ugly poodle along the promenade in Frankfort-on-the-Main. Schopenhauer's eccentric appearance, deeply immersed in thought, excited the Englishman's curiosity to such an extent that one day he could contain himself no lŏnger, and, walking up to the philosopher, he addressed him sharply thus: "Tell me, sir, who in the name of fate are you?" "Ah," said Schopenhauer, "I only wish I knew myself." In a more serious and truthful sense thousands of our fellows might well confess their ignorance of themselves. The conditions of modern life render self-knowledge very difficult and rare. Absorption in business, preoccupation with the affairs of the bustling world, have made meditation a lost art. We think earnestly enough upon the material interests of life—what to eat and wherewithal to be clothed, and how to realize the ambitions of life—but our intellectual life is so burdened by these things, our brains are so wearied by them, that we have no strength for more important concerns. The consequence is that, unaware of their moral decline, men often surprise themselves by their own lapses from right conduct. We may be very certain that when

men who have reached high positions in public esteem, and are known for their adherence to Christian ideals, suddenly violate the highest code of ethics in their commercial transactions they are almost as much surprised as are their friends at the disclosures of their guilt in the newspapers. We have all doubtless been appalled at our own unpremeditated actions, and have asked, upon awakening to a sense of our wickedness, "Is it possible that I am that kind of a man?" Now, thoughtfulness touching moral excellence is one of the surest safeguards against such sudden losses of moral equilibrium. Thinking in this sense is a kind of John the Baptist crying in the soul, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." It was only when the prodigal son had "come to himself," had arrived at sanity, that he said, "I will arise and go to my father." Shakespeare makes the Archbishop of Canterbury say concerning the youthful Henry V, whose early years had been spent in riotous excess but who on the death of his father began to reform:

> Consideration like an angel came
> And whipped the offending Adam out of him,
> Leaving his body as a Paradise
> To envelop and contain celestial spirits.

Samuel Johnson said, after returning one night from a fashionable entertainment in London, that what most powerfully impressed him when there was the fact that not one of the people present dared go home and think. Yet thinking is the first requisite for any improvement in moral character, the initial step of which is self-knowledge.

II. While thus arriving at self-knowledge the thoughtful soul will also be obtaining an education in moral judgment. The need of a safe standard by which to estimate moral values is very imperative in our day. Conscience is capable of perversion as well as culture. Meditation upon the true, the honest, the pure, the reputable, will conduce to the formation of a correct gauge of ethical qualities. "A thinking man," said Thomas Carlyle, "is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have. Every time such an one announces himself, I doubt not there runs a

shudder through the nether empire; and new emissaries are trained with new tactics to, if possible, entrap him, and hoodwink and handcuff him." Accepting this conjecture as correct, the most strategic work of the Christian, we may confidently assert, is to educate thinking men and women. A religion without intellect is both unsatisfactory and unproductive. It is true that a man all head will become a skeptic. It is equally true that a man all heart will become a fanatic. And with all reverence let us say, "Better be a skeptic, and doubt everything, than a fanatic and believe what is monstrous in its character and stultifying in its influence." "It were better to have no opinion of God at all," said Lord Bacon, "than such an opinion as is unworthy of him," and he illustrated his meaning by a reference to Plutarch, who said: "Surely I had rather a great deal men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch than that they should say there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born." Such a view of deity had the ancients in their conception of the god Saturn. Agnosticism itself could not have a more baneful effect upon character than such puerile fancies. Intelligent faith is the only reliable faith. Thoreau held that, under certain conditions, even God could admire an atheist. Certainly, to believe there is no God is not so pernicious as to believe there is a God whose character is malevolent. The phrase "Ignorance is the mother of devotion" is a lying proverb that was coined in the brain of the devil and owes its currency to the children of perdition. It impeaches the integrity of God's character. It implies that the designs of the Infinite are unnatural and improper, and cannot be known without inspiring contempt and hatred instead of reverence and love; that human existence is an unavoidable calamity which is easiest endured by those who least understand it. This is such frightful madness that it could have originated only in the fever-distorted imagination of a fallen angel. True religion, therefore, has nothing to do with ignorance but to destroy it. There can be no compromise in the matter without injury to religion. When ignorance and religion come in contact with each other one of two things must occur: religion must crush out ignorance, or ignorance will pervert religion into

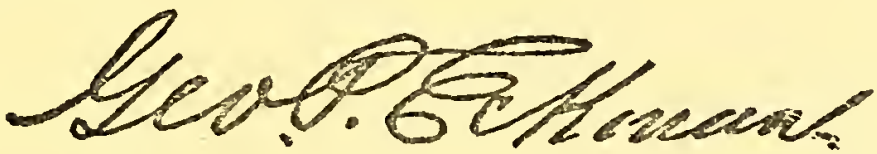
superstition. And superstition is as little like true religion as a monkey is like a man. It is the infinite shame of an ape that he so much resembles a man and yet falls so far short of being a man. It is the crying disgrace of superstition that it is so often mistaken for religion while it differs so widely from it. Superstition, Dr. Johnson said, was "religion without morals." You will see how admirable that definition is when you examine the facts that give it a basis. Ignorance and superstition produce veneration in men. But this may exist without moral sense or conscience. You may find a thousand men who will worship something to one man who will live honestly and deal mercifully. The instinct of adoration is so pronounced in men that no nation is without some kind of worship. But mere worship is far from true religion. The devout Mussulman does not outrage his sense of sanctity by rushing from his knees to commit rapine and plunder. The devout Hindu does no violence to his religious conceptions when he leaves his incantations to perform some loathsome crime, and even professed Christians have been known to commit deeds that would shame a savage. When the Duke of Anjou had determined to play falsely with the Dutch provinces that had made him their sovereign lord, subject to their ancient constitution, he called his minions about him after he had gone to bed, and when they applauded his infamous propositions he leaped from his bed and, kneeling in his night clothes by its side, he piously invoked the blessing of Heaven upon his nefarious project. The trouble with the Duke of Anjou, as with the Mussulman, the Hindu, and all other pious frauds, is a defect in conscience—not veneration. And conscience is capable of an education which is quite as much of the head as of the heart. One reads of a theologian whose heart is Christian but whose mind is pagan. And every Christian minister has met scores of persons whose sentimental regard for religion and whose emotional attitude toward truth were above fault, but whose mental apprehension of right and wrong was strangely in error. They were never quite able to see truth in right relations.

III. Such thinking will not only acquaint the soul with itself, and afford it a standing by which to judge the moral quality

of things, but it will also lead to the devotional habitude. It will thus conduct the soul out of the realm of the merely ethical into the larger world of the spiritual. The contemplation of moral excellence will inevitably lead to a love for the true, the beautiful, and the good, and so following to the Author of all good. As the lover of outdoor life, the scientist who studies the forms of matter, the artist who scans the beauty of nature, the traveler who strolls through museums, galleries of art, and historic shrines will involuntarily be drawn by his thoughtful contemplation of these objects to consider the origin of these manifestations of divine energy in men and things, and thus ultimately find God, so constant meditation upon moral loveliness will surely bring the mind at last to the vision of the Eternal Goodness. And as men grow in love for goodness they will become more conscious of their inability to realize the perfect excellence in their own characters without divine assistance, and thus come to feel the pressing need of such a personal power as proceeds from vital contact with Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men. The ethical codes of the old Eastern nations contain much of the best morality to be found even in the Bible, yet every traveler to the Orient confesses that the life of the people in these far-away lands is not on the high plane which is reached by Christian civilization. The precepts of the sages do not filter down into the lives of the great masses of the population. Even the priests, who stand as interpreters of these old cults, do not arrive at the realization of these precepts in their own characters. This is because the teachings of the best leaders have no great personality back of them in which they are set forth in vital reality. But the sayings of Jesus are concretely exhibited in his faultless life; and the Sermon on the Mount, which would be as incapable of lifting humanity to Godlike heights as are the precepts of Confucius without such a personal vitalization, becomes active in multitudes of human lives which derive their strength from living fellowship with Jesus Christ.

A professional woman, whose eyes failed her through overwork, lived for a season in a little village, and being forbidden to engage in her accustomed pursuits, and requiring occupation for her mind, she cultivated the friendship of all the little children

in the place and made herself their idol. Whereupon she learned a thousand deep things from her association with these cherubs, fresh from the hand of God, of which she had never dreamed, and ever after looked upon this experience as of incalculable value to her own soul. Are you weary with the tasks of a sordid life? Are you heartsick because the ideals of a noble life are so far from being realized? Do you sink oppressed with the consciousness of your own failure? Turn your gaze away from material interests. Think upon the moral excellences which are displayed so perfectly in Jesus, the Christ. And draw from fellowship with him the strength of his divine nature, and find how possible it is, approximately at least, to be like him.



## Art. IX.—THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND PERSONALITY

No one who is at all conversant with the movement of contemporary thought can have failed to notice the great interest taken in, and the remarkable results reached by, what is often called the "new psychology." When one comes to look for an explanation of the great success that has attended this, the youngest of the sciences, he cannot but recognize that this is in large measure due to the increasingly clear conception which the workers in this field have gained of the specific problems and methods of psychological inquiry, and to the sharp delimitation of the psychological field from the closely related fields of logic, epistemology, and metaphysics. Up to a comparatively recent period the typical psychology text-book, in the English-speaking countries at least, has been, to use the forcible language of a recent writer, "a hodge-podge of psychological analysis, logical classification, and epistemological interpretation"—a sort of philosophy of the universe, as it were, in one volume. Psychology nowadays is, or professes to be, an independent natural science, with its own standpoint, its clearly defined subject-matter, and its peculiar methods. The subject-matter of psychology, it is urged, is a stream of conscious processes, psychical matters of fact, mental events related to each other as causes and effects, and these, together with the order of their occurrence, must be investigated in an empirical way, with all the resources of observation and experiment. In this investigation psychology must be, as far as possible, presuppositionless; it must clear its workshop of the metaphysical lumber accumulated during the course of the centuries, and must recognize nothing that cannot be discovered and verified by introspection carried on under the most carefully devised experimental conditions. We have arrived, after much groping and many slow and painful steps, at the definition of psychology offered by Ladd and adopted by James as "the description and explanation of states of consciousness as such." By "states of consciousness," James explains, "are meant such things as sensations, desires, emotions, cognitions, reasoning, deci-

sions, volitions, and the like. Their explanation must, of course, include the study of their causes, conditions, and immediate consequences, so far as these can be ascertained."[1] A more systematic statement of the problems of psychology is that formulated by Professor Titchener, who, following Wundt and Kuelpe, finds these problems to be (1) to analyze concrete mental experience into its simplest components; (2) to discover how these elements combine, what are the laws which govern their combination; and (3) to bring them into connection with their physiological conditions.[2] Psychology, according to Titchener, is "the science of mental processes." If we still make use of the older definition of psychology as "the science of mind," it is with the explicit understanding that we mean by "mind" just the sum total of mental processes which run their course during the lifetime of the individual.

In these definitions of the subject-matter and problems of psychology there is already apparent one of the most interesting characteristics of the modern school of psychologists, and one of the most striking results of their active and interesting labors. This result, none the less striking because a purely negative result, is the failure to restore what the new movement in its earliest beginnings provisionally put aside, namely, the soul, with all its traditional faculties and powers. We, accordingly, have the paradoxical thing, a "psychology without a soul," a "mental science without a mind," etc. James, as is well known, is the brilliant champion of this soulless psychology, and in order to throw his position into clear relief I must quote him at some length, and contrast his view with what might fairly be called the common-sense view of the nature of the inner life. One of the most obvious characteristics of mind is, of course, given in the fact that our thoughts, feelings, etc., do not simply lie side by side, as it were, without organization or unity, but go together to form a whole or a system. Now, the natural way to explain this unity in the variety of our mental experiences is to assume the existence of a permanent self which has these experiences. Mental processes, a, b, c, d, are grasped together, formed into a system, by a common agent, M. States of con-

[1] James, Psychology, B. C., p. 1. [2] An Outline of Psychology, p. 15.

sciousness imply a mind, M, which has these states; thoughts imply a thinker. Now, it is precisely this thinker, this enduring self over and above the passing states, that James is unwilling to recognize. "The spiritualists in psychology," he says, in a well-known passage, "have been prompt to see that things which are known together are known by one something, but that something, they say, is no mere passing thought, but a simple and permanent spiritual being. . . . It makes no difference in this connection whether this being be called Soul, Ego, or Spirit, in either case its chief function is that of a combining medium. This is a different vehicle of knowledge from that in which we just said that the mystery of knowing things together might be most simply lodged. Which is the real knower, this permanent being or our passing state? If we had other grounds, not yet considered, for admitting the Soul into our psychology, then, getting there on those grounds, she might turn out to be the knower, too. But if there be no other grounds for admitting the Soul, we had better cling to our passing 'states' as the exclusive agents of knowledge; for we have to assume their existence anyhow in psychology, and the knowing of many things together is just as well accounted for when we call it one of their functions as when we call it a reaction of the Soul."[1] "The provisional solution which we have reached," he says again, in concluding his chapter on the Self, "must be the final word: the thoughts themselves are the thinkers."[2] The same matter is similarly, though somewhat less dramatically, put by Sully in his most recent and most elaborate work, The Human Mind. "It has been said by more than one writer," he says, "that the psychologist has to posit or assume . . . a subject in order to give an intelligible account of his phenomena. . . . It may, however, be said that the assumption of such an ego or subject is, after all, extra-psychological. By making it we place ourselves nearer the popular point of view, but do not gain in scientific precision. No psychologist seeks to explain the phenomena of thought or feeling by the aid of such a conception, which, consequently, becomes a purely formal one."[3] Perhaps the bluntest repudiation yet of the soul

[1] Psychology, B. C., p. 200. [2] Op. cit., p. 216; cf. also pp. 202, 203.
[3] The Human Mind, vol. i, p. 9.

psychology we find in Titchener. "There is no psychological evidence," he says, "of a mind which lies behind mental processes. Introspection reveals no trace of it; whenever we look inward we find nothing but processes of varying degrees of complexity. If we believe in the existence of a mind, distinct from mental processes, we do so for extra-psychological reasons."[1]

This repudiation of the soul hypothesis, though characteristic of the new psychology, is not by any means a novel position or an original contribution. From the time of Gautama, the Buddha, to the modern Hume there have not been wanting men who espoused this position. The classical expression of this doctrine is found in Hume in the first volume of his Treatise on Human Nature and the fourth part. Like the Frenchman of astronomic fame who turned his telescope skyward and reported that he could find no God though he had searched diligently, so Hume, after making his now celebrated excursion into his bosom, recorded the result, doubtless not very disappointing to that arch heretic nor very surprising to his theological enemies, that he could find no trace of a soul. "For my part," he says, "when I enter most intimately into what I call *myself* I always stumble on some particular perception or other of heat or cold, light or shade, love or hatred, pain or pleasure. . . . When my perceptions are removed for any time, as by sound sleep, so long am I insensible of *myself*, and may truly be said not to exist. And were all my perceptions removed by death, and could I neither think, nor feel, nor see, nor love, nor hate after the dissolution of my body, I should be entirely annihilated; nor do I conceive what is further requisite to make me a perfect nonentity." Whatever the metaphysicians may be like, he adds with a sarcasm as vicious as it is mild, he feels confident in affirming of the rest of mankind that "they are nothing but a bundle or collection of different perceptions which succeed each other with an inconceivable rapidity, and are in perpetual flux and movement." Now, there is much that is true and that claims consideration, it must be confessed, in this way of putting the matter. The conception of the mind as an ever-flowing "stream of consciousness" doubtless gives us a more adequate insight into its true

[1] The Human Mind, vol. i p. 358.

nature than the older doctrine of the mind as a simple, unitary, and unchanging entity to which, as their proper cause and ground, our various mental experiences must be referred. It is no doubt true that the unity and continuity of the individual's inner life have frequently been overemphasized. Aside from the abnormal cases of more or less complete disturbance of memory functions, or the graver disturbances of alteration, duplication, and multiplication of the self, we have the common experiences of defective memory, false memory, and the numerous changes in one's tastes, judgments, emotional attitudes, ambitions, ideals, and the like, incident to personal development or decay. If our bodies undergo a complete change every seven years, as a popular mythology has it, our minds and characters sometimes, as in the phenomenon of "conversion," and at times of great mental and emotional shock due to unexpected fortune or calamity, undergo a far more radical and complete change, and are always, as every theory of education must assume, capable of changes for the better. The soul, many of us say and think we have reason to believe, only begins here its endless course, by which we certainly do not mean an endless and unchanging existence (whatever that may mean) but, rather, an infinite course of development and upward progress toward an ideal goal of perfect insight and goodness. Nevertheless, it needs to be emphasized that the various changes which the self undergoes in our experience are never, except in the abnormal cases recorded by the psychical researchers, so radical and profound that the sense of personal identity is entirely lost. The tastes, judgments, emotional attitudes, ideals, for example, of our past history are still recognized as ours. We cannot exchange them with someone else's similar past experiences, no matter how much we might profit from such exchange, and might, accordingly, wish to make it. Now, whether this power to grasp together and unify our present conscious states and the multiform experiences and states of our past history be lodged in one of our passing states, as James will have it, or in a "permanent self," seems to me to be a matter of very small practical or scientific importance. The fact of personal identity does not seem to be explained any more on the one hypothesis than on the other. What is of the utmost im-

portance is that the partial unity and continuity running throughout the conscious experience of the individual's lifetime be fully recognized, and not slurred over as it is (to make a horrible example of a writer who can stand it) in the case of Titchener. If such a recognition is fully and explicitly made I cannot see what more we need to constitute a self or soul. Certainly we cannot, as far as we have gone, discover anything more that we should wish to dignify with that time-honored and noble name.[1] But, the objection might run, we have so far taken into consideration only the cognitive phases of our experience. Would it not be possible to discover the nucleus of a self or soul which is more than the passing states, or even the unity of these states, in the feeling and volitional phases of our mental life? At any rate, it is requisite for the existence of a true self or personality, according to a widespread opinion, that it should possess not only unity but spontaneity as well. Now, have we not in the phenomena of interest, attention, selection and choice a clear indication of the existence of a selective and active principle? In other words, if our thoughts do not imply a thinker, do not our acts imply an actor or agent? Now, it cannot be news to the scientific reader that certain of the representatives of the new psychology have laid siege even to this, the very citadel of our personality. The writer who has been one of the most conspicuous among the automatists in psychology is Professor Muensterberg, whose work on the will, Die Willenshandlung, although published in 1888, is still one of the most brilliant and able monographs on the subject. "The result supposed to be proved," says Professor Andrew Seth, " . . . is the complete parallelism of the bodily and the mental—the denial, therefore, of any real causality to consciousness, which remains the inert accompaniment of a succession of physical changes over which it has no control."

There are two main lines of argument distinguishable to establish this doctrine: (1) the argument from introspection, which we may call the psychological argument, and (2) the argu-

[1] Cf. with this the following definition of a contemporary German thinker: "The soul is a plurality of psychical experiences comprehended into the unity of consciousness in a manner not further definable. We know nothing whatever of a substance outside of, behind, or under the ideas and feelings." Paulsen, Introduction to Philosophy, Eng. tr., p. 129.

ment from the principle of the conservation of energy, which we may broadly designate as the scientific. It is the former, the argument from introspection, that Muensterberg mainly relies on in the work referred to. It is not desirable to go into a detailed analysis of the argument here. An admirable summary in English of Muensterberg's position with a representative criticism is found in Seth's Man's Place in the Cosmos,[1] to which I am largely indebted and to which I must refer for details. The result arrived at by a rigorous empirical analysis is that we have in will nothing more nor less than a complex of sensations and presentations or ideas. This complex is, of course, overlaid with a feeling or affective tone, either pleasant or unpleasant, but we can find nothing, however closely we may scrutinize the act of will, which corresponds to a third something, a feeling of *will,* over and above the ideas and feeling states. What we have in a case of so-called volitional action is (1) the anticipatory idea of the movement, and (2) the perception of the movement as actually executed, nothing more nor less. Titchener's analysis of the will act yields a very similar result. We have in any act of volition, according to this writer's investigations, (1) the idea of the object of volition (say food), (2) the idea of the movement toward the food, and (3) the idea of the result of the movement (of the food as appropriated). This complex of ideational processes which Titchener calls the impulse expresses itself directly in a definite movement. This movement, of course, gives rise to a number of organic sensations, due to the actual muscular flexions and extensions, which are more or less definitely felt and remembered, and turned to account for the shaping of future movements; that is, are included in future impulses. Titchener, too, refuses to recognize in volition any element which must be construed as spontaneous fiat or activity. All mental processes whatsoever are reducible to the two elementary constituents, sensation and affection (feeling): there is no specific mental process, elemental or otherwise, which corresponds to spontaneous activity.[2] So much for the argument from introspection as presented by some of the leading writers in modern

[1] Pp. 45-91.

[2] Op. cit., chapters 10 and 15. This doctrine corresponds to that of Kuelpe. The views of Wundt and James are more ambiguous.

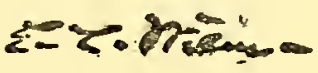
psychology. The other line of evidence is based upon the so-called scientific law of the conservation of energy, which precludes the possibility of there being any force or energy in the universe which cannot be expressed in mechanical terms, and which also assumes or claims for this force or energy a precise quantitative determination. The sum total of energy in the universe is constant. It can be transferred and transformed, but it can be neither increased nor diminished. Now, if we assume with the advocates of the spontaneity of the mind that the mind in its volitional capacity has the power of initiating acts and movements *de novo,* we have the conception of a source of new energy which is continually being added to the sum total of energy already existing: a conception which would, of course, completely invalidate and contradict the principle of conservation or constancy. It will be well to take up these two lines of evidence in the order mentioned. First, with regard to the antecedents and conditions of the volitional act as these are revealed to us by introspection. It is true, in the first place, that a conscious volitional act is normally preceded by the ideas of the object of the action, of the movement, and of the result of the movement. It is true, in the second place, that ideas tend to act themselves out, or have motor consequences. The discovery and full discussion of this dynamical quality of all ideational processes is, as we know, one of the most instructive and valuable chapters of our modern psychology. The question may, however, still be raised, What ideas act themselves out? To which the answer would be, The most persistent ideas, those which are conceived with greatest vividness; those which, on account of their significance for our subjective interests, are most exclusively attended to, and hence supplemented by their congeners and associates: these act themselves out. The subject, according to this view, is not the inactive spectator of psychological events, the order of whose occurrence it in nowise affects, but it itself, through its power of selective attention, determines what psychological processes shall occur, determines what the train of ideas shall be, and hence what the acts prompted by these ideas shall be. It is precisely here, I think, that the crux of the time-honored controversy concerning human freedom really lies. The decision must

depend upon the answer to the question as to whether or not we really possess the power of selective attention. James, with a penetration and vigor characteristic of this brilliant and aggressive thinker, has struck to the very heart of the problem when he declares that the solution of this difficulty of the ages depends upon whether the amount of effortful attention is a determinate quantity —that is, must be the same in amount under any given physiological and psychological conditions—or whether the amount of this effort under any determinate set of circumstances is variable. If this question is unanswerable, owing to our irremedial ignorance of the precise psychological conditions surrounding any act of selective attention, as would seem to be the case, then the psychologist must, as psychologist, give up the problem as a hopeless one, and we shall have to look to other quarters for aid in our time of theoretical need. And this we have to do, as Kant long ago suggested. Before we do this, however, we must return for a brief and merely suggestive criticism of the second line of evidence, as we called it, for automatism—that from the conservation of energy. All that the occasion really requires is to remind ourselves of what James Ward—one of the most incorrigibly and systematically critical of modern writers in philosophy, in his recent book, Naturalism and Agnosticism—and other writers have urged in so convincing a manner, namely, that the so-called law of the conservation of energy is merely a postulate or assumption, made for scientific purposes, a mere methodological principle or device, which, although highly useful for the purpose for which it was adopted, is not, in the very nature of the case, capable of scientific verification.[1]

The whole argument, introspective and general, for automatism is not coercive, as must be evident to any serious student of the problem. What plausibility it appears to have is derived from certain initial assumptions, and from the adoption of certain restricted, though perhaps necessary, points of view whose ultimate significance it is the very business of philosophy to examine and criticize. And the result of a more reflective criticism is certainly

[1] Ward, op. cit., vol. i, 170-181; vol. ii, 74-78. Cf. also Taylor, Elements of Metaphysics, book iii, chapter vi, and literature cited there.

not unambiguously favorable to the automatist conclusions which psychology, as a descriptive natural science, has drawn. And even if this were not true, what we should still have to say is that what has traditionally been called the moral argument, the argument from the universal feeling of responsibility for our acts, is still of as great force as ever. If the scientific postulate must be determinism and uniformity, the postulate of the moral life must be freedom and individual spontaneity. And if our scientific and ethical demands clash, the latter must be given the right of way. The immediate conviction of freedom and responsibility, the existence of the "judgment of regret," will always serve "to snub and keep in check the absolutism of our intellect," as James characteristically puts it, "as it ought to be snubbed and kept in check." It is a healthy sign of our times that our complacent intellectualism and absolutism are coming to be recognized as having their limitations, and that even our scientific thinkers are becoming somewhat sophisticated on the whole matter of the ultimate validity of their postulates and assumptions.



## Art. X.—A LITERARY WALK AROUND AN OLD CITY

The city is the ancient city of Bristol, in the southwest of England. This old city was noted for its commerce before Liverpool was heard of as a seaport. It has been known for ages as the city of churches and of great charities. From the ancient days of Langland, author of Piers Plowman, down to Amelia Edwards, Egyptologist and novelist, and of Fargus—"Hugh Conway," of short and popular novelistic fame, whose life ended just as his fame was spreading over the English-reading world—Bristol has been well represented in the realm of letters. A walk around the city to places where some of these lived and wrote will well repay us. Among the Camden Society's publications we find the first Bristol book, The Child of Bristowe, by an immediate successor of Chaucer, John Lydgate. William Wyrcestre, topographer, scientist, physician, and man of letters, was born in 1415, on what is now Silver Street. He laid down his pen with his life in his own house, near the gate of old Saint Philip's churchyard. Grocyn, the first teacher of Greek at Oxford, was educated in this old city. William Langland here wrote Richard the Redeless. Both Evelyn and Pepys were attracted to this literary center and immortalized it in their diaries. Addison's uncle was Bishop of Bristol. Spectator papers are said to have been written in a summer house on the Saint Anne's estate, a suburb of the city. In Queen Square, at number sixteen, stands the house where Merchant Michael Miller had a clerk named David Hume, in 1743. On correcting his employer's English, Miller said: "I tell you what, Mr. Hume, I have made twenty thousand pounds by my English, and I won't have it mended." Soon after this their connection ended. Only three doors from where Hume clerked lived Captain Rogers, who brought to Bristol Alexander Selkirk, whom DeFoe came to Bristol to study and by whom Selkirk was worked up into Robinson Crusoe. In the old jail Newgate, for debt, lay Savage, whose life Sam Johnson, his friend, wrote. Bristol citizens

again and again befriended Richard Savage notwithstanding his base ingratitude to them, and his caustic lines against the old city. His kindly jailer, Abel Dagge, had him buried in old Saint Peter's churchyard, in the heart of the city. A mural tablet has recently been put upon the south wall of the church, as his memorial. In 1776, Dr. Johnson visited Bristol; of its great boy poet, Chatterton, he said: "This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge; it is wonderful how the whelp has written such things." The great and beautiful Saint Mary Redcliffe Church is Chatterton's shrine. On its lawn is a fine statue of the boy, dressed in his Colston school dress. In a house on Pile Street, near by, he was born. The school which his father taught adjoins it. In the tower of the church may still be seen the room in which are the old chests in which he purported to find the Rowley MSS. which he had really so cleverly forged as to deceive the literary elect of that generation. Chatterton's tragic end came not in the old city of Bristol but in London, where in his eighteenth year he ended his own life in the direst poverty. The finest collection of Chattertonia in the world has been gathered in Bristol, his native city. Rossetti writes of him as "the absolutely miraculous Chatterton." Malone declared him "the greatest genius England has produced since Shakespeare." Warton considered him a "prodigy of genius." On his monument in the northeast corner of the great church, near its north porch, are Coleridge's lines:

> O, Chatterton! that thou wert yet alive!
> Sure thou would'st spread the canvas to the gale,
> And love, with us, the twinkling team to drive
> O'er peaceful freedom's undivided dale;
> And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,
> Hanging, enraptured, on thy stately song!
> And greet with smiles the young-eyed poesy
> All deftly mask'd as hoar antiquity.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge could write of Bristol and its famous boy poet *con amore,* for at Bristol he really began his own literary life. Discharged from the Fifteenth Light Dragoons, in which he had imperfectly served for a few months, after his short stay at Jesus College, Cambridge, he came down to Bristol

to see his friends, Robert Southey and Robert Lovell, both poets of his own age, about twenty-one years. These two friends of Coleridge were engaged to two of three Misses Fricker. In due time Mary became Mrs. Lovell, and Edith, Mrs. Southey. Southey induced Coleridge to become engaged to the remaining, Sarah, which he seems to have agreed to in order to satisfy Southey. He then went back to college for awhile, but he soon returned to Bristol. Here he with Southey and Lovell lodged in College Street, up one flight of stairs. A tablet now marks the house. Here they matured the scheme of Pantisocracy, which Coleridge had conceived at college, and with which he filled the mind of Southey. They were to carry out this scheme on the banks of the Susquehanna. These dreamy youths had soon to face a rent bill of eleven pounds. Only seven pounds could they muster. They had been living from hand to mouth, Southey furnishing the hand and Coleridge the mouth. They lectured in the city, Coleridge on political, moral, and theological, and Southey on historical subjects. The old "Plume of Feathers" tavern, in Wine Street, and the Assembly Coffee House, on the Quay, were the chosen places. These lectures, at which Coleridge sometimes appeared late, helped them out for awhile, when they abandoned the pantisocratic scheme, and both Coleridge and Southey married the sisters Fricker in Old Redcliffe Church. Coleridge made his bridal home at Clevedon, near Bristol, for awhile. We visited the cottage. He then returned to "pent up rooms" in Bristol, on Redcliffe Street. Here he issued his first volume of poems on February 22, 1796. This volume of Poems on Various Subjects has in it four sonnets of Charles Lamb. Here he projected The Watchman, the first issue of which appeared March 1, 1796. In June of 1796 he became assistant editor of The Morning Chronicle. Now being in better circumstances, he moved to Oxford Street, Kingsdown, where on September 19, 1796, his son Hartley was born. In 1797 he moved to the hamlet of Nether Stowey, about forty miles from Bristol, to which place he had been drawn by a visit to his friend Poole. Here he wrote "Oberland of Sumerset" and "The Ancient Mariner," which appeared in Wordsworth's volume of

Lyrical Ballads. Here Wordsworth first met him. In 1797 he candidated as a Unitarian preacher at Shrewsbury. William Hazlitt heard him preach and was charmed by his utterances. To Germany he went with Wordsworth in 1798, and in 1800 settled in Keswick. He joined the Anglican Church in 1805, spent from 1807 to 1813 at the Lakes and in London, and after much wandering in wrong paths died at Gillman's, in Highgate, London, in his sixty-second year.

At a jeweler's shop, number nine Wine Street, the street of the largest drygoods stores, a tablet on the front of the building tells us that Robert Southey, the poet laureate, was born therein, August 12, 1774. His father, a linen draper, was not literary. A small glass cupboard over the desk in the back parlor held his wine glasses and his library. The first fourteen years of Robert Southey's life were spent in Bristol and Bath, twelve miles distant. His first school was at Corston, between the two cities. At Walcot and North Parade, Bath, the houses in which he lived with his aunt still remain. One of his Bristol teachers was Mr. Williams, with whom he says he spent the pleasantest of his school years. One day Williams asked him who taught him to read. He said: "My aunt." "Then," said he, "give my compliments to your aunt, and tell her that my old horse, that has been dead these twenty years, could have taught you as well." He told his aunt, and soon had to leave that school. He then became a day scholar of the Rev. Mr. Lewis, where he remained for one year. At fourteen he entered Westminster School, to fit for the university, then on to Oxford. Christ Church College would not admit him because of "The Flagellant," which he wrote at Westminster, and for which he was privately expelled from that school; but Balliol received him. His tutor told him: "Mr. Southey, you won't learn anything from my lectures; so if you have any studies of your own you had better pursue them." He seems to have taken his advice and went as he pleased until Coleridge came to Oxford, met and filled him with his strange pantisocratic ideas. They soon all gathered at Bristol to think out their theories. Mere theories they proved. Nearly opposite Southey's birthplace, in Wine Street, lived Whitefield's sister,

at whose home at first John Wesley stayed. Southey once told James Everett of his seeing Wesley in this wise: "I was a mere child. On running downstairs before him with a beautiful little sister of my own, whose ringlets were floating over her shoulders, he overtook us on the landing, when he took my sister in his arms and kissed her. Placing her on her feet again, he then put his hand upon my head and blessed me, and," said Southey, with his eyes full of tears and trembling with emotion, "I feel as though I had the blessing of that good man upon me at the present moment." Thus the future biographer of John Wesley and his subject met at the Southey home in Wine Street, Bristol. In College Green is a house tableted "Southey House," but his first home after his marriage still stands, at Westbury-on-Tryan, about a mile from the city. Married at Saint Mary Redcliffe Church, November 14, 1795, he left his bride at the church door, and started for Portugal. On his return they set up housekeeping at Westbury. It is still a dingy looking house. He says: "We hesitated between the appropriate names of Rat Hall, Mouse Mansion, Vermin Villa, Cockroach Castle, Cobweb Cottage, and Spider Hall; but as we had routed out the spiders, brushed away the cobwebs, stopped the rat holes, and found no cockroaches, we bethought us of the animals outside, and dubbed it Marten Hall." How different this from his longest and latest beautiful home, Greta Hall, Keswick! In 1813 he was made Poet Laureate, and in 1820 his university made him D.C.L. Of all his numerous works the Life of Nelson and the Life of John Wesley appeal to us most strongly. Though, as Henry Moore said of him in regard to Wesley, "The well is deep and thou hast nothing to draw with." He misunderstood John Wesley's underlying motive. Not far from the Southey home in Westbury lived Amelia B. Edwards, Egyptologist and novelist. Her home was a perfect museum of curios. Here she wrote Lord Brackenbury and seven other novels. Her visits to Egypt ended her novel writing, and resulted in her becoming associate founder of the Egypt-Exploration Fund, and her founding the first chair in Egyptology in England, which was filled, at her request, by Professor Flinders Petrie. Her lectures we heard in Massachu-

setts, were prepared at "The Larches," which name she gave to her Westbury home. There she died in 1892. In Clare Street was Fargus's auction rooms. Frederick John Fargus there laid down the hammer, and as "Hugh Conway," wielded the pen so skillfully as to kill off the long novel. His Called Back reached a sale of nearly half a million of copies and was translated into several languages. His very short literary career ended with his death May 15, 1885.

Charles Kingsley went to school in Bristol. Frances Trollope was born in the suburb of Stapleton, where that greatest Englishwoman of her day, Hannah More, first saw the light. We traced Hannah More's footsteps to her sister's school on Trinity Street, then on Park Street, Bristol. We visited Belmont, of which she nearly became mistress, went to Wrington and saw the present Cowslip Green, and Barley Wood, where she lived so long, and held her literary court; saw her grave in Wrington churchyard, then went back to Bristol to look at the house, on Windsor Terrace, where she died. Being so near the spot, we visited Caledonian Place, where Macaulay, whom Hannah More helped to bring out, wrote a part of his history. A tablet has recently been put on the front of the house to enable strangers to identify it. We intended writing of Burke, who lived and wrote here awhile, and whose great statue adorns a most prominent part of the city; of Bishop Butler, who is buried in what was once his own Bristol Cathedral; of Sir Humphry Davy, who made his important discoveries in Dowey Square, and of William and Thomas Norton, Thomas Cadell, and Joseph Cottle, the noted publishers, but space will not admit.

William Henry Meredith.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

## NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

Dr. Goucher's book, Christianity and the United States, noticed in this number, recalls to us the fact that many years ago De Tocqueville, the distinguished philosophic French statesman, was commissioned by his government to come to America and study our institutions. In his report to the French Senate are these words: "I went at your bidding, and passed through their thoroughfares of trade; I ascended their mountains and went down their valleys; I visited their manufactories, their commercial markets and emporiums of trade; I entered their judicial courts and legislative halls: but I sought everywhere in vain until I entered the church. It was there, as I listened to the soul-equalizing and soul-elevating principles of the Gospel of Christ as they fell from Sabbath to Sabbath upon the masses of the people, that I learned why America is great and free, and why France is a slave."

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In this closing number of the ninetieth volume of our Review, which begins with Dr. William F. Warren's erudite article on the Cradle of the Human Race, it is quite relevant to quote from a great leader in the world of science an utterance touching the subject about which Dr. Warren writes; and in addition we quote Dr. W. L. Watkinson's use of the quotation. Following are Dr. Watkinson's words: "In his recent work on the Geological History of Plants, Sir J. W. Dawson writes: 'We must now be prepared to admit that an Eden can be planted even in Spitzbergen; that there are possibilities in this old earth of ours which its present condition does not reveal to us; that the present state of the world is by no means the best possible in relation to climate and vegetation; that *there have been* and *might be again* conditions which would convert the ice-clad arctic regions into blooming paradises, and which, at the same time, would moderate the fervent heat of the tropics. We are accustomed to say that nothing is impossible with God; but how little have we known of the gigantic possibilities

which lie hidden under some of the most common of his natural laws!' Here, then, we have a president of the Royal Society asserting that arctic regions may become paradises, and that deserts may bloom as the rose, and all this not through some supernatural, extraordinary intervention; these gigantic possibilities lie hidden under some of the most common of natural laws. 'How great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up, which thou hast hidden, for them that fear thee!' Nature is a great storehouse, whose treasures of darkness will in due time be brought into the light. One of our writers speaks of 'the stored and uncounted riches lying hid in all God's creatures,' and as the years roll on these riches are ascertained, to the wonder and joy of mankind. Instead of the world getting narrower, poorer, it is opening out into unsuspected wealth and glory, and scientific men cannot think of the future but they become poets, speaking of things to come with rapture."

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ACCORDING to William Winter's description, his friend William Law Symonds, dead now for over forty years, must have been a rarely beautiful character. He is described as a royal intellect, an acute thinker in a transition period of religious thought, whose sympathetic presentation of high themes displayed originality, lucidity, and fervent emotion; a man of authentic and decisive genius, whose life justifies the healthy ambition of those who strive to think aright, do aright, and know the best of every kind that is in the world. He was so enthusiastic a worker that he wished each day were forty-eight hours long, and then he would have had a pleasant time. It is of a man of such quality and power that Mr. Winter says, "the innermost characteristic of Symonds' soul was passionate Christianity," and "the absorbing passion of his entire life, and the fervid impulse of all his conduct, was to promote happiness by the diffusion of religious enthusiasm—a celestial emotion not resident in mere dogmas and ceremonies but in the practical living of the spiritual life." Symonds wrote notable things on a great range of subjects. One of his sayings was, "Let me live with those whose minds have a sunny-side exposure, who love God and who live uprightly." He hoped for what he called "a more silvery note in the canticle of human worship," meaning the note of gladness. Writing of Unitarianism, he said the danger which besets and threatens it can only "be resisted and averted by constant renewal, or rather, by *an unfailing supply of the distinctively evangelical elements of religion*,"—surely the best possible prescription

for Unitarianism. But the case does not seem hopeful. It is a case of pernicious anæmia, and it would require the transfusion of a very large quantity of the rich, red, healthy blood of evangelical religion, and a huge tank of evangelical oxygen, to save the case. Moreover, and fatally, the patient refuses to take the treatment. Unitarianism is not wise enough to take William Law Symonds's curative prescription. Therefore it is likely to remain in the dreary list of ineffectuals.

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Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who died not long ago, was a kindly and helpful "guide, philosopher, and friend" to not a few young writers, some of whom, in a literary way, she may almost be said to have mothered. At any rate, her home in Boston was a congenial resort, full of gracious interest and encouraging sympathy for them. Among them all, in recent years, two were her favorites, Frederick Lawrence Knowles and Arthur W. Upson, both of whom have now passed, in their brilliant young manhood, with their "garlands and singing robes about them," into the heavens. Toward these two rarely gifted spirits she was fondly affectionate. Knowles had one rather amusing experience with her on a serious subject. Mrs. Moulton said to him one day, "Fred, I have only one thing against you." "What is that?" asked he. "That you are a Methodist," she replied. "What harm is there in that?" he questioned. "Well, I don't like some of your doctrines." "Which ones?" he queried. "Why, you teach that God has decreed some people to be saved and others to be lost"! And then Fred Knowles had the happy opportunity to enlighten her amazing ignorance and inform her that Methodism had been the protagonist in the great theological battle which had driven that objectionable doctrine off the earth; and to show her that as to that doctrine, at least, she was herself a Methodist.

Upson's tragic death last summer left unpublished some short poems, a few of which are now printed. The following verses, entitled "The Sons of Men," teaching that the world was made impartially for all, and not for any class, show his power of vision and of thought, as well as of fresh, swift, direct and pointed expression:

> The whine of the Weak to God on high arose:
> "Hast thou made all things, O Lord, for the Great, our foes?
> Behold, how under the Strong our ranks are hurled!
> Tell us, O Lord, for whom mad'st thou thy world?"

And the Ancient of Days looked down on the cripple throng,
And answered: "I made my world for the Great and Strong!"

The rage of the Great arose to God on high:
"We are baffled by cowards that twist our schemes awry!
We are dragged to earth by the weaklings everywhere!
For whom mad'st thou thy world, O God, declare!"

And the Lord replied from his lofty place apart,
"I made my world for the Weak and Faint of Heart!"

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## A NOTE ON VICTOR HUGO AND THOMAS CARLYLE

FORTY years ago, when Victor Hugo's Les Miserables was first published, Isaac W. Wiley, then principal of Pennington Seminary, came into his office after breakfast one morning and said to one of his faculty: "I sat up late last night, reading Les Miserables; it is a tremendous book." A long preface which Hugo intended for that book, but never used, is now being printed in France. We are permitted to see how a great book grew. Hugo began planning it in 1829. He did not actually begin to write it until 1845, when he toiled upon it for three years. Then he laid the manuscript aside for twelve years, during which he brooded over his subject from time to time. Then he exhumed it and spent three weeks reading and rereading it. This put him into absorbed and deepening meditation over the blemishes, hardships, and sufferings of all humanity; the mission of man, his origin, his role, and his destiny; the great problems of the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. For light upon these problems he made a study of the world, the formation of the earth, the genesis and development of man, the progress of science, the history of religion, and the destiny of the universe. Out of these long years of preparation, writing, and study he emerged with the feeling that religion is the supreme and all-comprehending interest of human life, quite "obsessed," we are told, by the religious question, and desiring above all things to produce, in Les Miserables, a religious book. The unused preface, now being printed, begins thus: "The following book is a religious book. Religious? From what point of view? From a certain point of view that is ideal but absolute; indefinite but incontrovertible. . . . With certain restrictions the author declares loudly on the threshold of this sorrowful book that he is of those who believe and pray."

It seems reasonable to suppose that when a colossal genius, like Victor Hugo, spends such prolonged preparation and immense labor on a work which he announces in such solemn fashion, there is sufficient ground for presuming that the book so produced is worthy to be read by all men. That it is a mighty book is proved by its having mastered and molded not a few strong men. Bishop Charles H. Fowler's style of thought and utterance was individual and all his own in the sense that it was entirely congenial to his nature; but the far-back explanation of it was that in the formative and developing period of his early manhood Victor Hugo captivated him; and from the great Frenchman he learned lessons of the powerful, the dramatic, and the tremendous.

Hugo was a maker of pregnant, vivid, and startling sentences. At the climax of his description of Waterloo is this sentence: "Waterloo was not a battle; it was an about-face of the universe." All his works abound with great sentences. Memory gives us one about atheists: "Some men deny the Infinite; some too deny the sun: they are the blind." Bishop Fowler also was distinguished as a maker of-significant, picturesque, and pregnant sentences—sentences which were, each, an achievement. For example, when he was explaining to our British cousins as our fraternal delegate to the Wesleyan Conference, in 1898, how the United States was precipitated into war with Spain, this was one of his characteristic sentences: "The Spaniard exploded a magazine under our prow; and we were blown up into the air; and we came down everywhere." In current conversational circulation there is also this sentence, built by Bishop Fowler: "When a man runs a private wire to the top of his egotism and thinks he is talking with God, I distrust his judgment." The early influence of the author of Les Miserables on Charles H. Fowler is manifest in his style. Nor did the French master ever lose his hold on this pupil; for when Bishop Fowler was a broken remnant of himself in the enfeebled and disabled months of his last year, he was found renewing the intellectual fellowship of his youth and beguiling the weary tedium of inactive days by reading Victor Hugo's Shakespeare.

One of the foremost living leaders of Methodism betrayed years ago to a friend, half inadvertently perhaps, one secret of the genesis of his style. Now, his style of thinking and writing and speaking is all his own, entirely suitable and in a sense natural to his mind and soul, harmonious with the habitual movement of his nature, an instrument of expression that perfectly fits his faculties; and a virile,

resonant, and splendid style it is. Nevertheless, when he said to a friend, "There was a time when I thought Carlyle the only man on earth who knew how to write," he uncovered one of the dominant influences which helped to mold his mental and rhetorical habit in the sensitive, expanding, and formative years of earliest manhood.

By such facts, and many others, experienced and observed, is the critical and vital importance emphasized to every man of choosing wisely what authors he will live with, and put himself under the spell of, in the third decade of his life. For good or ill, some powerful author is likely to color and shape and inspire him. One of the worst of misfortunes is for a young man to fail to make intimate acquaintance with any author powerful enough to arouse, enkindle, incite, and energize his intellectual and spiritual nature to high aims and great ends.

For some young men the time is short. They need to be in haste to seek the society of great minds, to make intimate acquaintance with some of the masters of *thinking for the purpose of utterance*. Among such large, lofty, contagious, electric, and powerfully impressive masters we here name three: Victor Hugo, Thomas Carlyle, and John Ruskin. Let no recent graduate think them antiquated, superseded by later literature, or imagine he can do without them. Ignoring them will seriously limit his possibilities.

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## A GROUP OF PERSONAL ATTRIBUTES

THE superiority of Professor Norton as to fineness of nature, supremely cultivated taste and exact and exhaustive erudition in his chosen subjects, is not now debatable, being certified by the declared judgments of the most authoritative minds. Longfellow and Lowell freely acknowledged him their superior in several respects, and were glad to learn of him. John Ruskin, in his autobiography, gives an account of his first meeting with Norton in the cabin of a little Swiss steamer plying between Vevay and Geneva in 1855. This meeting Ruskin calls one of the great events of his own life, and says: "Thus I became possessed of my second friend after Dr. John Brown, and of my first real tutor, Charles Eliot Norton." We are told that, from the first, Ruskin recognized in Norton his superior in classical literature, in Old English writers and in Old French. Ruskin whimsically speculated on the sort of man Norton would have been "if he had had the blessing to be born an English Tory, or a Scotch Jacobite,

or a French gentilhomme, or a Savoyard Count," and he thought he would have preferred him as a count. As some such character, Ruskin thought Norton would have been "a grand, happy, consistent creature," while in America he seemed, Ruskin said, "as out of place and out of gear as a runaway star in purgatory, and twenty times more a slave than the blackest Negro he ever set his white scholars to fight the South for; because all the faculties a black has may be fully developed by a good master, while only about the thirtieth or fortieth part of Charles Norton's effective contents and capacity are beneficially spent in the dilution of the hot lava, and the fructification of the hot ashes of American character—which are overwhelming, borne now on volcanic air." (Ruskin wrote thus when our Civil War was blazing and roaring.)

These things are noted here for the purpose of making plain and sure the indisputable preëminence of Professor Norton in ability and in mastery of the subjects which were his lifelong study. But that is not our ultimate purpose in this writing, our special aim being to add a brief supplement to the editorial on "Humility" in our September number, by giving here a glimpse of the spirit and the ideals which led and lighted this man to heights of undeniable greatness. To his students he gave the secret, as well as the fruits, of his own attainments in knowledge and in character. A man who took the course in "Fine Arts II" under his instruction in Harvard, recalls the impression made by Professor Norton's first words in opening his lectures to his pupils: "Young gentlemen, before beginning these lectures I wish to preface them by saying to you that *the first great lesson in art is humility.*" The student who reports these words of wisdom from a master who knew, says: "During thirty years I have never forgotten those words, which apply not only to the fine arts, *but also, doubtless, to all the high pursuits of life.*" From this worthy and profitable student we quote further words concerning the master whom he so profoundly revered with a sense of deep indebtedness. "Professor Norton's notable and far-reaching influence was not only cultivating, but broadening. His natural reserve was the preoccupation of greatness, and ceased the moment he touched a responsive chord in a sympathetic friend. The slight tinge of sadness in his nature is such as is often found in noble minds; it is *a token of the humility* which should come with the acquisition of knowledge and from a realization of the limitations which hinder the human intellect from grasping the vast store of knowledge that must always lie unreached beyond." It is

the humility of Sir Isaac Newton saying after all his great attainments, "I seem to myself like a child who has only gathered a few pebbles on the shore of the vast ocean of truth." Thus at any hopeful and promising beginning of a true student's career must be humility if he is to reach any excellence; and at the end, as a result of all his efforts and successes, he is likely, in proportion to his real greatness, to be filled with humility, which is the most refining and purifying and ennobling of all feelings and traits.

The student already quoted, thirty years away from college days, gives further testimony to his old instructor's ideals: "Professor Norton's standards were high; he was, in fact, a purist. The Parthenon appealed to him as no other example of classic architecture could, for in its proportions it was in perfect harmony; there was the correlation of each part with the other, so that not the smallest portion could be removed without detriment to the whole, and, moreover, there was the charm of outline, for there was not a straight line in the building; all lines were curved, and the effect was one of grace and repose. The Doric columns were in perfect proportion, and the entasis, though slight, sufficient. The columns were not vertical, but inclined slightly at the top toward the building. He was the exponent of all that makes for the right and the best in life, and which tends to build up the highest civilization based upon individual merit and freedom. He repeatedly commended the Greeks for giving the highest scope to individual attainments. He deprecated the study of the law as a pursuit bound down by precedents, and lacking in the opportunity for originality and individual expression."

Of similar tenor is the testimony of Professor M. H. Morgan, of Harvard University. He tells us that one of the first words which students in Professor Norton's courses heard was the oft-repeated and strongly emphasized word "excellence." "And this idea of excellence, of which so few of the thousands of his hearers had any true conception before they listened to his talk, was the keynote of most that he had to say to them. The course professed to be about Greek art, and certainly nobody was better qualified to illuminate that subject; but it was wonderful to observe how he showed that such a seemingly dead and gone thing could be a living influence, in so many different ways, upon this workaday world. It may seem a prodigious leap from Apelles to chromos, from the Greek tunic to ready-made clothes, or from the Parthenon to a house with a mansard roof covering nothing, but he took us over it lightly. Not to put up with what masquerades as

excellence, not to be content with makeshifts, to know that to seek excellence is natural and to learn, if only from the living instance before us, that it can be achieved in the things of everyday life, was one of the lessons that he taught."

Other cognate traits of Charles Eliot Norton are spoken of as follows: "Another admirable thing about him was his cordial hospitality to students at his house and his sympathy with them when they were in academic trouble. When you went to him you felt that here was a man who might have done when he was young just such things as you had done (unless they were pretty bad), and that whether he had ever done them or not you would meet in him a human being and not a bureaucrat. It was not that he could always save you or wish always to save you from academic penalties; and yet I well remember the first year of the administrative board of the college, when he was the oldest and I was one of the youngest of its members, how he always seemed to take the side of a student in trouble, much to the impatience of some of us younger brethren, who were too apt to think that 'something must really be done about this case.' But when he wished not to save you, you were always made to feel that your punishment was not greater than you could bear, and that you could make it serve you to something better, for he was one of those who could say, in the verse of another of our lately departed colleagues: 'It is the part of every man to seek the light, even though it come from his own falling star.' Courage was another of Professor Norton's attributes, and particularly the courage to speak out his convictions no matter who or how many were on the other side. He always did this politely, and not from wanton aggression, but the very polish of his expressions, his logic which could not be confuted, and the wealth of examples which his well-furnished mind could bring to the support of his position, sometimes drove his opponents rabid in their replies to him. This courage also saved him from the littleness of answering back, and enabled him to possess his own soul in peace."

The qualities and traits here mentioned as having been assembled in the person of this great instructor—humility, high standards of excellence, kindness, and courage—grouped themselves together naturally by moral affiliation in one fine personality. And the studious contemplation of these clustered qualities may open our up-looking souls to receive enlightening, inspiring, stimulating, and guiding influences more luminous and potent in many senses than "the sweet influences of Pleiades" are in any sense.

## THE ARENA

### THE YOUNGEST CHILD OF METHODISM

THE youngest child of Methodism has been named Epworth League. She dates her existence from May 15, 1889, and is therefore nearly twenty years old—in fact, quite a young lady. She is old enough to be a little willful and is a source of no small anxiety to Mother Methodism, while Love Feast and Prayer Meeting, her older sisters, are quite distracted over her light and frivolous ways. She bears a striking resemblance to her mother, is well built, strongly knit together and has an excellent constitution. She is not quite as sedate in appearance as Love Feast nor as slim as Prayer Meeting. She has a regular bishop head and carries a prominent chin. She thinks as well as could be expected, considering her age, and acts quickly. She has a good eye for the beautiful, delights in music, and sings fairly well. She is a good child and doubtless will be a credit to her family.

Seriously speaking, the Epworth League is in some respects a wonderful organization. It has over twenty-two thousand senior and nine thousand junior chapters. From its very beginning it has grown rapidly, and has branched out into many unexpected lines of work. It lays strong emphasis on personal evangelism, and its fellow-workers' covenant has met with a welcome reception and is rapidly coming into use. Its bureau of Bible study has over eight hundred classes, with a membership of thirteen thousand pursuing studies in the life of Christ; two hundred and thirty-five classes in Studies of the Apostolic Church, and five hundred and fifty-seven classes in Junior Studies of the Life of Christ. It makes a strong point of mission study, and is doing much to quicken this important branch of our militant service. The morning watch is a leading factor in the spiritual development of Epworthians, and it does much work in connection with our Southern schools. The League's organization is almost perfect. It publishes and maintains an official paper, the Epworth Herald; a paper without a superior in its field.

Yet with all this activity and all these showings many questions are being raised concerning the League. Many fears are being expressed. Some are wondering if a mistake has not been made in ever providing such an institution. Many of our leaders are very seriously asking, all Methodism, in fact, is asking, "What is to be the future of this child?"

Many fears for the League are not without cause. The average chapter, today, is lacking in spiritual life, does not want higher things, and doubtless does not understand its own needs nor its own purpose. No doubt this has come about, in part, from the out-working of the idea of associate members, and partly from our method of leading. Many of our associate members become such upon the earnest solicitations of

friends, in contests whose object it is to increase the membership. Wholly unfit material is often thus brought in. In due time, by a process more or less similar, this undesirable material is brought into the League in full membership. It is not strange that it becomes at once a drag and a menace. Unable to contribute anything to the real spirit of the meetings which they attend—unable because of their utter ignorance so far as Christian experience is concerned—these persons are used in the following way: A clipping is put into their hands, or a question upon some vital point. The answers that are thus obtained are really wonderful—in their harm. In one case observed this question was asked: "Do you think we will know each other in heaven?" The answer was: "I do not believe at all in a life hereafter." Another example: "What do you get from Christian fellowship?" "I do not get anything from that source. I think the secret order is the highest type of Christian fellowship." And still another: "What is the meaning of Methodism?" "I do not think that question ever should be asked. I do not think there should be such things as denominations." Of course the fault is not so much in the use of the clipping, it is rather in the user. A person who does not know Christ is attempting to teach him. Teaching of that sort is too readily accepted as true and leagues are led to spiritual death.

Promiscuous leaders, a change every week, is another source of weakness. All are not equally good leaders. Some cannot lead at all. It is a mistake to think that timid, shrinking boys and girls, even in pairs, are greatly benefited by leading a meeting. We might about as well change the teachers in our Sunday schools every week. The results here are not strong, active, confident Christian character. Haphazard method of leading and instruction from worldly associate members results in spiritual weaklings, and the League is full of them. A somewhat close analysis of existing conditions shows this to be general to an alarming degree throughout the organization.

On the second point, as to the wisdom of forming such an organization, there should be but brief discussion. That the League has produced few or no martyrs is not to be lamented. That it has not struggled with poverty and persecution does not take away its right to the conditions under which it was born nor its right to such as now exist. That it has not needed to fight a big battle and be baptized in blood is neither its fault nor its loss. That it has a right to its inheritance cannot be disputed. "New occasions teach new duties." The Epworth League answered the call of its time and has come forth to a good work. It has its battles to fight, of course, and it will fight such enemies as give it challenge or enter the lists against it. It is in the midst of its first crisis even now. The criticisms that it receives, sharp though they be, will not harm it. Its correctives will arise from within, and having taken account of itself, having come to know itself and its primary purposes, it will face the future without fear. The possibilities of the League are not for us to bound, but it comes of a good family and the chances are good that it will turn out well. The fear that it was not well warranted has found expression only in very recent days. The basis of

this fear is found in the fact that the League is growing away from some of its primary conceptions and into new fields. There are some who have been so bold as to limit its field to the lines of the first survey. They have eliminated the element of time and apparently forgotten that men grow old. Those who were its first members and who formed its first thinking have grown old in service. They have tenderly cared for and watched its development, guarding with jealous eye its every interest. They have been more or less disappointed in the fact that it has not crystallized around the older ideas and methods of work. The organization whose avowed object it is to promote active piety among the young people of the church now numbers in its membership many young people grown old. The League has not provided an age limit nor does it chloroform its older members. It has drawn away much activity from the class meetings and some from the prayer meeting. It seems to be impossible to graduate the older Leaguer from the devotional meeting of the League into the prayer meeting when he has received all of his training for such in a young people's meeting. The class meeting and the League used to meet at the same hour. Scarcely ever is that the case today. But one remains—and that is the young people's meeting. It is made up of all ages, conducted differently each evening, and in some little danger of running wild. In this danger, which does not seem alarming, some of us are spying ruin. We are worried over the fact that the effort to make a meeting and an organization for a class and a certain age has failed, and the result is beginning to be seen. But that result need not be feared nor the League attacked because it is not what it used to be. A simpler understanding of the Word, a simpler pronouncement of faith, simpler prayers, more understandable, clear-cut testimony, a more intelligent piety—these are the results of placing the truths of Christian experience before our young people. If the League has grown away from its toys to its real tools the results need not be feared. If it is being used as a means to this end we will welcome it, will company with and be helped by it. We shall not fear its ultimate effect upon our church. We shall not be found among its disparagers yet awhile.

We believe the future of the Epworth League is already secure. Perhaps some would have us lift the veil of the future and follow this Methodist child through a long series of victories until it finally stands forth a conspicuous figure, having won for itself a high place in Methodist history. That it will do all this if it be true to its unfolding mission there can be no doubt. But no one can predict what conditions will surround it. Its possibilities are not different from those of similar organizations. We should look to the future with expectancy since the future contains the realization of the hope of the world. But that hope is to be realized through a line of activity. The future success of the League will depend upon its usefulness. Whatever of good it accomplishes will be along the line of definite service. Hence, I pray you, make your local chapters mean something!

EARL R. RICE.

Deerfield, Michigan.

## CONSTITUTIONAL UNHAPPINESS OF MINISTERS

It is the result ordinarily, first, of ambition opposed or thwarted by conditions which refuse to be pushed aside, such as the absence of tact, lack of education, personal habits, or affairs in the parsonage. Strangely enough, such brethren come to feel sometimes that they are injured by the church. Second, superior abilities without requisite force to make them available. The gun may be of the best pattern and game abundaut, but if the powder is worthless, nothing is carried home to dinner. Third, the conscious feeling of ability insufficient to succeed but not discovered till the period has been reached where it is not easy to change to something else. Even a good man can hardly be content as a faithful failure. Fourth, morbid sensibility—a thing that imagines things enough to break the stoutest heart. Usually men of high moral character are victims of this form of hallucination. These four phases of wretchedness represent in the aggregate a large class of sore and restless spirits which at every session of a Methodist Annual Conference breathe secret sighs. Kind but rugged frankness with young ministers on the part of teachers in our theological schools, district superintendents, and bishops presiding in the Conferences might serve a good turn.

C. E. Cline.

Portland, Oregon.

## THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

### THE DANGER TO THE MINISTER OF PARTIAL CONCEPTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY

In one of our leading Christian weeklies for July there is an editorial entitled "The Life That Now Is." It contains remarks on the cablegram from Europe quoting from the Ossevatore Romano, the organ of the Vatican, "calling attention to the criticism of the Pan-Anglican Congress in London, and represents the attitude of the Vatican toward that body." Its language is as follows:

"Rome, June 28.—The Ossevatore Romano, the organ of the Vatican, in an editorial concerning the recent Pan-Anglican Congress in London, says: 'Religion without a legitimate hierarchy, although calling itself Christian, is a religion only for this world, as the questions discussed by the Pan-Anglican Congress show. Throughout the centuries all religions that have arisen without the seal of the real divine personality were similar to that discussed at the Pan-Anglican Congress. All of them aimed at securing the largest amount of joy in this life without caring for the other world.'—*European cablegram.*"

The point of the editorial criticism is that the Pan-Anglican Congress was not a "legitimate hierarchy," and that it represents a "religion only for this world." The editorial, among other interesting remarks, makes the following statement:

"Taught by history, in these later days the Christian Church is beginning to recognize that Jesus Christ came to establish a kingdom of God on the earth, not to prepare for a kingdom of God in the heavens, that the kingdom of God is what Paul declared it to be, righteousness and peace and joy in a holy spirit: righteousness, that is, the practice of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us; peace, that is, the spirit of good will and coöperation taking the place of the spirit of envy and competition; and joy in holiness of spirit, that is, universal welfare based on righteousness and good will. Our religion is becoming less mystical, more natural; less theological, more sociological; less a self-conscious preparation for an unknown world, more a conscious endeavor to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this world; in brief, less ecclesiastical and more in harmony with the hopes of the Hebrew prophets and the teachings of Jesus Christ."

The object of the criticism is, apparently, to show that the religion of Christ is the religion of this world and to depreciate, in a measure at least, the attitude of the church toward the future life. Its language is: "The strength of the church, Protestant and Roman Catholic, will be found in recognizing this world movement and giving to it sane and spiritual interpretation." The criticism we would offer to the statements quoted above is with reference to what it neglects to say rather than to what it says.

It is emphatically true that the mission of the Master to this world was

to establish upon earth a kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. The Saviour charged the people of his time with neglecting justice, mercy, and truth, so that the great aim of Christianity is to produce characters who follow the teachings of Jesus Christ, and to make this world a better place to live in. No branch of the church that we know of hesitates on this point or fails to recognize the supreme value of the earthly life, but no conception of the earthly life is complete which does not regard it as an entrance to and a preparation for the life beyond. Jesus and the resurrection was the substance of the apostolic preaching. The early church insisted on the future life and the preparation for it as essential elements of Christianity. One of the most tender incidents in the history of Christ is the resurrection of Lazarus and the profound utterance of Christ on that occasion, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," has been a comfort to the church during all the Christian centuries. The part of the history of Christ describing his resurrection from the dead is narrated with great fullness by all the four evangelists, as if to emphasize its importance. Paul's great argument on the resurrection in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians is a masterpiece of logic and a demonstration so powerful that some of the greatest jurists in the world have pronounced it unanswerable.

The obscuration of the future life from the thought of the men and women of our time is hurtful in its tendencies, since it hides that vision of the hereafter which has, in all the ages, had such an uplifting tendency in the lives of men. The purpose of this paper is not to argue the question of the resurrection or of the future life but to emphasize its importance to a true conception of the mission of the Christian Church. The tendency in many of the utterances of our time to overlook the future and to lay excessive stress on the present life fails, because it does not give a full expression of the teaching of Christ and of the New Testament, and also is prejudicial to the highest enjoyment and to the development of the noblest character and service in the life that now is. The present life loses its highest interest and will fail of its noblest achievements when it is separated from the Christian conception which includes the hopes of the life that is to come. The thought we desire to enforce is expressed in the language of the apostle Paul in his advice to Timothy, his son in the gospel: "And exercise thyself unto godliness: for bodily exercise is profitable for a little [margin, "for little"]; but godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come" (1 Tim. 4. 7, 8, Revised Version). As already indicated, the purpose of this critique is not to dissent from that aspect of Christianity in which it is so preëminent and in which it is supreme over all forms of religion, namely, the social advancement of humanity, but to remind the reader that the full conception of the Christian faith as represented in the Christian Church, includes the further fact that life and immortality have been brought to light in the gospel, and that the twofold conception can never be separated.

## IZAAK WALTON ON THE VALUE OF CHURCH ATTENDANCE

THE name of Izaak Walton has come down to us chiefly as the author of a book or tract entitled "The Complete Angler or the Contemplative Man's Recreation." His biographer says of him "that in the skillful management of the angle, Izaak Walton is acknowledged to bear away the prize of all his contemporaries." His biographer further thinks it proper to justify this diversion of Walton and says, "Amidst our disquieted and delusive cares, amidst the painful anxiety and disgusting irksomeness which are often the unwelcome attendants on business and on study, a harmless gratification is not merely excusable, it is in some degree necessary."

Without pausing to raise the question whether a "harmless gratification" may not be secured without pain to the animal creation, we pass to note that Izaak Walton was a rather prolific author and his lives of Dr. Donne, Mr. Richard Hooker, Sir Henry Wotton, and others, his miscellaneous writings, and the esteem in which he was held by many of the most eminent men of his times, more than two centuries ago, give to his thoughts a value which has not been impaired by the lapse of years.

In the time of great religious upheaval, when the church was rent by bitter strifes, in the eighty-seventh year of his age, he wrote a treatise concerning "The Distempers of the Present Times," in which he gave words of wisdom for all similar conditions. "Let me advise you to be one of a thankful and quiet party; for it will bring peace at last. Let neither your discourse nor practice be to encourage or assist in making a schism in that church, in which you were baptised and adopted as a Christian; for you may continue in it with safety to your soul; you may in it study sanctification, and practice it to what degree God by his grace shall enable you. You may fast as much as you will; be as humble as you will; pray both publicly and privately as you will; visit and comfort as many dejected families as you will; be as liberal and charitable to the poor as you think fit and are able. These and all other of those undoubted Christian graces that accompany salvation, you may practice publicly or privately, as much and as often as you think fit; and yet keep in the communion of that church of which you were made a member by your baptism."

Walton further gives his reasons for attendance on the service of the church: "I go constantly to church services to adore and worship my God, who hath made me of nothing and preserved me from being worse than nothing. And this worship and adoration I do pay inwardly in my soul and testify it outwardly in my behavior; as, namely, by my adoration in my forbearing to cover my head in that place dedicated to God and only to his service; and also by standing up at the profession of the creed, which contains the several articles that I and all other Christians profess to believe, and also by standing up and giving glory to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, and confessing them to be three persons and but one God.

"And, secondly, I go to church to praise my God for my creation and

my redemption; for his many deliverances of me from the many dangers of my body, and more especially of my soul, in sending me redemption by the death of his Son, my Saviour, and for the constant assistance of his Holy Spirit; a part of which praise I perform frequently in the Psalms, which are daily read in the congregation.

"And, thirdly, I go to church to publicly confess and bewail my sins, and to beg pardon for them, for his merits who died to reconcile me and all mankind unto God, who is both his and my Father."

Izaak Walton was first of all a Christian and believed in the essential truths of Christianity and he was vitally moved upon by the sense of the need of daily religion.

The services of the Christian Church are especially favorable to the contemplative life. Its themes call for contemplation, even on the part of those who are not moved by profound Christian convictions.

The two aspects of his times which called forth Izaak Walton's statements which have just been given have reappeared in our times. This age is one of religious upheavals, and all sorts of views concerning God, the Scriptures, the Church and the moral life are being promulgated with great vigor. The discussion too often takes the form of religious strife. Earnest discussions of religious questions are far better than absolute indifference. The danger, however, is that party feeling will prevent many from their interests in the services of the House of God.

It is also a time when many are absenting themselves from the church, believing that no benefit will come to them from its services. To both of these classes the words of Izaak Walton must appeal. He does not ask whether everything in the church is in harmony with all his views, but believes that as a whole these services will be helpful to his moral, intellectual, and spiritual life.

Are there not reasons which should impel those who do not accept historic Christianity in its fullness to attend upon the services of the church? Dr. Smyth, in his Christian Ethics, has spoken of the Church of God for humanity as making an appeal to thoughtful men. He suggests whether those who do not receive all the tenets of the church may not find points of helpfulness for human welfare in the services and work of the church in which they may heartily join. Even granting the imperfections that are charged against it, the church has shown herself an essential factor in all true reformations. If she has not always originated them, her influence has been wonderfully effective in forwarding great movements for human welfare. The progressive developments of the times have their roots in the gospel, even when those who advocate them have not been conscious of their indebtedness. Preachers of the most diverse views unite with each other and with all who believe in the same objects. Why may not even the unbeliever unite with the believer for high social and moral aims?

Izaak Walton long ago spoke words which belong to our time, and this man, with his profound love of nature, his contemplative spirit, and his keen moral insight, has left a message which may well influence people both within and without the pale of the Christian Church.

read that the latter made war in his eighteenth year, that is, B. C. 842, upon the former. It is interesting to notice that this Aramaic inscription was made about the same time (perhaps a little earlier) as the noted one upon the stele of Mesha, king of Moab, known as the Moabite stone. If Moab and Phœnicia and Syria have revealed their written secrets to us, may we not hope that the territories of Judah and Israel may soon disclose to us long buried records of Solomon and David, yea, of Joshua and Moses?

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## WELLHAUSENISM ON THE WANE

We called attention in a former number of the Review to the revolt against Wellhausenism in Germany. As might be expected, such a defection could not be confined to the Fatherland, for in these days of international intercourse ideas travel rapidly, and scholars of all lands watch each other very closely. Thus it is not strange that critics outside the German universities have been attracted to the ranks of the insurgents. During the past two or three years not a month has passed without a protest from some Old Testament scholars against the methods and deductions of the critico-historical school. The editors of the Biblical World, University of Chicago, full-fledged disciples of Wellhausen, discussing this subject in the September number of their periodical, ask the following question: "Is Wellhausenism, therefore, to be described as a house divided against itself? Are we, consequently, to expect its speedy downfall?" The question from such quarters is very significant, and the reply still more so. It is as follows: "That depends partly, at least, upon our definition of Wellhausenism. It is conceivable, indeed, that the modification may be so great as to render the original product practically unrecognizable." What an admission! It could not have been possible five years ago! What the adherents of this school twenty-five years ago stamped as the "settled results of criticism" have, during the past year or two, received a rude shock. One after another of the most ardent disciples of Wellhausen, having surrendered the citadel, have sounded the retreat. The conclusions of this scientific (?) school of theologians have been weighed in the balance and have been found wanting. No English writer of recent times has contributed more to the overthrow of the above school than Professor James Orr, of Glasgow. Ridiculed as he has been by many not half his equal in thought and learning, his teachings, nevertheless, have taken a firm hold upon a very large number of the brightest young men in Europe and America. The brilliancy of his style and the cogency of his arguments have forced a respectful hearing from Old Testament critics everywhere. One of the latest British writers to attract attention for his apparent relapse from Wellhausenism is the Rev. C. F. Burney, M.A., fellow, lecturer on Hebrew, and librarian of Saint John's College, Oxford. This erstwhile advanced higher critic has written a paper, entitled "A Theory of the Development of Israelite Religion in Early Times," in the Journal of Theological Studies. It is quite lengthy; for that reason it will be

impracticable for us to give anything more than a very incomplete synopsis. The main contention of the article is to prove that Moses is, after all, the author of the Decalogue, and that the Hebrews were not as ignorant of the great principles of religion at the time of the Exodus—he believes in the Exodus and the Wilderness Journey—as Wellhausen and his disciples would have us believe.

Now, if Moses wrote the Decalogue, the main prop has been knocked from under Wellhausen's theory. Indeed, if Moses is the author of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, it will be difficult to show why he is not the author of many other chapters in the five books bearing his name. The chief objection of the Wellhausen school to the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch is its lofty morality and advanced ethical teachings. There is nothing loftier in the entire Hexateuch than the Ten Commandments, nothing that shows a higher civilization. If, then, the Decalogue is from the pen of Moses, why deny the Mosaic authorship of many other portions of the first books of the Bible? It is, however, fair to say that Mr. Burney, notwithstanding what has been said above, still clings to the documentary theory of the Pentateuch; nay, more, he believes in a general way that the prophetic preceded the legal period in Israel. This, if we have caught his meaning, means that the reform under the great prophets of Israel preceded the minute codification of the Pentateuchal ceremonial laws. He has no sympathy with the current views of the critico-historical school, which teaches that the Hebrews had little or no ethical religion before B. C. 750. He argues that from the days of Moses and Joshua to those of the earlier kings Israel stood on a much higher plane religiously than any of their neighbors. The prophets Amos and Hosea, according to their own testimony, were not the founders of a religion, but rather reformers sent by Jahweh to call a backslidden people back to the position occupied centuries before by their ancestors. The age of Moses and the Exodus was not one of profound religious darkness, but rather one of unique ethical enlightenment and comparative spirituality. Mosaism at that early age was a system of advanced religious ideas and positive morality. Mr. Burney does not deny Israel's obligation to Babylonia, for it, in common with all Semitic peoples, owed much to that land. Nevertheless, the origin of Israel's religion must not be sought in the Euphrates Valley, but rather in that "great and terrible wilderness." It was here that God's peculiar people learned obedience, which was better than the offerings of bulls, goats, and sheep. To impress the doctrine of obedience to Jahweh required the presence and leadership of some great master mind, the leadership and personality of just such a man as the Moses described in the Pentateuch. Another writer of considerable reputation to assail the teachings of Wellhausen is Professor B. D. Erdmann, the successor of Kuenen at the University of Leyden. He maintains that the Hebrews were never nomads, but from the time of Abraham and the patriarchs cultivators of the soil as well as herdsmen, consequently, at all times lived in settlements and towns. The Biblical World admits that if Erdmann's views should become generally accepted, Wellhausenism may be so modified as to be unrecognizable.

## QUEEN TYR'S TOMB?

In our issue of July-August we described at some length a royal tomb with extraordinarily rich furnishings and decorations, one which had escaped the rapacity of grave robbers for millenniums. It was discovered in the early part of this year by Mr. Theodore M. Davis in the vicinity of Thebes. There were many things about this tomb and its unusual magnificence which convinced those entitled to an opinion that the occupant was no other than Tyr, the queen of Amen-hotep the Magnificent and the mother of Amen-hotep IV, the so-called "heretic king," who, along with his mother, had made himself so obnoxious to the Theban priesthood.

The London Times was about the first to announce the discovery of the supposed tomb of Queen Tyr, and as far as we know, it is also the first to suggest a strong probability of a mistake. After referring to its former conclusions regarding the identity of Tyr's tomb, it says: "All of these conjectures and the speculations which have been built upon them have just received a rude shock by the discovery that the bones, instead of being those of an old lady well past middle age, are those of a young man of merely twenty-five or twenty-six years. A few days ago the skeleton of the supposed queen was sent for examination to Dr. Elliott Smith, professor of anatomy in the Cairo school of medicine, who has been engaged for some time in writing the official catalogue of the royal mummies, and he has pricked the bubble."

Can this be the mummy of the heretic king himself? It must be, if the inscription upon the coffin, which had hitherto, in come inexplicable way, escaped the attention of the scribes, be correct. And yet this is all but incredible, since it will necessitate the rewriting of a long chapter in Egyptian history. Until further light is obtained the whole matter must remain a profound mystery.

## FOREIGN OUTLOOK

### SOME LEADERS OF THOUGHT

**Wladimir Solowieff.** It is not often possible, and it is seldom worth while, to mention the name of a Russian in connection with theological or religious thought. Solowieff may be made an exception in order that the readers of the REVIEW may get a glimpse of the state of Russian religious thought at its best. In 1907 he published a work whose title, when translated into English, would probably be The Religious Basis of Life. According to him life is in and of itself meaningless. That which is truly human lies in the realm of the moral. The meaning of life lies in belief in the good as truth. This belief is the gift of God and the free act of man. After this introductory portion he develops his idea of the ethical life under the symbols of prayer, almsgiving, and fasting. Under the head of prayer he deals chiefly with the Lord's Prayer, discussing especially the different types of temptation and its conquest, from the standpoint of the practical and religious life. True prayer, which is almost identical with the practical-religious life, must be unselfish and active, having for its result "God all in all." Under almsgiving he considers force, justice, and love, in their relation to the idea of sacrifice, and finds in the principle of benevolence and of almsgiving the higher development of common sense. True almsgiving is a strictly inner relationship to one's neighbor, the simplest expression of mutual solidarity, upon which the whole moral order rests. The highest example is God's constant self-offering for us, in the eucharist. Fasting, according to him, has for its task nothing less than the cosmic-historical purpose of redeeming all nature, so that the World-All may become the living body of a regenerated humanity. Intrinsically considered, fasting is the self-conscious limitation of ourselves in our relation to our desire for enjoyment, power, and knowledge, but, above all, abstinence from all destruction of life, even of animal life, and from the eating of flesh. His ideas of doctrine, or his philosophy of religion, are as follows. Taking up the Johannean concepts of cosmos and logos, he unfolds the inner nature of Christianity as Redemption and development out of the meaninglessness of life, and as death to the world in order to the union of humanity with God, or the All, discussing therein cosmology, biology, anthropology, and history. The soul first found itself in India, in the dream, which led to the recognition of the illusory character of all reality. It found itself again in the intellectual world of Greece and Rome, in thought. In both cases the problem of the evil and passive will remained unsolved. It was necessary to have the soul reborn by the power of the Logos, who revealed himself in a preparatory way in Israel, personally, and then when the ideal revelation in Greece was exhausted came Christ who revealed the meaning of the World-All. Christ was a divine-human personality, combining in himself two natures and

controlling two wills. In him nature was revealed as the soul of man prepared for perfect devotion, while God was revealed in him as the Spirit of love and mercy. Thus he brought us his divine-human sacrifice. The resurrection signifies the inner reconciliation of matter and spirit. The specific truth of Christianity is the spiritualization of the flesh, which takes place in us through the mystery of communion with God. Humanity, united with the divine principle in Christ, is the church, which is possessed of divine authority and holiness. The integral factors in the church's authority and catholicity are the hierarchical tradition, or the way of Christ; the dogma of the divine-human Christ, or the truth of Christ; and the mysteries, or the life of Christ. The dogmas of the Greek Church are logically the only announcement and fixation of Christian truth. One can but be impressed with the ascetic character of these ideas, and of the pantheistic term which he gives to his theology. That he should make so much of almsgiving, fasting, and the church, even though the first two of these are used chiefly as symbols, is a striking commentary on his bondage to forms and ceremonies.

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**Hans Schmidt.** The religio-historical school of criticism seems to halt at nothing. In a book of 194 pages, under the title *Jona, Eine Untersuchung zur vergleichenden Religionsgeschichte* (Jonah; An Investigation in the Realm of the Comparative History of Religion), Göttingen, Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, 1907. Schmidt has sought out many parallels in extra-Israelitish literature to the story of Jonah. The majority of these parallels are found in Greek mythology, but others are found in many countries, including the American continent. Schmidt finds that most of these legends are connected with western coasts of sea or ocean, as, for example, was the case with Jonah, or else on islands; and generally where the east coast was at least not too far away. From all this he concludes that the story arose in each case in connection with the sinking of the sun into the water, as the observer supposed. The sun was the hero, or god, and as in nearly, if not all, cases, the one who was swallowed up by the sea reappeared, the rising of the sun, apparently out of the water, must have been visible in the locality in which the story originally had its home, and whence it wandered to other lands. But Schmidt is of the opinion that the story was native to many localities, and was caused in every case by the same phenomena. How the story came to include the idea of a sea monster instead of the sea itself does not appear. But Schmidt thinks that in the Old Testament we have the evidence that the story was frequently repeated and gladly heard, and regards it as natural that it should have been found in connection with Joppa. That the story in Jonah was motived somewhat as similar stories in other countries seems more clear to Schmidt because in the Middle Ages pictorial representations of Jonah show him as having lost his hair while in the belly of the fish, while in many of the legends the same phenomenon was true. As a further proof that these stories arose in connection with the setting and rising sun Schmidt shows that they often include the idea that the hero kindles

a fire within the monster, or cuts his way out with a sword. The rays of the sun are the fire and the sword, according to Schmidt. Schmidt also thinks that when the early Christians spoke of Jesus as a fish it is not to be explained by the fact that the letters which spell the Greek word for "fish" can be taken individually as the initial letters of various names or epithets for Jesus, but by the fact that the world of that day believed in a wonderful fish that rescued from death. The salvation of one from the monster, or from the ocean, typified the salvation wrought by Christ from the world of the dead. Furthermore, the myth of the sun-god is seen in the idea of Christ's descent into hell, typified by the hero who descends into the lower world through the agency of some monster in order to save the lower world. Such, now, are Schmidt's ideas; what shall we think of them? In the first place, it is futile to deny that these parallels to the story of Jonah exist. That they are not exact parallels in all particulars is nothing against the fact. And Schmidt points out that, as usual, where biblical material parallels ideas or myths of extra-Israelitish nations, the biblical use of them is vastly superior. To one who is ready to believe that the story of Jonah is not to be taken as real history but as parable or allegory it is not offensive to believe that the author of Jonah turned to a religious purpose this widely spread and popular myth. But it is clear that that author had not the slightest idea that he was inculcating any myth concerning a sun-god. All that was completely eliminated, and the story was used for its availability as a means of teaching duty to God's commands and the obligation of Israel to convey its truth to heathen peoples. The application of the story to the name of Christ is utterly fanciful and absolutely without basis in fact.

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## RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE

**Jesus Christus fur unsere Zeit** (Jesus Christ in Our Times). A Series of Lectures by Professors Haussleiter, Walther, Lützort, and Schaeder, and General Superintendent Kaftan. Hamburg, G. Schloessmann, 1907. These nine lectures were delivered to large audiences in Hamburg in January and February, 1907, and were designed to counteract the effect of the series of publications concerning Jesus Christ and early Christianity issued by the religio-historical school of critics. These lectures accuse their opponents of estimating everything in the light of certain well-defined presuppositions, namely, the reign of law and the idea of historical development, and of ruling out everything which does not harmonize with these preconceptions. The lecturers profess to be strictly scientific in their methods, seeking only for the facts, regardless of whether they agree with their presuppositions. They do not assert that there can be nothing but natural phenomena. In estimating these opposing theorists it must be said that the religio-historical school is plainly guilty of the charge of judging everything by the presuppositions named; but, on the other hand, the lecturers named are equally guilty of judging everything by their presuppositions. The question in debate, then, really is which set of presup-

positions is correct. Our sympathies are with the lecturers, though we cannot believe they have done very effective work, notwithstanding they are so much nearer the truth than their opponents. The principal source of their strength is in their forcible statement of the well-established facts, not in their defense of the principles on which belief in those facts must eventually rest. This is all very well if their hearers then and their readers now are found among the reading, thoughtful, but not technically educated classes. Perhaps this is all that should be expected, although there have been courses of lectures given to popular audiences that have changed the current of thought forever after. Good and strong men are these, but not the kind to do such a work. It is interesting to note that the lecturer who treated of the sources of the life of Jesus holds the Gospel of Matthew to be the product of the pen of an eyewitness of the events he narrates, thus running counter to the modern view; also that he regards the reputed authors of the four Gospels to be the real authors in all cases. The deeds of Jesus as recorded in the Gospels are as worthy of belief as the recorded words. And really one must admit the truth of this view. However we may account for the existence of the record as it is, there is no more reason for believing that Jesus spoke as he is reported to have spoken than there is for believing that he did the works he is reported as having done. The works, all things considered, are no more wonderful than the words. The man who said these things could have done these things. We are therefore reduced either to the belief that the authors of these Gospels, even on the critical view of them, created the whole record without basis of fact, or else that they described what they saw and heard. Of these two suppositions the latter would be chosen by all thoughtful men, even by the religio-historical school itself. This does not mean that the whole content of each Gospel is to be taken as absolutely true in all its details. What is meant is that these men were not devising a cunning fable, but were making an honest effort to state the facts. The facts may have been so overwhelming as to be beyond their perfect grasp. They may have misunderstood some things and failed to see the exact import of other things. The critics tell us that such is the case. But that they have presented to us a record remarkably impressive in its religious aspects, which was apparently their final aim, cannot be denied. And, as Jülicher somewhere says, their story must be essentially true. They must have known a man called Jesus who must have said and done things the spirit and meaning of which are fairly represented in the documents known as the four Gospels.

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**Les Reordinations. Etude sur le sacrament de l'ordre** (Reordination. A Study in the Sacrament of Orders). By Louis Saltet. Paris, V. Lecoffre, 1907. The author of this book is the professor of Church History in the Roman Catholic Institute at Toulouse. He is orthodox from the standpoint of his own church, but not as hidebound as many of his compeers. His book is not a systematic presentation of the Roman Catholic dogma relative to orders, but an historical study reaching down into the Middle Ages, when the doctrine really wrought out by Augustine was

formulated. The two sacraments over which disputes have arisen are those of baptism and orders which, it was believed, could be administered but once. We speak of rebaptism, but really there is no such question at issue, but rather the question as to when the conditions are fulfilled which constitute a valid baptism. The same is true of ordination. From the time of Pope Stephan Rome has held that personal qualities of the administrator are entirely irrelevant, and that if the form was correct and the intention right, the baptism was valid no matter by whom performed. This is the meaning of the expression *ex opere operato*. As to the grace of baptism, this is not secured by any act of the administrator, but by the disposition of the recipient. One baptized in the use of the proper form and with the true intention to baptize, and having the right disposition, may not, indeed, be rebaptized, but, nevertheless, needs "reconciliation" and confirmation in entering the Roman Catholic Church, and only then can he truly receive the grace of baptism. Although Saltet introduces this only for purposes of comparison, it seems necessary to note that all those who refuse rebaptism, even among Protestants, must be guilty of holding to the idea that there is difference, as Roman Catholics maintain, between the "character" imparted by the administrator, and the satisfaction of the conscience of the recipient, which to Protestants should be the chief end. The desire to be rebaptized may indicate vacillation, or weakness in some other form, but rebaptism should never be refused to one whose weak conscience demands it. There is nothing in baptism itself which forbids its repetition. On the whole, the situation is regarded by Saltet as not materially different in the matter of ordination from that in relation to baptism. Still it is evident that the development of opinion was not as smooth there as here. There are many questions: Is the laying on of hands, or the anointing, the decisive act? Who possesses the power of consecration, and can it be lost or become inoperative? Such questions as these were burning ones in the Middle Ages when the strife concerning investitures was raging between the Popes and the emperors. Here, again, it is evident that many Protestants have not escaped the "corruption that is in the" Roman Catholic Church "through lust." Nor is it alone the so-called High Church churches that are in this condition. One may allow with Wesley that for the sake of order it is desirable to limit the power of ordination to certain persons specially designated to perform that duty; but it must occur to all thoughtful persons that the habit of demanding such strenuous effort to secure a properly authorized person to perform the rite is in danger of leading to the doctrine that only when properly authorized is ordination valid. In reality, the ordination of any one to the ministry is, from the Protestant standpoint, only a means of securing orderly procedure, and it does not matter at all who performs the ceremony. A larger variety of ways of going about the matter of ordination should be provided, that no unnecessary delays may be made. In other words, ordination is made too much of by many Protestant churches. The sooner a right understanding of the real meaning of the act, the sooner will the truly Protestant churches be strong to resist the claims of those which lean strongly toward Romanism.

**Das Kreuz Christi und das Moderne Denken** (The Cross of Christ and Modern Thought). By Paul Mezger. Basel, Helbing & Lichtenhahn 1907. An uncommonly thoughtful and in many respects helpful book is this, notwithstanding its formal departure from strict orthodoxy. The author makes the frank admission that in the sense that the cross represents the great redeeming act of a gracious God the idea of the cross can take no hold upon a mind imbued with the modern monistic world view. Nevertheless, the modern man has needs not met by his monistic conception of things. He is in himself torn with inner contradictions, but he can be set free from his bitter experiences by the saving fact of the cross of Christ, which at once alarms and sets the conscience at rest, and gives him the experience of the forgiveness of sin, of life and blessedness, even in and in spite of the judgment. But such an experience is not possible to a science which looks upon the death of Christ as that of a martyr. Such an emptying of the significance of the cross, furthermore, robs the teaching of Jesus concerning the Fatherhood of God of its sure support. But in fact, says our author, the final settlement of the significance of the cross is not to be sought in modern science nor in the monistic world view, but in modern thought, for which Kant prepared a new way. To Kant we are indebted for the cognition that in no case is a world view a question of theoretical knowledge but always a question of faith. 'If a world view is measured as to its worth, its practical reasonableness, by the measure of satisfaction it affords to the human personality and to human society, then it must be affirmed that the Christian world view, with its doctrine of a supermundane, personal God, whose nature is love, stands infinitely above every other world view, even the modern monistic. The actual experiences of the operation of the person of Jesus in a receptive soul are of such a kind that his disciples from the beginning until the present time find it right and even necessary to look upon Jesus as the perfect personal revelation of God, and therefore to place him by the side of God as an object of their faith. This judgment of Christian experience corresponds to Christ's own self estimate of his person and calling as described in the synoptic Gospels. Whenever this lofty estimate of Christ fails in the case of any student of history, the failure is due to the overmastering influence of the modern view of the world. But we are freed from such an unsatisfactory conception of Jesus, such an underestimate of a purely religio-historical judgment, by recurrence to modern thought, which teaches us that even the modern world view is not an established certainty but a faith, and, indeed, a faith less valuable than the Christian. On the other hand, modern thought, by pointing out the insurmountable limitations of the knowledge of the world in which we live, forbids the confusion of the world view, the faith, whatever it may be, with scientific knowledge. So that the cross of Christ can and does have its meaning to the man of modern thought, though not, perhaps, to all who arrogate to themselves the rank of modern thinkers. The great little book closes with the development of three points which are taught by the cross. First, the cross of Christ as the conclusion and crown of his earthly life is the perfect revelation of the love of God to man. Second, it is the birthplace of a new humanity well-

pleasing to God, and Jesus, the crucified, as the author and finisher of the faith, is the creator and was the second Adam of this new humanity. Third, the cross of Christ marks the infinite judgment passed upon sin. It would be difficult to find in the same number of pages so much that is thoroughly sound and satisfactory anywhere else. In reality, it is not only a defense of the Christian view of the world but it is a powerful and effective refutation of the monistic world view, which, because it takes into account only a part of the phenomena necessary to a complete induction, gives us a one-sided conception of things. The time is rapidly approaching when a more comprehensive doctrine will establish everywhere the Christian faith.

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## RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

**A Serious Situation in Bremen.** A few years ago Pastor Kalthoff, of Bremen, published a book in which he disputed the historical existence of Jesus. The views of the book he had previously promulgated and later continued to promulgate with all the force of his personality. The result was so startling that in a few years he had won over two other pastors in Bremen, and these three, with their congregations, had broken with the church completely. About the same time it was that the Hardalist societies began to be organized for the practice and propagation of the monistic faith, and the three Bremen congregations came over to this faith. Soon, however, Kalthoff died and many thought that the movement would die out; but it now appears that no abatement of zeal was caused by the death of the leader. It is now proposed to establish a new quarterly magazine, which is to be devoted to the task of opposing and overthrowing the new cult, which has friends neither among the liberals nor the conservatives.

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**English-American Revivals in Berlin.** Gradually it is dawning upon the German people that England and America can teach them something in religious affairs. Already there is a measure of discussion in the German religious press with reference to this matter. But actual facts are doing far more than discussion to spur the minds of a rather self-contented population. Even the revival methods of the great English-speaking nations are effective in Berlin. Recently a large room in a factory was rented by evangelists for Sunday and evening meetings and evangelistic services begun. These were not, indeed, attended by the more educated classes; but laborers, shopgirls, street car men, and many others from the same walks in life flocked to hear the gospel preached. Many of them went, after a day of hard toil, direct to the hall without first going home for their suppers. Comments on the somewhat remarkable phenomenon are, on the whole, to the effect that for the masses an educated ministry, such as is found in Germany, is ineffective; and a sharp comparison to the discredit of the clergy is drawn between them and the foreign uneducated preachers.

## GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

A LIFELONG student and teacher of literature who has been for ten years an invalid, cut off for the most part from ordinary activities, seldom able to leave his home, seeing but few people, passing much of his time in solitude, and thus thrown upon his own resources for occupying his mind, finds books to be his chief recourse. Of this he writes as follows:

"Under these conditions, which approach quite too near those of the desert island, who are my favorite authors? After doing my best to estimate the facts correctly, I am convinced that Shakespeare and Milton are more to me than any other—yes, than all other authors combined. They satisfy most completely my varying moods. Fortunately, I am so familiar with their works that I do not have to read them, but can recall characters, scenes, and passages almost at will; and the same is true of several other writers. So as I sit alone, Sir Toby and Jaques are my club companions. In my happier moments, Perdita and Florizel, Rosalind and Orlando, and the cheerful pictures from L'Allegro serve as a perpetual delight. In my more serious moods, when the harder problems of human conduct perplex me, Shakespeare and Milton give more help toward a solution satisfactory to myself than any other writers I know. Where else is there so wise a criticism of life? Where else such high standards for human action? In Brutus, in Hamlet as I conceive him, in Cordelia, and in the Lady in Comus I find incentives toward the highest things of which man is capable. If the burden of life becomes too heavy, I gain courage never to submit or yield from Samson Agonistes. And in the deep despondency of my broken and blasted life I find nowhere more solace than in the passage of Lycidas beginning, 'Alas! what boots it.' These two authors, therefore, are my chief sources of pleasure, of intellectual interest, of endurance, and of consolation. They respond to my best moods and contribute to my sorest needs. How should they not be my favorites? Asked why I value Milton and Shakespeare more highly than you seem to think most people do, I should say that it is probably because I know them better. The casual reader knows little more of the great dramatist than may be learned from Lamb's Tales. I have studied my favorites until their works are pregnant with what seems to me deep meaning. It matters little whether I have got this meaning from the works, or have read it into them; for me the meaning is there. Moreover, I have reflected on this meaning until it seems of almost world-wide application. So, persuaded by my own experience, I hold with Matthew Arnold that he who seeks the most and best from literature will find it only in the works of the greatest authors. If he fail to find it, is it not largely his own fault?"

The Congregationalist is neither a review nor a magazine, but the Rev. Austin Rice writing in it about "The Pastor as a Spiritual Physician" says some things which may interest our readers:

"The pastor ideally is the spiritual physician of his people; but in a

multitude of cases he has ceased to be that. A century ago 'the cure of souls' formed the chief part of the labors of the minister. His pastoral calls were for religious consultation. He was allowed the freedom of the home, because, like the doctor, he came to meet an actual need. Today he calls as the executive head of a Christian organization, to make friends for the church, or to plan some useful activity. Much of such calling is helpful, particularly on the sick or the stranger. Doubtless the organizations require a leader. But too often the pastor feels that his calls are merely social. In prodding careless committees he becomes little better than an errand boy, while, so far as helpful religious consultations are concerned, he might as well have been the tin peddler! How he envies Peter, that bold man, who refused point blank to serve tables.

"Several years ago I sent to about a dozen representative pastors in the State of Washington these questions: What proportion of your calls are for (*a*) personal religious consultation? (*b*) business? (*c*) social purposes? The replies indicated: For social purposes, three sixths; for business, two sixths; for religious consultation, only one sixth. The largest proportion for religious purposes was given by a Welsh pastor who answered, 'One third.' The smallest was about one in twenty. The second question was, In what proportion of your calls are you asked to offer prayer? The answers were: 'Small,' 'Very small,' 'Infinitesimal,' 'One in a thousand million.' Nearly all agreed that except among the aged, or in cases of sickness and sorrow, no prayer was expected. Many felt that attempts to lead the conversation toward prayer or personal religion were avoided by their parishioners. Another question brought out the fact that the ministers, with practical unanimity, deplored the disproportionate time given to the social and administrative sides of the pastorate. One man declared: 'The person who starts another organization ought to be shot!' A longing was expressed for a return to the earlier conception of the pastor as spiritual counselor.

"A decade ago ministers were somewhat embarrassed by a feeling that their aid as Christian physicians was not welcomed. Indeed, not ten years ago a great religious newspaper declared: 'What the people want of a minister is not what they want of a doctor. Of the doctor they want counsel; of the minister they want enthusiasm.' A New England college president declared with prophetic foresight: 'Men consult a doctor because they know he can heal them. They do not feel the same assurance that the minister can heal their souls.' According to his questions, 'the church should collect definite case books, and so enable the pastor to give tested spiritual prescriptions.' His view, picturesquely stated, was this: 'If we went to a physician and he said, "Sir, you suffer from disease. You need vigor, life," we should at once call him a quack. Yet for spiritual disorders the minister is as vague. He says to all: "You suffer from sin. You need salvation, life."' But, according to the college president, the pastor, after examination, ought to be definite: 'Sir, your disease is stinginess. Give not only from your income, but your principal' (Mark 10. 21). 'Madam, you suffer from morbid introspection. Take outdoor exercise and visit the needy.' 'Young man, you suffer from a weak backbone. Take regular gymnastic drill in confes-

sions of Christ, and an internal dose of Christian biography.' The opinion is plausible. To be sure, when physicians are laying stress on fresh air, diet, and exercise, the minister may not have been so ridiculous when he insisted on a general purification and toning up of the moral constitution. Where the sin directly affects the health, as in cases of vice, we shall soon have worked out the wisest remedies. But there are other consultations. The minister, or often his wife, is sometimes asked, in cases of real brutality, concerning the rightfulness and wisdom of a separation or a divorce. What has experience shown to be the wise answer? When a young man has fallen into bad company and evil habits, is it best for him to stay in his home town, and live down his past, or should we advise him to try a fresh start in a new place? When the pastor is asked, or wishes to supply devotional reading, where can he put his hand quickly on literature suited to a particular age, temperament, or need? Doubts as to the Bible, prayer, the divinity of Jesus, form a common spiritual trouble. Is there any standard specific, or what are the best restoratives? Questions of minor casuistry, such as amusements, tithing, or Sabbath observance, arise repeatedly. How shall these be met? When a man begins to be affected with the first symptoms of an 'ism' how can we utilize in broad channels his increased enthusiasm, while lessening the tendency toward fanaticism and eccentricity? But the reluctance of people to consult their ministers is not wholly because they distrust our skill. Men and women are diffident about introducing personal matters. They wait for the pastor to make such opportunities easy and natural. Far too often our mistaken modesty fails to furnish such opportunities.

"A prominent Methodist layman of Michigan wrote to his church paper, a few years ago, stating that he had been a member of that church thirty years; that he had entertained ministers repeatedly at his home, including 'the best pastors' of two Conferences. 'Yet, except for blessing at the table and family worship, no minister has ever prayed in my home.' And though he had been consulted on almost every other topic of church work he says: 'In that entire time no man, with one exception, has ever said one word to me about my spiritual life. I have practically never been approached upon this subject, and there have been times when such conversation would have been of the greatest blessing to me.' Not long ago, in a small town near Boston, a man of eighty-three years united with a church of which he had been a regular attendant half his life, during which time no pastor had ever invited him to take this stand. But when at last asked to do so, he thought the matter over for a few days, and then gladly consented, saying, with simple earnestness: 'Perhaps it will bring me a little closer!' I do not believe that such instances are typical of ministerial neglect. In this they must be exceptional. But they surely indicate that many may be wistfully wondering why a tactful opportunity is not made for them to speak about their spiritual burdens. Early last winter the pastor of a large western church awoke to the conviction that there were many business and professional men whom he ought to approach concerning the spiritual value to themselves and to others of a definite Christian confession. Prayerfully he made out a list of over thirty such. Choosing a favorable time he talked

with each; was cordially welcomed, with the result that all but two saw the worth of such a step and promised to unite with the church. We are planning another season of work for the Master. Is there any service that will bring greater returns to our Lord, or richer joy to ourselves, than for us to take up steadfastly this supreme mission of the pastor as the physician of the souls of his people?"

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In a recent number of The London Quarterly we find the following by E. Theodore Carrier on the question as to "What Japan Reads Today": "After centuries of seclusion the Japanese have suddenly changed their modes of life and come into line with civilized nations. That the pendulum of their thought and action should have swung so rapidly, and over such a wide arc of vibration, is a striking phenomenon. Writing in a Tokio magazine, Inazo Nitobe traces it 'not to a radical metamorphosis in the cellular tissue of our race'—indeed he playfully complains of foreign students of Volkerpsychologie who find the Japanese fit objects of analysis and dissection. His explanation is that up to 1868 Confucius was the head master of Japan, and the Buddhist priests his understudies. With the removal of these adverse conditions their inherent force found expression, and the 'spring-uprush' of national activity was a growth, not a graft; a pullulation, not a generation. We are not of those who have regarded Japan as a pleasure park for European excursionists, and its mission that of supplying our homes with quaint specimens of art; yet we confess a gentle regret that its delicate underworld of sylphs and fairies should disappear before the genii of chemistry and militarism. An attempt is being made to revive Shintoism. Retired professors of Confucianism are offering to reoccupy the chairs of moral instruction. Tokiwo Yokoi ridicules this movement as futile, and alien to the national instinct. That these venerable professors of an exhausted cult should sit in rooms fitted with the newest scientific apparatus and teach eager-faced youths whose minds are full of the latest theories in physics and biology is to him 'the last word of obscurantism.' Four years ago the present writer called attention in Liverpool to the value of Japanese scientific literature. Translations of Professor Nagaska's Researches in Magnetism, and Japanese treatises on the higher mathematics and physics are now studied in the university. On the other hand, Spencer, Darwin, and Tyndall are translated into Japanese and widely read. Among modern political writers we may mention the Marquis Ito, whose Constitution is the text-book on political economy. Tokutomi's Japan of the Future has passed through five editions in two years. Mr. Tokutomi is a Christian, and he believes that 'the succession of human events manifests the reign of divine law. The good gives way to the better, and the unjust is overcome by the just.' A writer of a different type is Mr. Ukita, professor of history and philosophy. He is the center of the new Asian movement. He resents 'the contumely thrown upon the Eastern races,' as shown in their exclusion from America and our colonies. His policy is to unify the peoples of the East, that at some propitious moment 'they may stand together on the

principle of Asia for the Asiatics, and put an end for ever to the execrable European system of plunder and tyranny.' Poetry pervades Japan like a golden atmosphere. It is unlike any other. It is natural imagery, sweet sentiment, generous emotion, lofty desire. It is light, music, soul, and must not be mingled with elements less fine. Like the single stroke of a temple bell, the perfect Japanese poem sets undulating in the soul a succession of tremulous aftertones. General Kuroki's 'Swan' is known and quoted everywhere. The Mikado writes excellent poetry. His 'Prayer' is faultless in form, but it is difficult to express in English verse its liquid sonances:

O God! who dwellest in the realm of purest light,
In Essence, Substance, and in Intellect divine,
The Lord unique of Time and Space; yet from that height
Supernal, condescends to rule both me and mine,
To thee I come for shelter from all human guilt;
Protect thou me from penalties of sin; and wilt
Thou lave me from my life's impurities. I dare
To ask a gracious answer to my lowly prayer.

The chief modern novelists of Japan are Yano, Sudo Nansui, and Gensai Murai. Murai's historical novel on the war (Tears of Blood) has had a wonderful popularity. Latterly his books have taken a more didactic turn. 'How to make homes happy, to rebuke social evils, and to save the people from them,' is his aim. His *Sake-Doraku* (Drink Pleasures), 1902, is a strong temperance story. Thirty editions of his *Kui-Doraku* (Home Pleasures), 1903, were sold in six months. The spirit of his teaching is 'Bushido,' the soul of honor, and 'Kakugo,' which means fidelity in duty, simplicity in life, fearlessness in death. In *Hana* his hero is on board a torpedo boat. The deadly tube is launched. The Russian ironclad reels. Excited by their success, his men begin to cheer. 'Don't cheer, boys,' he cries; 'we have done our duty, but eight hundred men are about to die. Bushido, kakugo.' And this represents the spirit of Japan. A relentless accomplishment of the purpose in view mingled with a sweet and grave seriousness. Taken as a whole, their modern literature exemplifies this. Volcanic forces underlie external impassiveness. Beneath the simple is the abysmal. Their manners are gentle, their speech soft and musical; but there are the iron jaw, the clamped lips, the brow of the fanatically resolute. It may be that Japan will yet be christianized. If so, this people, who carry loyalty and personal sacrifice to the supremest point, will become the grandest missionary force of the future."

## BOOK NOTICES

### RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

*Supposition and Certainty.* By Rev. J. Stuart Holden, M.A. 12mo, pp. 158. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

The author of "The Spirit of Life," "The Price of Power," and "Fullness of Life" has delivered at Keswick and Northfield and elsewhere these twelve practical addresses, each one having a text. The first address gives to the book its title, the text being, "But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey," taken from the account of the leaving behind in Jerusalem of the twelve-year-old Jesus by his parents. The point is that many people go unconcernedly on their way carelessly "supposing" Christ to be somewhere in their company, when really they have left him by their own acts and attitudes. Here is part of what Mr. Holden says: "It has been told of a great pianist that he confessed to some of his admirers that he practiced eight hours every day. When they expressed some surprise that such continued practice should be necessary in the case of one who had attained to his eminence, he said something like this to them: 'If I ceased to practice for one day, I myself should be aware of it. If I ceased to practice for two days, my friends who know me best would be aware of it. And if I ceased to practice for three days, the whole world would know of it.' And there is a sense in which we are the first ones to know of our own secret heart-declension. Conscience as a compass needle always points with brutal frankness toward truth, and tells us unmistakably when we are out of communion and are merely *supposing* that Christ is with us. But while it is true that, like the pianist, we are the first ones to know of our own shortcoming in this matter, it is also true that oftentimes we are willfully blind to the fact of declension, while others whose eyes have been anointed with divine eye-salve see and grieve over it. It is true that as Christian workers we often go on preaching the same sermons, engaging in the same round of duties, busied with all kinds of activity, 'supposing him to be in the company'; but he is not, for something has happened between us and him, which has made it impossible for him to be with us on the same old terms." Discovering that he was not with them, Joseph and Mary turned back to find him, and "they found him and he went with them." To regain his companionship they had to confess, "we have lost him, and we had best go back, for what is life itself apart from him?" And they had to stop their journey, and leave their traveling companions, and make it the supreme object of life to find him. After three days they found him. Where? In the temple where, a few days before, they had been offering their vows to God. And it is in the temple, in the place of prayer and worship, that the lost Christ is most likely to be recovered. And then

"he went with them," and they resumed life's journey, not "supposing" him to be with them, but *knowing* that he was with them. Blessed certainty instead of supposition. "But there is one thing that Mary never forgot throughout her whole life; which was that out of that brief life of his, she had lost four days. I think the consciousness of her loss must have been like a sword piercing her heart. Four whole days! How many of his sayings she might have had to treasure up in her heart if those four days had been spent with him! Nothing could ever atone for them, for nothing could give to her what she had missed." The second address is based on the parable of the potter and his wheel and the vessel that was marred and had to be remade. (Jer. 18. 1-6.) The address begins thus: "There is a story told in French history of a horseman who, leaving the field of battle with dispatches, was pursued by those who sought his life. His horse, however, was fleeter than theirs, and he drew away from them into safety. Just as he thought himself to be clear of them, he became aware that a buckle in his harness was broken, that the girth of his saddle was being loosened, and his safety consequently imperiled. He was faced with this proposition: 'Shall I try to outdistance my pursuers despite the broken buckle, and risk it, or shall I stop and use some of these precious moments I have gained, in seeking to put my harness right?' His life depended upon the answer, and deciding in a moment as to his wisest and safest course, he dismounted and effected the repair, though ere he had completed the task his pursuers were almost upon him. Hastily remounting, he spurred his horse, and by its fleetness outdistanced them and was saved. It was economy of time, even when the foe seemed to be upon him, to readjust that which was a nearer danger than even his enemies. It is, too, our truest spiritual economy to spend time and strength in the mending of broken buckles, and on this account I offer to you this message—the story of *the prophet, the potter, and the pitcher.*" We cannot give consecutively the exposition and application, but must quote the following: "Notice that in the parable the vessel though marred was still '*in the hand of the potter.*' That is, the potter had not discarded it altogether. If this is a story of a frustrated purpose, it is also a picture of a triumphant and patient love, of a long-suffering God, who will not be thwarted in his ideals, not even by our own willful transgressions. There is deep mystery in this; for if it had been anyone but God with whom we have to deal we should have been cast off long ago. If he had been any other than the tender, loving Christ, we should have heen cast away long ere this. A man said to me recently: 'I want you to explain to me the mystery of the choice of Judas. Why did Christ bear with Judas for three years?' I replied: 'My friend, I have never had any time to think about the case of Judas, because for the last fifteen or sixteen years at least I have been pondering the mystery of Christ's choice of me, and why he bears with me. That is the greatest mystery to me, and far greater than any mystery concerning Judas.' The man who knows his heart, and who reads rightly the record in his own life of the love and patience of God with him, is always singing some such song as this:

"How thou canst think so well of me,
Yet be the God thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.

"Ay, it is a mystery, this tender patience of his; but, blessed be God, marred vessels though we be, we are still in the hand of the Potter, and it is that hand which has the mark of the nail in it." This also is added: "One of our great Scotch novelists—the greatest in the thinking of some of us—George Macdonald, put these words into the mouth of one of his characters who had been buffeted by inexplicable circumstances, and who, complaining to a friend about the hardness of her life, said in anger: 'O, I would to God I had never been made.' 'Why,' replied her friend, 'my dear child, you are not made yet; you are only being made, and you are quarreling with God's processes.' We are not in a state of being yet, we are only in a state of becoming. The wheel is whirling, and God is making the best out of the material that we have to bring to him—these poor marred vessels." In the next address Mr. Holden considers the divine program for our lives. He asks: "Why did Christ die for me? What is the great purpose of God in giving Jesus Christ, his Son, to be the Saviour of the world and my Saviour? Has this purpose been fulfilled in me? If not, why not? And why not today?" These questions are answered scripturally. 1 (1 Pet. 3. 18). "He died . . . *that he might bring us to God*" from whom we have wandered. "There is a story of Mr. Moody, who, when speaking to a large crowd in the Hippodrome at Chicago during the great World's Fair, was interrupted in his sermon on the prodigal son by the crying of a little child. He stopped immediately and said: 'What's the matter with that child?' Somebody said: 'She's lost!' 'Very well, bring her up to me.' The little child was brought up without delay, and Mr. Moody, taking her into his arms and holding her up, said: 'Does this child belong to anybody in this place?' A man shouted: 'Yes, she's mine!' 'Well, come and fetch her.' The man came up, and then with one of his characteristic flashes of spiritual genius, Mr. Moody turned to the audience, and said, as he put the child back into her father's arms: 'This is just what Jesus Christ died to do—to take up lost bairns and put them back into their Father's arms.' And that, I take it, has already been your experience and mine. This further question then, 'For what purpose have I been picked up by Jesus Christ and put back into my Father's arms?' we may answer in one word—that I may be made in some degree, and that an ever-increasing degree, like unto the One who has picked me up at such tremendous cost." 2 (Rom. 14. 9). "To this end Christ . . . died . . . *that he might be Lord both of the dead and of the living.*" That is, he seeks to be not only Saviour but Sovereign; not only to redeem us from self and sin, but to master and control and guide our entire lives. Those who profess, "I believe," must of necessity go on to say, "and because I believe, I belong." Self-surrender is a condition for possessing him. "I am my Lord's and he is mine," is the formula of the union between the soul and its Saviour. 3 (Titus 2. 14).

"Gave himself for us, *that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works.*" Then the question is: "Is this purpose of the death of Christ being fulfilled to any extent in your life? Are you being redeemed from all iniquity—from lying, from dishonesty, from envy, from uncharitableness, from impurity of deed, word, and thought, and from all manner of unholy and unworthy living? And are you zealous of good works, refraining scrupulously from all evil and questionable works and ways?" 4 (Gal. 1. 4). "*That he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God.*" On which there is this comment: "This purpose of bringing us out into a life of absolute separation from the world is echoed and reiterated throughout the whole Bible. I am not certain that the time has not come, when the old message which urged men to 'come out and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing' needs to be proclaimed anew, and with no uncertain sound. The old line of demarcation between the church and the world has been obliterated by the footprints of those who have crossed it in violation of the Word of the Lord. The world has eaten into the church, and the cancerous roots of worldliness have spread everywhere. Aud as with the church, so with the individual. O, the worldly Christians called by the name of Christ, yet living for the glory of the world! Called by the name of Christ, and yet money has got a far greater grip upon them than Jesus Christ has! Called by the name of Christ, and yet the world's methods and policy have a far greater power in determining the fashion of their lives than the Lord Jesus Christ has! Does that bring glory to God?" 5 (2 Cor. 5. 15). "He died for all, *that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him.*" The comment is this: "This is a shifting of the center of the circle of our lives from self to Christ, in such wise as that henceforth we live not to please or gratify or minister unto ourselves, but always to do 'the things that please him.' That is practically what the reign of Christ means in the soul, that is practically what obedience to Jesus Christ means—living 'unto him.' Yes, and that principle must be applied to all the details of conduct, so that, whether we eat or drink, we do it 'unto him'—every action, every attitude, every thought, every word, every pursuit, 'unto him.' This is the divine touchstone by which we may test that which is not right nor seemly nor befitting in the Christian life. Is there aught of social custom in your home which you cannot honestly describe as 'unto Christ'? Then, in his name, drop it at once. Is there that in your business which cannot be truly said to be done as 'unto him'? Then renounce it from this day. 'Let everyone that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity,' for we are called to live 'unto him.'" 6 (1 Thess. 5. 10). "Who died for us, *that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him.*" Fellowship with Christ is a necessity for religious living. Only by living with him do we find the power for living unto him. Such fellowship is not optional on our part but obligatory. It is the call of the cross. Perhaps this call forces some of us to acknowledge that the kind of life we are living and the way we are going make it utterly impossible for Christ to live with

us. To such we say: Count the cost of a God-revised life, and make room for Christ in your life. 7 (Gal. 3. 13, 14). "*That we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith.*" Has the ideal presented seemed too high for you? Does the mountain peak of holiness excite your desires, but mock your efforts? Well, God promises the spirit of power and the power of the Spirit. "Here is God's dynamic to meet God's desire, the power of God to perform the purposes of God in our lives. The cross is the fountain, if I may so call it reverently, of the fullness of the Holy Ghost. It is because of the cross, and because he was there made a curse for us, and because he now is the risen glorified Lord and hath received of the Father the fullness of the Holy Ghost, which he hath shed forth upon his church, that you and I may be filled with that same blessed Spirit of power. '*That we might receive the promise of the Spirit by faith.*' Then the impossible becomes possible, and then that which we see as God's demand upon us becomes gloriously simple as he lives out his life in surrendered souls." Here is a hit about submitting heart and life to Christ's control: "Measureless are the possibilities of your life, but all will be lost should you refuse their control and development and glory to Jesus Christ. There was in Germany a village organist, who one day was practicing on the organ of the church a piece by that master of music, Mendelssohn. He was not playing it very well, and a stranger stole into the church and sat in a back pew in the dim darkness. He saw the imperfections of the organist's performance, and when the latter had ceased playing and was preparing to depart, the stranger made bold to go to him and say: 'Sir, would you allow me to play for a little?' The man said gruffly: 'Certainly not! I never allow anybody to touch the organ but myself.' 'I should be so glad if you would allow me the privilege.' Again the man made a gruff refusal. The third time the appeal was allowed, but most ungraciously. The stranger sat down, pulled out the stops, and on that same instrument began to play, but with what a difference! He played the same piece, but with wonderful beauty; it was just as if the whole place were filled with heavenly music. The organist looked askance and said: 'Who are you?' With modesty, the stranger replied: 'My name is Mendelssohn.' 'What!' said the man, now covered with mortification, 'did I refuse *you* permission to play on my organ?' And that is what many of us are doing with Jesus Christ. He wants to take the instrument of your life, and to bring out therefrom the wonderful harmony of 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' Will you let him do it? 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors,' in surrender to your blessed Lord, 'and the King of Glory shall come in,' and come in forever." Here is an illustration of the perils of worldliness: "We find that Samson voluntarily descends into an unspiritual atmosphere. I do not mean to say that a man who is filled with the Spirit of God will not have to go right into the midst of worldliness sometimes. He will; but the man who goes there by God's appointment, and with God, is like the Hebrew child walking through the fire, even the smell of it does not fall upon him. But the man who goes down into the

world for the gratification of his lusts, or even the gratification of his æsthetic senses and tastes—that man is in a fair way to become a backslider. I remember once having a plant given to me—I did not know much about plants—and I kept it in my room where there were two or three gas jets. By and by the plant began to sicken and wither and almost to die. Somebody came into my room and commented upon the unlovely appearance of the dying plant. 'Do you know anything about plants?' I said, 'because I have watered this regularly and I do not know why it should die.' He looked at it and said, 'Do you burn this gas at night?' 'Yes.' 'Do you leave the plant there?' 'Yes.' 'Well, that is the reason. An atmosphere of coal gas is bad for plants; it is killing it.' The spiritual life is like a plant, very sensitive to an atmosphere. If God sends you into the atmosphere of the world, he will be with you, and it shall not have an evil effect upon you; but if you go there for the purpose of pleasure, for gratification of your own tastes—your musical tastes, your literary tastes, your sporting instincts—it will not be very long before it is said of you, with some degree of truth, 'He wist not that the Spirit of the Lord was departed from him.'" Following is a bit on the call to follow Christ: "'Follow thou me,' says Jesus. The possibility of your life, which is greater than you can ever conceive, can never be realized until you find him and follow him. I remember that years ago there was a young man in the University of Cambridge who walked up and down a great avenue of old elm trees, facing out in the darkness of a summer night the problem which this call of Jesus Christ presented to him. At the time he saw nothing more involved in his answer to Christ than his own personal salvation and blessing. There was a struggle going on, for possibly the 'prince of the power of the air' saw much farther than the young man saw. He saw what depended upon that man's getting into right attitude with Jesus, and sought to thwart it. But Christ conquered, and he went back to his college a saved man, a man who had put his hand into the hand of Christ and had said, 'Lord, I will.' After a brilliant college course and an equally brilliant term of work in one of our large schools, where he left the impress of Jesus Christ upon the bright young lives of the boys there committed to his charge, he heard the Lord Jesus say, 'Let us go over to the other side,' and lovingly and obediently he went forward with him to what was then an almost unevangelized tract of country in British East Africa. There he lived and labored but for a few years, and then went home. But that man's life was the seed and secret of what has perhaps been the mightiest missionary revival since Pentecost—I mean the great revival in Uganda. That man was George Lawrence Pilkington. He did not know that night, as he faced the imperious claim of Jesus Christ, what was involved in his answer, but he who called him knew, and by the decision for Jesus Christ which he was enabled then to make, almost countless souls have got to know him whom to know is life eternal. For God's sake, for Christ's sake, for the sake of a dying and a half-lost world, I pray you hearken afresh to the call of Jesus Christ, 'Follow thou me.' Take this general invitation and convert it into the personal resolu-

tion, 'Lord, I will!' Take the past and leave it with him. Take the present and put it into his pierced hand. Take the future and let him lead you through it step by step, hour by hour. '*And he that followeth me*,' saith Jesus, '*shall have the light of life*.'" And, finally, we quote this on deciding to follow Christ and fight for him: "In 1745, when Prince Charlie landed and set up his standard at Glenfillan, one of the chiefs, Cameron of Lochiel, thought he saw that the enterprise was hopeless, defeat was certain, and that he would go and reason with the prince. His brother said to him: 'Go not near the prince; let him have your views in writing, but go not near him, for so fascinating is the power of his person that he will toss your mind like a feather in the wind, and you will be unable to do what you wish.' However, Cameron would not be dissuaded, so he went to the prince, and expostulated with him as to the hopelessness of the enterprise. The prince, looking him straight in the face, said to him: 'My father hath often told me how that Lochiel, in the days gone by, has done brave deeds for his king. But tomorrow the standard will be raised and you will go to your home, and at your fireside will learn the fortunes or fate of your prince.' Then the chieftain was roused, and said: 'The standard will be raised, and I will be there, and every man of my clan will pour out his blood to the last drop for his prince.' Is it not so with our blessed Prince? Has he no fascination for us? Shall he go alone to travail again, to yearn over a world which knows him not, because we refuse to go with him in the enterprise? Hearken once again, 'It becometh us to fulfill all righteousness.' Shall we not respond, 'My blessed Saviour, since thou goest into the conflict, I go also; and by the power of thy grace my life shall ever be thine'?" These addresses have proved impressive and powerful to multitudes on both sides of the Atlantic.

*The Fullness of the Gospel.* By D. L. Moody. 12mo, pp. 128. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, 50 cents, net.

Part of the secret of Moody's power lies open on these pages—scripturalness, positiveness, aptness of homely illustration; but his burly figure, his businesslike address, his air of firm conviction, his blood-earnestness, his glowing fervor, his tremendous and sustained energy of delivery—these can scarcely be imagined by those who never heard him or who did not hear him at his best. Here are twelve brief addresses on such gospel themes as "Redemption From Sin," "The Great Deliverer," "Repentance," "The Atonement," "Regeneration," "Assurance," "Faith," "Hope," "Love," "Heaven." Moody's library was not large, but it was great. He read chiefly two books, the Bible and Human Nature and Life. These he knew by heart, and he was powerful in bringing the Bible to bear directly on the hearts of men, which is the preacher's business. In the Christmas address (from Luke 2. 10, 11) on "The Great Deliverer," Mr. Moody tells of hearing Dr. Andrew Bonar say that although it was a mystery to him how sin and evil should have come into the world, it was a still greater mystery how God should have come here to bear the

penalty of it himself. This is one of his illustrations: "After the battle of Murfreesboro in our Civil War, as a member of the Christian Commission I was stationed in the hospital. For two nights I had been unable to get any rest, and being really worn out, on the third night I lay down to sleep. About midnight I was called to see a wounded soldier, who was very low. At first I tried to put the messenger off, but he told me that if I waited it might be too late in the morning. I went to the ward where I had been directed, and found the man who had sent for me. I shall never forget his face as I saw it that night in the dim, uncertain candlelight. I asked what I could do for him, and he said that he wanted me to 'help him die.' I told him I would bear him in my arms into the kingdom of God if I could, but I couldn't, and then I tried to preach the gospel. He only shook his head and said: 'He can't save me; I have sinned all my life.' My thoughts went back to his loved ones in the North, and I thought that even then his mother might be praying for her boy. I repeated promise after promise, and prayed with the dying man, but nothing I said seemed to help him. Then I said that I wanted to read to him an account of an interview which Christ had one night, while here on earth, with a man who was anxious about his eternal welfare, and I read the third chapter of John, how Nicodemus came to the Master. As I read on, his eyes became riveted upon me, and he seemed to drink in every syllable. When I came to the words, 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life' (John 3. 14, 15), he stopped me and asked: 'Is that there?' 'Yes,' I said. 'Well,' he said, 'I never knew that was in the Bible. Read it again.' Leaning his elbows on the side of the cot he brought his hands together in a firm grasp, and when I finished he exclaimed: 'That's good. Won't you read it again?' Slowly I repeated the passage for the third time. When I finished I saw that his eyes were closed, and the troubled expression on his face had given way to a peaceful smile. His lips moved, and I bent over to catch what he was saying, and heard in a faint whisper: '"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life."' He opened his eyes and said: 'That's enough; don't read any more.' Early next morning I again came to his cot, but it was empty. Turning to the attendant in charge, I asked if the young man had died peacefully, and he told me that after my visit he had rested quietly, repeating to himself, now and then, that glorious proclamation of liberty to the captive: 'Whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.'" In his address on "The Atonement," Mr. Moody says: "We are are not only redeemed by the atoning blood, but it is the means of drawing us nearer to God and nearer to one another. This is Paul's message to the Ephesians: 'But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.' There is no power which so unites men as the doctrine of the atonement. Under its influence there are no masses nor classes; nationalities are forgotten, and we realize the

only genuine brotherhood of man in its acceptance. I remember Dr. Kirk, of Boston, saying that when he came to Christ there was an Irishman on one side of him and a Negro on the other, but beneath the shadow of the cross and under the atoning blood they became brothers in Christ." He uses the following illustration: "A story is told of a man on trial for his life. Friends at court, however, had procured a pardon for him from the king, who had commanded that on no account was the trial to be influenced by his clemency. The law was to have its full course, and in case the prisoner was condemned the pardon might be used. When at last the jury returned a verdict of guilty, the prisoner showed the utmost indifference, and when the judge pronounced sentence of death he expressed the horror they had all felt at the callous indifference which the prisoner had manifested throughout the trial. But as they were about to take the condemned man back to his cell, he drew from his breast the royal pardon and walked out a free man. It was the consciousness of what he had that gave the prisoner boldness. Thus it is that we too have 'boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus'" (Heb. 10. 19). In Mr. Moody's address on "Regeneration," this illustration is given: "We might expect that God would make such conditions as he deemed best for entrance to his kingdom. But the only one that is imposed is one that is, in itself, an absolute necessity. I do not believe that an unregenerate man could endure heaven. If here a man cannot enter into Christian worship, he will not enjoy it hereafter. If here a man hates godly people, he will not love them beyond this world. Death will never change the moral character. If a soul is not regenerated on this side of the grave, be assured that there will never be any fellowship with those who are pure in heart. Heaven, as some one has said, is a prepared place, for a prepared people. A Methodist minister, on his way to a camp meeting, through some mistake took passage on the wrong boat. He found that instead of being bound for a religious gathering, he was on his way to a horse-race. His fellow-passengers were betting and discussing the events, and the whole atmosphere was foreign to his nature. He besought the captain that he would stop his boat and let him off at the first landing, as the surroundings were so distasteful to him. The story also goes on to relate how, on the same occasion, a sporting man, intending to go to the races, by some mistake found himself on the wrong boat, bound for the camp meeting. The conversation about him was no more intelligible to him than to the man in the first instance, and he, too, besought the captain to stop and let him off the boat. Now, what was true in these two cases is practically true with every one. A true Christian is wretched where there is no fellowship, and an unregenerate man is not at ease where there are only Christians. A man's future will be according to what he is here prepared for. If he is not regenerate, heaven will have no attractions for him." "A poor old widow, living in the Scottish Highlands, was called upon one day by a gentleman who had heard that she was in need. The old lady complained of her condition, and remarked that her son was in Australia and doing well. 'But does he do nothing to help you?' inquired the visitor. 'No,

nothing,' was the reply. 'He writes me regularly once a month, but only sends me a little picture with his letter.' The gentleman asked to see one of the pictures that she had received, and found each one of them to be a draft for ten pounds. That is the condition of many of God's children. He has given us many 'exceeding great and precious promises,' of which we are either ignorant or fail to appropriate. Many of them seem to be pretty pictures of an ideal peace and rest, but are not appropriated as practical helps in daily life. I have met people whose very presence in a social meeting gave a sort of chill, and others I have known who literally carried with them in the darkest day a halo of cheerfulness and encouragement. The first live in Bunyan's 'Doubting Castle,' the latter live in constant communion with a loving heavenly Father. I was standing with a friend at his garden gate one evening when two little children came by. As they approached us he said to me: 'Watch the difference in these two boys.' Taking one of them in his arms he stood him on the gatepost, and stepping back a few feet he folded his arms and called to the little fellow to jump. In an instant the boy sprang toward him and was caught in his arms. Then turning to the second boy he tried the same experiment. But in the second case it was different. The child trembled and refused to move. My friend held out his arms and tried to induce the child to trust to his strength, but nothing could move him. At last my friend had to lift him down from the post and let him go. 'What makes such a difference in the two?' I asked. My friend smiled and said: 'The first is my own boy and knows me; but the other is a stranger's child, whom I have never seen before.' And there was all the difference. My friend was equally able to prevent both from falling, but the difference was in the boys themselves. The first had assurance in his father's ability and acted upon it, while the second, although he might have believed in the ability to save him from harm, would not put his belief into action. And so it is with us. We hesitate to trust ourselves to that loving One, whose plans for us are far higher than any we have made for ourselves. He, too, with outstretched arms, calls us, and would we but listen to his voice, we would hear that invitation and promise of assurance as he gave it of old: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heaven laden, and I will give you rest.'" In the address on "Faith" Mr. Moody says: "To many people the very term 'faith,' used in connection with man's relation to God, implies something mysterious. They will speak of having implicit confidence in a friend, of trusting a servant with their last cent, or being willing to credit a customer with any amount, considering his word as good as his note; yet they do not realize that God simply asks of them the same trust and confidence which they are using in the affairs of their everyday life. I remember a conversation I once had with a young lady who was anxious about her spiritual welfare. I tried to show her that salvation came from simply believing in Christ as her personal Redeemer. I well remember her troubled and almost annoyed look, as she replied: 'Believe! Why, Mr. Moody, everybody tells me to believe. My pastor says "Believe." My Sunday school teacher says "Believe." My mother says "Believe." I

believe everything, but still I am not a Christian.' 'Well, then,' I said, 'we will use another word. You have confidence in your friends, and you trust them, don't you? Well, it is simply trusting God and taking him at his word.' In that one word 'trust' she found peace. She had been trying to bring herself into some extraordinary frame of mind in order to believe, instead of simply exercising the same act of faith which she was in the habit of doing almost continually in her daily life. Faith is composed of three elements: knowledge, assent, and action. Knowledge and assent are necessary for the latter, but without action they avail nothing. When President Lincoln signed the proclamation of Emancipation to the slaves in the United States copies of it were sent to all points along the Northern line, where they were posted. Now, supposing a slave should have seen a copy of that proclamation and should have learned its contents. He might have known the fact, he might have assented to its justice, but if he had still continued to serve his old master as a slave, his faith in the document would not have amounted to anything." In the address on "Love" we read: "The late Mr. Spurgeon was visiting a friend in the country, and when being shown about the place, he noted a large weathervane bearing the text, 'God Is Love.' 'Do you mean to tell the whole countryside,' asked Mr. Spurgeon, 'that God's love is as changeable as the wind?' 'No,' replied his friend, 'but I mean to tell them that God is Love, no matter which way the wind blows.'" Concerning the power of love to impress and win, Mr. Moody says: "Some acts of love, shown me when I was a mere child, have influenced my whole life. There were nine of us children and my widowed mother had great difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door. My next older brother had found a place for me to work during the winter months in a neighboring village about thirteen miles away, and early one November morning we started out together on our dismal journey. Do you know November has been a dreary month to me ever since? As we passed over the river and up the opposite side of the valley we turned to look back for a last look at home. It was to be my last view for weeks, for months, perhaps forever, and my heart well-nigh broke at the thought. That was the longest journey I ever took, for thirteen miles were more to me at ten than the world's circumference has ever been since. When at last we arrived in the town I had hard work to keep back my tears, and my brother had to do his best to cheer me. Suddenly he pointed to someone and said: 'There's a man that'll give you a cent; he gives one to every new boy that comes to town.' I was so afraid that he would pass me by that I planted myself directly in his path. He was a feeble, old, white-haired man. As he came up to us my brother spoke to him, and he stopped and looked at me. 'Why, I have never seen you before. You must be a new boy,' he said. He asked me about my home, and then, laying his trembling hand upon my head, he told me that, although I had no earthly father, my heavenly Father loved me, and then he gave me a bright new cent. I do not remember what became of that cent, but that old man's blessing has followed me for over fifty years, and to my dying day I shall feel the kindly pressure of that hand upon my head. A loving deed costs very

little, but, done in the name of Christ, it will be eternal. This divine love is what the Church of God needs today. We discuss and argue over methods and means, but, after all, the solution of the problem is love. I believe the church has less to fear from heresy than from animosity. Show me a church where there is love, and I will show you a church that is a power in the community. In Chicago a few years ago a little boy attended a certain Sunday school. When his parents moved to another part of the city, the little fellow still attended the same Sunday school, although it meant a long, tiresome walk each way. A friend remonstrated with him for going so far, and told him there were plenty of other churches just as good nearer his home. 'They may be as good for others but not for me,' he replied. 'Why not?' the friend asked. 'Because they love a fellow over there,' he answered. If only we could make the people of the world believe that we love them, there would be fewer empty churches, and a smaller proportion of our population who never enter a church door. Let love replace duty in our church relations, and the world will soon be evangelized." Here is what this lay preacher had to say concerning the effect of an atmosphere of criticism on ministers: "Many Christian people wonder why it is that their minister hasn't more power, and why he doesn't do more. He may be well trained for his post and eminently fitted for the building up of God's people, but he hasn't perfect liberty in his service either in the community or in the pulpit. Now the trouble may be in the pulpit, but it has been my experience that in almost all the cases you need not go beyond the church vestibule to find the cause of the minister's bondage. Listen to the criticisms of the average congregation as it leaves a church. Before it reaches the sidewalk the message and the messenger have often been disposed of, and topics of greater interest occupy the conversation. The Holy Spirit will not work in an atmosphere of criticism. Supposing that on the day of Pentecost the apostles had been criticising Peter, do you think the Holy Spirit would have worked so miraculously? Imagine John whispering to James, 'It doesn't seem to me that Peter is quite up to himself this morning,' and James replying, 'I am disappointed myself. This is a representative audience, and he lacks polish and finish.' Suppose Andrew had turned to Matthew and said, 'Really that is too bad for Peter to be so harsh on the Pharisees and rulers. There are so many other things upon which we can agree, I do wish he would avoid all controverted subjects.' Do you think that if that had been the attitude of the apostles there would have been any conversions? I believe, that had we been present at that notable meeting, we would have heard the prayers of many of the disciples on behalf of Peter at that moment, and although the words were plain and simple, they were borne home to the conviction of thousands because the Holy Spirit could work freely. What the minister needs, my friends, is your prayers, your sympathy, your confidence, and not your criticism."

## PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

*Aequanimitas*, And Other Addresses. By WILLIAM OSLER, M.D., F.R.S. Crown 8vo, pp. 475. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. Price, cloth, $2.25.

TWENTY-TWO addresses to medical students, nurses, and practitioners of medicine, by a celebrated physician, whose services as a professor of medicine have been contended for by great universities in at least three countries. Dr. Osler is a professional enthusiast. In his preface to this second edition he names the practice of medicine "the noblest of all callings," and says that "the happiest and most useful lot given to man is to become a vigorous, whole-souled, intelligent general practitioner of medicine." We wonder what his missionary father would say about the practice of medicine being "the *noblest* of *all* callings." Dean Burgess, of the School of Political Science, speaking in complimentary mood at the fall opening of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, said he thought the medical profession more heroic than the profession of arms, adding: "I was myself intended by my forebears for this profession, but I confess to you I did not have the courage to undertake it. I did have the courage to bear arms for a time and face the risks of battle; but to spend a lifetime facing sickness requires a larger measure of heroism than I felt possessed of." The greatest charm of Dr. Osler's style is that it shows the Bible to have been his mother tongue. Its phrases are his natural medium of expression, betraying on almost every page his familiarity with that well of English undefiled, the King James version. This lends dignity, wisdom, grace, and power to his addresses. But with the Bible evidently first in the making of the man and his ideals and his style, Dr. Osler is not a man of only one book; for his addresses are enriched and adorned with quotations and allusions to a wide range of literature, classical and modern, poetry and prose. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress he seems to know by heart. With Browning also he is well at home. He tells the young doctors to "read for a half-hour before going to sleep, and in the morning have a book open on your dressing table. You will be surprised to find how much can be accomplished in this way in the course of a year. Here is a list of ten books which you may make close friends: The Old and New Testaments, Shakespeare, Montaigne, Plutarch's Lives, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Religio Medici, Don Quixote, Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes' Works." Opening haphazard this thick volume of addresses, we come upon this: "Among the ancients many had risen to the idea of the forgiveness of enemies, of patience under injury, and even of the brotherhood of man; but the spirit of Love only received its incarnation with the ever-memorable reply to the ever-memorable question, Who is my neighbor?—a reply which has changed the attitude of the world." Dr. Osler quotes the following from Froude: "The knowledge which a man can *use* is the only real knowledge, the only knowledge which has life and growth in it and converts itself into practical power. The rest hangs like dust about the brain or dries like raindrops off the stones." It needs to be remembered, however, that some studies are valuable for

the *mental discipline and development* they give; which remains even after the particular knowledge acquired in those studies has been forgotten. This stout volume entitled Aequanimitas, does not contain all of Dr. Osler's published addresses. Two others of his volumes also lie before us, one entitled An Alabama Student, a 335-page octavo, and the other, Thomas Linacre, a thin 64-page duodecimo. The former is made up of biographical studies, one of which is on Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, setting forth particularly his epoch-making fight as a physician on behalf of suffering women; but also making mention of his literary works. A letter from him informs us that his favorite among his own writings was that lofty poem "The Chambered Nautilus," of which Dr. Holmes says that while writing it he was filled with the highest state of mental exaltation and the most crystalline clairvoyance that had ever been granted him. An address by Dr. Osler at the University of Toronto in 1903, entitled "The Master-Word in Medicine," gives to the undergraduates the following message, which is as suitable to young ministers as to young doctors: "I propose to tell you the secret of life as I have seen the game played, and as I have tried to play it myself. You remember that, in one of the Jungle Stories, when Mowgli wished to be avenged on the villagers he could only get the help of Hathi and his sons by sending them the 'master-word.' The master-word for your life I now give you in the hope, yes, in the full assurance, that some of you at least will be strong and manly enough to lay hold upon it to your endless profit. Though a little one, the master-word looms large in meaning. It is the open sesame to every portal, the great equalizer in the world, the true philosopher's stone which transmutes all the base metal of humanity into gold. The stupid man among you it will make bright, the bright man brilliant, and the brilliant student it will make steady. With this magic word in your heart all things are possible, and without it all is vanity and vexation. The miracles of life are with it. To the youth it brings hope, to the middle-aged confidence, to the aged repose. True balm of hurt minds, in its presence the heart of the sorrowful is lightened and consoled. It is directly responsible for all advances in medicine. Laying hold upon it Hippocrates made observation and science the warp and woof of our art. The De Fabrica of Vesalius is the very incarnation of the master-word. With its inspiration Harvey gave an impulse to a larger circulation than he wot of, an impulse which we feel today. Hunter sounded all its depths and heights, and stands out as one of the great exemplars of its virtue. With it Virchow smote the rock, and the waters of progress gushed out, while in the hands of Pasteur it proved a very talisman, opening to us a new heaven in medicine and a new earth in surgery. Not only has it been the touchstone of progress, but it is the measure of success in individual everyday life. Not a man in the faculty of this university but is beholden to it for his position, while he who now has the privilege of addressing you owes that honor directly to the fact that the master-word was graven on his heart when he was as you are today. And the master-word is WORK; a little word, as I have said, but fraught with momentous consequences if you can but write it on the tablets of your hearts and bind it upon your fore-

heads. But there is difficulty in getting young men at your age to understand the immeasurable importance of the work habit. You are not far from the Tom Sawyer stage, with its philosophy that 'work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do,' and that 'play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do.' To acquire the hard-work habit means for most of us a hard battle. Few take to it naturally; the many prefer idleness and mediocrity, never learning to love labor and so never achieving success. One thing is of utmost importance—health. Grossteste, the great Bishop of Lincoln, said that for temporal salvation three things are necessary—food, sleep, and a cheerful disposition. Add to these suitable exercise and you have the means by which good health, a sound mind in a sound body, may be maintained." Another word of counsel which Dr. Osler gives to the young doctor is: "Learn to *consume your own smoke.* The air is darkened by the murmurings and whimperings of men and women over nonessentials, over trivial vexations and discomforts that are inevitable incidents in the hurly-burly and strain of everyday life. Things cannot always go your way. Learn to accept in silence life's aggravations, cultivate the habit of taciturnity, do not talk about your troubles, *consume your own smoke* with an extra draught of hard work, so that those about you may not be annoyed with the dust and soot of your complaining. More than other men, the medical practitioner may illustrate the great lesson that *we are here not to get all we can out of life for ourselves, but to try to make the lives of others happier.* This is the essence of that oft-repeated admonition of Christ, 'He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it,' on which saying, if the children of this generation would lay hold, there would be less misery and discontent in the world." Perhaps this eminent physician owes his preaching power, as he owes his elevated and reverent spirit, to his being a minister's son. At one time in his young manhood Dr. William Osler himself was looking toward the ministry. At the farewell dinner given in New York by the medical profession of the United States and Canada to Dr. Osler on the eve of his departure to a professorship at Oxford University, this eminent physician said: "I have had three personal ideals. The first is to do the day's work well and not to bother about tomorrow. I owe whatever success I have had largely to this power of settling down to the day's work and trying to do it well, to the best of one's ability, as if that were the only thing in the world, and letting the future take care of itself. The second ideal is to act the Golden Rule, as far as in me lay, toward my professional brethren, toward the patients committed to my care, and toward all with whom I had to do. And my third ideal has been to cultivate such a measure of equanimity as would enable me to bear success with humility, and the affection of my friends without pride, and to be ready, when the day of disappointment, sorrow, and grief came, to meet it with the courage befitting a man." We close Dr. Osler's book with a renewal of the feeling that there is no better start in life for a boy than to be a minister's son.

*Christianity and the United States.* By JOHN FRANKLIN GOUCHER, President of the Woman's College of Baltimore. 12mo, pp. 52. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, with author's portrait, 50 cents, net.

THIS is a book of information, crammed with facts and figures bearing on its subject, in compact and orderly form. In less than fifty tightly packed pages it presents impressively a large and often-debated subject of intense interest and of immense practical importance. If anybody says that ours is not a Christian nation, there is enough here to correct his error and enlighten his ignorance. If anyone desires to show that the United States is a Christian nation and to set in battle array a compact column of facts for the discomfiture of the deniers, here is sufficient ammunition. Not that this little volume exhausts the subject, for the story of "the vital and determining relation of Christianity to the United States" is as long as American history and larger than the western continent. As Dr. Goucher says, "A stout volume would not be sufficient to do justice to the changing phases and subtle relations of this complex subject. But the more comprehensive the range of facts considered . . . the more manifest is the dominant influence of Christianity in our national life and its essential relation to our future development." The latter part of this discussion was read in Japan, before the Tokyo Conference of the World's Student Christian Federation at its meeting there in March, 1907. Materials for a great and convincing Thanksgiving Day discourse are abundant in Dr. Goucher's pages. The facts which prove this to be a Christian nation are arranged under five heads: Discovery, Settlement, Organization, Development, and Present Status. The weighty and decisive opinions of many fully informed and authoritative minds in various departments of life are quoted in support of the thesis of this book. The United States Supreme Court has formally declared that "this is a Christian nation." Justice Strong of that court said: "The laws and institutions of all the states are built on the foundation of reverence for Christianity." Dr. Goucher recalls that Professor Story, in his great work on the Constitution, says that in this country the *common law* recognizes Christianity as lying at the foundation of that law. The *common law*, underlying all statutes, repudiates and condemns every act done in violation of the Christian principle of perfect obligation. The *common law* pronounces illegal every contract offensive to Christian morals. So says Professor Story. Of the early settlers of this country, the historian Bancroft says: "Our fathers were not only Christians but almost unanimously they were Protestants. The colonists from Maine to Carolina . . . had faith in God and in the soul." Among them there were, it is true, some adventurers with low motives and bad morals, but these were not anywhere the controlling element. Dr. J. B. Clark has said: "With all its unwinnowed chaff, was there ever so much precious seed for the planting of a nation?—Puritans, Pilgrims, Moravians, and Huguenots, Covenanters, and Churchmen, Presbyterians and Baptists, Lutherans and Quakers; displaying many banners, but on them all one Name; seeking many goods, but holding one good supreme—freedom to worship God as the Spirit taught and as conscience interpreted." Daniel

Webster said that we find nothing more certain than "the general principle that Christianity is the law of the land. This was the case among the Puritans of New England, the Episcopalians of the southern states, the Pennsylvania Quakers, the Baptists, the mass of the followers of Whitefield and Wesley, and the Presbyterians; all brought and all adopted this great truth, and all sustain it, . . . all proclaim that Christianity to which the sword and fagot are unknown—gentle, tolerant Christianity —is the law of the land." When the English ancestors of the writer of this book notice landed at Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1636, the little band of colonists arranged for the building of a house of worship and a house for the minister whom they had brought with them, before they built their own homes. We find it impossible to notice this valuable little book in this year of our Lord 1908 without some reference to its author. This study of Christianity and the United States is, of course, one of the least of the products of the laborious and serviceable life of the builder of Harlem Park, Strawbridge, and First Churches in Baltimore, the establisher of Princess Anne Training School in Maryland, the rescuer of Martin Mission Institute at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in Germany, one of the founders of our West China Mission and of our Korean Mission, the projector and organizer of the Anglo-Japanese College at Tokyo, the creator of the Woman's College of Baltimore and its president from 1880 to 1908. All these and many other great things the author of this book has done. To speak of them at length this is not the time nor the place. His deeds are bearing rich fruit, decade after decade, the wide world over. Of some one it was once said: "He has the brain of a statesman, the fine intuitions of a woman, the laboriousness of a giant, and the heart of a little child." Of whom that or its equivalent was first said, we do not know and are not interested to inquire. We do know that here on this page and in this connection they are not irrelevant, nor do they indicate that the editor is afflicted with a meandering or incoherent mind. This book, within reach of all, should be in the hands of all. As to the present status and prospects of Christianity in this country, Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, recently expressed the opinion that America is becoming "a dechristianized nation." Against this view Dr. Paret, Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, sharply protests. A part of his reply follows: "The United States census of 1900 has not yet given its report of religious statistics, but that of 1890, the last accessible, gives on page 24 a statement and the facts and figures of the growth. Comparing conditions in 1890 with those in 1880, it shows that the number of communicants in the churches during those ten years grew from 9,263,361 to 13,158,363, an increase of 3,829,125, or 42.05 per cent. It adds the statement that the increase of the population of the country during the same time was only 24.86 per cent. So that the growth of the Christian religion was almost double the growth of population. Therefore the cardinal was mistaken in his statement that we are fast becoming 'a dechristianized nation.'" We have seen no formal reply from Methodists to Cardinal Gibbons' statement; but the Methodists are very busy preventing this from becoming "a dechristianized nation." In passing, it is pertinent to remark that the

Roman Catholic conception of what constitutes Christianity is much narrower than the Protestant conception.

*Noon Day Addresses.* By the Rev. W. L. Watkinson. 12mo, pp. 183. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

Dr. Watkinson is no stranger in the pages of this Review; rather, in one form or other, a frequent visitor. These sixteen addresses on themes affecting life are no way inferior to his best. The first six are about Christ in his relation to Thought, to Nature, to Life, to Death, to the Present, and to the Future: taken together, the six make a large, rich, splendid discourse. Instead of fragmentary extracts we present one of the addresses, knowing no surer way of sampling the book. We take the one on "Self Respect." The text used is Neh. 6. 11: "And I said, Should such a man as I flee? and who is there, that, being as I am, would go into the temple to save his life? I will not go in." Here is the address:

"I. *The nature of self-respect.* It is very important that we get a clear view of this central virtue, for it is easy to mistake its real character. Self-respect is to be distinguished from *vanity.* Vanity is the vice of over-estimating ourselves on the grounds of what is superficial and accidental in our life. Men are vain about their beauty, their position, their wealth, their cleverness. In contradistinction to this, self-respect fixes on what is personal and intrinsic—it is regard to our spirit, manhood, character. The creatures of vanity, the mashers of all spheres, are at the utmost remove from self-respect. Self-respect is not self-conceit. Self-respect is to be distinguishable from *pride.* Pride consists in exalting ourselves at the expense of others, in depreciating others, in scorning them, in trampling upon them if we dare. Pride is looking down upon our neighbors, self-respect the looking up to oneself. One of our writers complains that in modern times self-respect has given place to humility, but really there is no incompatibility between self-respect and humility. What is humility but the sense of our personal limitation and imperfection. And surely self-respect must be based on the sense of what we are, and not upon a false estimate of ourselves. Haughtiness, arrogance, contempt are far from the sense of a noble self-respect. True self-respect must do justice to all men, it is full of courtesy and magnanimity—to the poorest, the lowliest, the most unfortunate and despised. Self-respect is to be distinguished from *selfishness.* Some people imagine that self-respect means simply number one; that it consists in looking after your own rights and pleasures with the least possible regard to the rights and privileges of those about you. But self-respect is not egotism; it is not self-seeking, not self-glorification, not self-indulgence. Self-respect is eminently social, fully recognizing the claims, the honors, the happiness of all men. My brethren, Christianity has set this great doctrine in a true light. Whenever self-respect is spoken of by some, we are sent back to old Rome to study it. It is considered an ancient Roman virtue that we hardly understand in these days. We must study it in Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, Cato, and Trajan. But in fact, Jesus Christ set this virtue forth in its truest light. He purified it from the base elements which adulterated the self-respect of

the Stoic—the vanity, the pride, the selfishness. Jesus Christ has taught us perfectly the crowning grace—he has taught us, O, wondrous lesson! how to make humility noble, how to make self-respect humble. Self-respect may be defined, then, as a true regard to the merit of our own personality—we respect ourselves for what we are in and by ourselves. It is the sense of individual worth. It has nothing to do with pedigree—it is not a question of having a grandfather; it has nothing to do with rank; it is not a question of clothes—your fine apparel reflects credit on your tailor, your milliner, not on you; it has nothing to do with wealth—Dives may be without it, Lazarus may possess it. It is that sense of personal dignity which will not permit us to do base things, for fear of losing caste in our own eyes.

"II. *The grounds of self-respect.* In the New Review the other month was an article by Mrs. Lynn-Linton on 'The Religion of Self-respect.' This writer tells us that 'self-respect is essentially self-supported, and is—because it is.' But this will not do. If I am to appeal to my own inherent dignity, I must know in what that dignity consists. If we are to respect ourselves there must be in us something to respect. There is nothing more laughable than to see a man insisting on his dignity when we all know that there is no dignity to insist upon. It is all very well to tell us that self-respect has nothing to do with spiritual religion nor imaginative theologies, that it is because it is, but we know that it is not self-supporting, that it must rest on something. What, then, is that 'something' on which we base a really large and noble and rational self-respect? (i) Self-respect must spring from *the consciousness that we have a great nature, and that we duly honor it.* This is really the first foundation of self-respect. If our nature has in it no intrinsic grandeur, there is no foundation for any self-respect properly so called. If you degrade man into a mere machine, or a mere animal, regarding him as nothing more than the expression of blind force, where is the room for self-respect in any worthy acceptation of that term? One of our skeptics speaks of 'the strutting importance of creatures with a private soul to save.' What does he mean? He means that the consciousness of the spirituality of our nature gives us the sense of personal dignity. It does, and what should we be without that sense? Our writers complain that the religion of self-respect is dead or dying; that the sense of self-respect was once a guiding pillar of fire, but that pillar has now burnt down to ashes; if this is in any degree true, may it not be traced to the fact that many of our teachers have persistently sought to degrade human nature, to identify it with the brute, to pour upon it all kinds of ridicule and contempt? Revelation, by assuring us of the inherent essential greatness of our nature, supplies the first grand reason for human self-respect. So long, then, as we act worthily we may all of us live with a lofty sense of our personal consequence. Whatever else we may be, we are men, with all the glory and hope that such rank implies. We may be obscure, unsuccessful, poor, afflicted, but we are still of royal lineage, the image of God is in us, eternity is set in our heart, to us pertains an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. In deepest misfortune we may still respect ourselves. But we

*must* act worthily, otherwise the sense of having acted unworthily will fill us with shame and loathing. We say of a man who has been guilty of some fault or other: 'He lowered himself,' 'He let himself down.' Yes, all sin is a lowering of ourselves. He who acts justly, faithfully, purely, rationally maintains the high level of his nature, nay, is ever raising himself to fuller perfection and blessedness; but acting selfishly, sensually we debase ourselves. 'Man being in honor, and understanding not, becomes like the beasts which perish.' And when we have lowered ourselves we know it. We may act a base part, act from unworthy motives, and still retain our credit with the world. They do not know our sin and guilt, but we know ourselves, and no sooner do we act beneath the dignity of our divine and rational nature than we lose caste in our own eyes and prove a sense of degradation no beast may know. Brethren, in days of temptation let us remember our divine origin, our divine spirit, our divine calling. Should such a man as I lie, cheat, debauch myself with drink, stain myself with uncleanness? should I stoop to folly, play the fool? Nehemiah would not commit sacrilege by fleeing into the temple to save his life; he felt that he was a temple himself, and that the indwelling, overshadowing Deity would preserve him. Brethren, remember that you are living temples, that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you; honor yourselves, keep yourselves in holiness of thought and life, and God will hide you in the secret place; but if any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy. (ii) Self-respect must spring *from the consciousness that we have a great name, and that we live up to it.* It has been said that 'men live up to their name.' There is great truth in this; let a man inherit a great name, or acquire a great name, and there is in him an instinctive ambition to live up to it—he does not like to fall below his title and reputation. But, brethren, we bear a great name, the greatest name—we are called Christians. The name that expresses the utmost grandeur of spirit, beauty of character, magnanimity of life. This name is ours—strangely enough it is our happy lot to bear this supreme designation. Just as we fall short of the glorious ideal we have in Christ shall we injure our sense of self-respect; just as we are faithful to that ideal shall our sense of self-respect be most delicate and precious. Live up to your name. Do it in every season of temptation. Say, should such a man as I, called by Christ's name, registered with his people, rejoicing in his fellowship, called to his eternal glory—should I do this thing, so false, so spotted, so mischievous? Live up to your name. Do it in respect to every perfection of character. Say, should such a man as I, called by his name who was full of living beauty, in whom there was no guile—should I be content with a superficial, imperfect, irregular goodness? Live up to your name. Do it in respect to the service of your generation. Say, should such a man as I, called by his name who laid down his life for the world—should I be slothful, illiberal, selfish? O, there is a wonderful power in a great name! The stammerer remembering Demosthenes waxes eloquent; the painter remembering Raphael finds his canvas flush with a line of deeper beauty; the soldier recalling the name of Alexander grows into a hero; and shall not the name of Christ inspire us, and make us to share our Lord's perfection? At every turn

remember your great name, live up to it, and you may be as poor as your Master was, persecuted as he was, crushed as he was, but you shall share his sense of self-respect and wear ever the crown of thorns as a crown of glory. (iii) Self-respect must spring from *the consciousness that we have a great work to do and that we do it.* A man respects himself just as he knows the importance of the task assigned him. Nehemiah, in the text, felt this, 'I am doing a great work.' He was intrusted with a grand task, he was a man of consequence, and he respected himself accordingly. He who is to feel self-respect must know that his work is a great work, and that he is faithfully doing it. If our work is contemptible, there can be no self-respect; if our work is grand, but left undone, there can be none. But can every worker in this human hive say, 'I am doing a great work'? Every worker may declare this as truly as Nehemiah could. Never impair your sense of dignity by thinking your work poor. 'Magnify your office' whatever it may be, and be sure when you have magnified it to the utmost you have not perceived a thousandth part of its grandeur and importance. Edward Smith, in his most interesting book, Three Years in Central London, tells of a poor workingman coming into the church and exclaiming: 'Before the Mission started I was a nobody here; but now I am a somebody.' Yes, it is the mission of Christianity to make the lowliest man feel his personal dignity and his great importance as one of the workers of the world. You have a great work; do it. Be able today to say with your Master, 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?' Be able to say with him tomorrow, 'I have finished the work thou gavest me to do.' And you shall have a sense of dignity beyond purple robes or hoops of gold.

"III. *The value of self-respect.* (i) It has a *guiding* value in all times of perplexity. In the rebuilding of Jerusalem Nehemiah found many enemies who sought to embarrass him and to arrest the great work in which he was engaged. Among other stratagems, a false prophet, Shemaiah, who was hired by Tobiah and Sanballat, tried to induce the noble patriot to take an illegal step. He told Nehemiah that his enemies intended to kill him in the night, and he advised him to flee into the Holy Place of the temple, and to protect his life from the machinations of his enemies by closing the temple doors. Now, to enter and to shut himself within the Holy Place would have been a grave desecration of the house of God, an indiscretion his enemies would immediately have laid hold of to discredit him, to destroy his reputation and authority. Nehemiah might easily have been imposed upon by the cunning, plausible scheme, but he was saved by his sense of self-respect. 'Should such a man as I flee? and what man like me would go into the temple to save his life? I will not go in.' His sense of self-respect saved him from the crafty counsel of his masked foe. My brethren, self-respect has a true instinct in moments of perplexity and peril. (ii) It has an *inspiring* value in days of temptation and danger. Nehemiah felt that he could die, but he could not do the illegal thing. He was building the wall about Jerusalem, but his sense of self-respect was a grander wall about himself. And so it ever strengthens men. It will not permit the politician to change his coat for the sake of

office; it will not permit the shopkeeper to lie for the sake of lucre; it will not permit the literary man to write below himself for the sake of popularity or pence; it will not permit the man tempted by fashion or pleasure to barter his birthright for red pottage. It makes the man, the hero, the martyr. (iii) It has a *social* value. Nehemiah was a patriot—he lived for his nation, he was ready to die for it, and his self-respect only made such patriotism possible. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' What does the Decalogue mean? Thou shalt respect thy neighbor as thyself; and it is only as a man does respect himself that he can respect other people, live for them, suffer for them, die for them. He who has no self-respect regards society with his tongue in his cheek. He who feels the dignity of human nature in himself, the grandeur of human duty in his own vocation, the glory and blessedness of Christianity in his own experience, he regards all men with sympathy and admiration, and is prepared to make great sacrifices on their behalf. Truly, self-respect is the root-work of respect for others. True to our own selves, we cannot be false to any man. If you have a true self-regard, it will make you considerate, respectful, sympathetic, just, and generous to all. Honor yourself, and you shall honor all men. (iv) It is the secret of *personal satisfaction.* One of our poets writes:

> Colder far than frozen snow,
> Bitterer than death or woe,
> Heaviest load by mortal borne
> Is the burden of self-scorn.

Yes, heaviest load of all that can burden mortality is that. To be mean in one's own eyes, to know that we do shabby things, despicable things, to loathe ourselves and yet have to live with ourselves, this is hitterer than death or woe—it is hell. On the other side, self-respect is just as precious as self-scorn is terrible—it is the serenity of heaven. We can bear any suffering, any sorrow, any scorn, so long as we do not scorn ourselves. As Spenser sings:

> Losse is no shame, nor to be lesse than foe,
> But to be lesser than thyself.

O, be not lesser than thyself, and there is no shame to thee—only glory, honor, immortality! Let us see to it that we have the witness of God's Spirit and our own."

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## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

*John Jasper.* By WILLIAM E. HATCHER, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 183. New York and Chicago Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, with portrait, $1, net.

THIS book makes it appear that John Jasper was the mightiest colored preacher in America. Many of his utterances are printed here, and their childlike simplicity and faith, expressed in the fiery eloquence of a wonderful imagination, easily explain his wonderful influence among white as well as among colored people. Certainly the pastor of the Sixth Mount Zion Colored Baptist Church was at times a tremendous preacher. He lived

forty years before the war and forty years after it. He was a slave for fifty years, and a gentleman of the old plantation school. His story is told in this book by a Virginian who has his Southern prejudices and feels no call to sound the praises of the Negro race; so his picture of this black preacher is not likely to be overdone: it is most likely to be undeniably true. Old Jasper died In Richmond the day the huge Jefferson Hotel was destroyed by fire. The Richmond Despatch said he was as much a Richmond institution as the big hotel was. More than that, he was a national figure. His fame was due in part to his sermon, "De Sun Do Move," but chiefly to a strong personality, deep conviction, and devout Christian character. "He followed his divine calling faithfully, desiring to save souls for heaven, and determined, as far as he could, to make the will and ways of his God known to men, his saving health among all nations. And the Lord poured upon his servant Jasper 'the continual dew of his blessing.'" We cannot reproduce the sermons given in Dr. Hatcher's book on "Whar Sin Kum Frum," "Dem Sebun Wimmin," "De Stone Cut Out of De Mounting," and "De Sun Do Move," nor the exciting and wonderful chapter, "One Jasper Day in the Spring Time of 1878." But we must give some sample of the style of this black phenomenon, and we give "Jasper's Picture of Heaven," in the author's words: "I never heard Jasper preach a sermon on heaven, nor did I ever hear of his doing so. So far as my observation goes, sermons on heaven have failed to edify the thoughtful—sometimes proving distinctly disappointing. It was not to Jasper's taste to argue on heaven as a doctrine. With him it was as if he were camping outside of a beautiful city, knowing much of its history and inhabitants, and in joyous expectation of soon moving into it. The immediate things of the kingdom chiefly occupied his attention; but when his sermons took him into the neighborhood of heaven he took fire at once and the glory of the celestial city lit his face and cheered his soul. This sermon, while not on heaven, reveals his heart-belief in it, and its vital effect upon his character. Imagine a Sunday afternoon at his church—a fair, inspiring day. His house was thronged to overflowing. It was the funeral of two persons—William Ellyson and Mary Barnes. The text is forgotten, but the sermon is vividly recalled. From the start Jasper showed a burden and a boldness that promised rich things for his people. At the beginning he betrayed some hesitation—unusual for him. 'Lemme say,' he said, 'a word about dis William Ellersin. I say it de fust an' git it orf mer min'. William Ellersin was no good man—he didn't say he wus; he didn't try to be good, an' de tell me he die as he live, 'out Gord an' 'out hope in de worl'. It's a bad tale to tell on 'im, but he fix de story hissef. As de tree falls dar mus it lay. Ef you wants folks who live wrong to be preached an' sung to glory, don' bring 'em to Jasper. Gord comfut de monur an' warn de onruly. But, my brutherin,' he brightened as he spoke, 'Mary Barnes wus difrunt. She wer wash'd in de blood of de Lam' and walk'd in white; her r'ligion was of Gord. Yer could trust Mary anywhar; nuv'r cotch 'er in dem playhouses ner friskin' in dem dances; she wan' no streetwalk'r trapsin' roun' at night. She love de house of de Lord; her feet clung to de straight and narrer path; I know'd

her. I seen her at de prarmeetin'—seed her at de supper—seed her at de preachin', an' seed her tendin' de sick an' helpin' de mounin' sinn'rs. Our Sister Mary, good-by. Yer race is run, but yer crown is shure.' From this Jasper shot quite apart. He was full of fire, humor gleamed in his eye, and freedom was the bread of his soul. By degrees he approached the realm of death, and he went as an invader. A note of defiant challenge rang in his voice and almost blazed on his lips. He escorted the Christian to the court of death, and demanded of the monster king to exhibit his power to hurt. It was wonderful to see how he pictured the high courage of the child of God, marching up to the very face of the king of terrors and demanding that he come forth and do his worst. Death, on the other hand, was subdued, slow of speech, admitted his defeat, and proclaimed his readiness to serve the children of Immanuel. Then he affected to put his mouth to the grave and cried aloud: 'Grave! Grave! Er, Grave!' he cried as if addressing a real person, 'Whar's yer vict'ry? I hur you got a mighty banner down dar, an' you turrurizes ev'rybody wat comes 'long dis way. Bring out your armies an' furl fo'th yer bann'rs of vict'ry. Show yer' han' an' let 'em see wat you kin do.' Then he made the grave reply: 'Ain't got no vict'ry now; had vict'ry, but King Jesus pars'd through dis country an' tord my banners down. He says his peopl' shan't be troubled no mo' forev'r; an' he tell me ter op'n de gates an' let 'um pass on dar way to glory. O, my Gord,' Jasper exclaimed, in thrilling voice, 'did yer hur dat? My Master Jesus done jerk'd de sting of death, done broke de scept'r of de king of tur'rs, an' he done gone inter de grave an' rob it uv its victor'ous banners, an' fix'd nice an' smooth for his people ter pass through. Mo' en dat, he has writ a song, a shoutin' anthim for us to sing when we go thur, passin' suns an' stars, an' singin' dat song, "Thanks be onter Gord—be onter Gord who give us de vict'ry thru' de Lord Jesus Christ."' Too well I know that I do scant justice to the greatness of Jasper by this outline of his transcendent eloquence. The whole scene, distinct in every detail, was before the audience, and his responsive hearers were stirred into uncontrollable excitement. 'My bruthrin', Jasper resumed very soberly, 'I oft'n ax myself how I'd behave merself ef I was ter git to heav'n. I tell you I would tremble fo' de consequinces. Eben now when I gits er glimpse—jist a peep into de pallis of de King, it farly runs me ravin' 'stracted. What will I do ef I gits thar? I 'spec I'll make er fool of myself, 'cause I ain't got de pritty ways an' nice manners my ole Mars' Sam Hargrove used to have, but ef I git thar, they ain't goin' to put me out. Mars' Sam'll speak fur me an' tell 'em to teach me how to do. I sometimes thinks if I's 'lowed to go free—I 'specs to be free dar, I tell you, b'leve I'll jest do de town—walkin' an' runnin' all roun' to see de home which Jesus dun built for his people. Fust of all, I'd go down an' see de river of life. I lov's to go down to de ole muddy Jemes—mighty red an' muddy, but it goes 'long so gran' an' quiet like 'twas 'tendin' to business—but dat ain't nothin' to the river which flows by de throne. I longs fer its crystal waves, an' de trees on de banks, an' de all mann'rs of fruits. Dis old head of mine oft'n gits hot with fever, aches all night an' rolls on de piller, an' I has many

times desired to cool it in that blessed stream as it kisses de banks of dat upper Canaan. Blessed be de Lord! De thought of seein' dat river, drinkin' its water an' restin' un'r dose trees ———' Then suddenly Jasper began to intone a chorus in a most affecting way, no part of which I can recall except the last line: *'O, what mus' it be to be thar!* Aft'r dat,' Jasper continued with quickened note, 'I'd turn out an' view de beauties of de city —de home of my Father. I'd stroll up dem abenuse whar de children of Gord dwell an' view dar mansions. Father Abraham, I'm sure he got a grate pallis, an' Moses, what 'scorted de children of Israel out of bondige thru' de wilderness an' to de aidge of de Promised Lan', he must be pow'rful set up being sich er man as he is; an' David, de king dat made pritty songs, I'd like to see 'is home, an' Paul, de mighty scholar who got struck down out in de 'Mascus road, I want to see his mansion, an' all of 'em. Den I would cut roun' to de back streets an' look for de little home whar my Saviour set my mother up to housekeepin' when she got thar. I 'spec to know de house by de roses in de yard an' de vine on de poch.' As Jasper was moving at feeling pace along the path of his thoughts, he stopped and cried: 'Look dar; mighty sweet house, ain't it lovely?' Suddenly he sprang back and began to shout with joyous clapping of hands. 'Look dar; see dat on de do; hallelujah, it's John Jasper. Said he was gwine to prepar a place for me; dar it is. Too good for a po' sinner like me, but he built it for me, a turn-key job, an' mine forev'r.' Instantly he was singing his mellow chorus ending as before with, *'O, what mus' it be to be thar!'* From that scene he moved off to see the angelic host. There were the white plains of the heavenly Canaan—a vast army of angels with their bands of music, their different ranks and grades, their worship before the throne and their pealing shouts as they broke around the throne of God. The charm of the scene was irresistible; it lifted everybody to a sight of heaven, and it was all real to Jasper. He seemed entranced. As the picture began to fade up rose his inimitable chorus, closing as always: *'O, what mus' it be to be thar!'* Then there was a long wait. But for the subdued and unworldly air of the old preacher—full seventy years old then—the delay would have dissolved the spell. 'An' now, frenz,' he said, still panting and seeking to be calm, 'ef yer'll 'scuse me, I'll take er trip to de throne an' see de King in 'is roy'l garmints.' It was an event to study him at this point. His earnestness and reverence passed all speech, and grew as he went. The light from the throne dazzled him from afar. There was the great white throne—there, the elders bowing in adoring wonder—there, the archangels waiting in silence for the commands of the King—there the King in his resplendent glory—there in hosts innumerable were the ransomed. In point of vivid description it surpassed all I had heard or read. By this time the old Negro orator seemed glorified. Earth could hardly hold him. He sprang about the platform with a boy's alertness; he was unconsciously waving his handkerchief as if greeting a conqueror; his face was streaming with tears; he was bowing before the Redeemer; he was clapping his hands, laughing, shouting, and wiping the blinding tears out of his eyes. It was a moment of transport and unmatched wonder to everyone, and I felt as if it could never cease, when

suddenly in a new note he broke into his chorus, ending with the soul-melting words: *'O, what mus' it be to be thar!'* It was a climax of climaxes. I supposed nothing else could follow. We had been up so often and so high we could not be carried up again. But there stood Jasper, fully seeing the situation. He had seen it in advance and was ready. 'My bruthrin,' said he as if in apology, 'I done fergot somethin'. I got ter tek anuth'r trip. I ain't visit'd de ransum of de Lord. I can't slight dem. I knows heap ov 'em, an' I'm boun' to see 'em.' In a moment he had us out on the celestial plains with the saints in line. There they were—countless and glorious! We walked the whole line and had a sort of universal handshake in which no note of time was taken. 'Here's Brer Abul, de fust man whar got here; here's Brer Enoch whar took er stroll an' straggled inter glory; here's ole Ligie, whar had er carriage sent fur 'im an' comed a nigher way to de city.' Thus he went on greeting patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, his brethren and loved ones gone before until suddenly he sprang back and raised a shout that fairly shook the roof. 'Here she is; I know'd sh'd git here; why, Mary Barnes, you got home, did yer?' A great handshake he gave her and for a moment it looked as if the newly glorified Mary Barnes was the center of Jasper's thoughts; but, as if by magic, things again changed and he was singing at the top of his voice the chorus which died away amid the shrieks and shouts of his crowd with his plaintive note: *'O, what mus' it be to be thar!'* Jasper dropped exhausted into a chair and some chief singer of the old-time sort, in noble scorn of all choirs, struck that wondrous old song, 'When Death Shall Shake My Frame,' and in a moment the great building throbbed and trembled with the mighty old melody. It was sung as only Jasper's race can sing, and especially as only Jasper's emotional and impassioned church could sing it. This was Jasper's greatest sermon. In length it was not short of an hour and a half—maybe it was longer than that. He lifted things far above all thought of time, and not one sign of impatience was seen. The above sketch is all unworthy of the man or the sermon. As for the venerable old orator himself he was in his loftiest mood—free in soul, alert as a boy, his imagination rioting, his action far outwent his words, and his pictures of celestial scenes glowed with unworldly luster. He was in heaven that day, and took us around in his excursion wagon, and turning on the lights showed us the City of the Glorified. What is reported here very dimly hints at what he made us see. Not a few of Richmond's most thoughtful people, though some of them laid no claim to piety, were present, and not one of them escaped the profound spiritual eloquence of this simple-hearted old soldier of the cross. Valiant, heroic old man! He stood in his place and was not afraid. He gave his message in no uncertain words—scourged error wherever it exposed its front, stood sentinel over the Word of God, and was never caught sleeping at his post." So says Dr. Hatcher. And we say that we would rather be black John Jasper, rich with his literalistic expectations of heaven, than to be the most learned of the illuminati whose learning brings them nothing better than arid and cheerless unbelief, and who conduct with polished, cold, and awful ritual the funeral of "The Great

Companion." Flatly, we count them bigger fools than Jasper was. Wisdom made her dwelling place with him and not with them. We agree with George MacDonald when he said: "I would rather dance with the wildest of fanatics, rejoicing over a change in his own nature, than to sit in the seat of the dull of heart to whom the Old, Old Story is an outworn tale."

*Cowper.* By GOLDWIN SMITH. 12mo, pp. 135. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, 40 cents, net.

THIS is one of the sixty-five volumes on as many writers in the English Men of Letters series issued by Macmillan, with John Morley as supervising editor of the whole series. To find Goldwin Smith selected to write on Cowper is something like the surprise of finding John Morley writing the Life of Gladstone; in both cases author and subject are far apart in some serious respects, and yet in each case the author writes with circumspect and genuine fairness. Cowper was the great poet of the religious revival in the latter part of the eighteenth century in England, which was called Evangelicalism within the establishment and Methodism without. Thus he was associated with Wesley and Whitefield, as well as with the philanthropists of the movement, such as Wilberforce, Thornton, and Clarkson. He received from nature a large measure of the gifts of genius and a still larger measure of its painful sensibilities, which unfitted him for wrestling with a rough world but served to chasten and purify his gentle spirit. That such a man should have become a power among men in such an age Goldwin Smith regards as "a remarkable triumph of the influences which have given birth to Christian civilization." It was an age in which ignorance, brutality, and drunkenness reigned among the people, while in high social circles religion was dead and fashionable vices rampant. To most of these the preaching of the gospel was an offense. When Lady Huntingdon asked the Duchess of Buckingham to come and hear Whitefield, she received this reply: "I thank your ladyship for information concerning the Methodist preachers; but their doctrines are strongly tinctured with disrespect toward their superiors. It is monstrous for persons of rank to be told that they have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting; and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding." Delicacy of constitution and weakness of digestion made Cowper the victim at times of hypochondria. During those attacks he suffered mental distress in matters of religion. Goldwin Smith shows his intelligence and good sense in pointing out that religion had nothing to do with causing these attacks of gloom. Cowper had them before he ever became religious; their cause was pathological. Professor Smith says: "A votary of wealth, when his brain gives way under disease or age, fancies that he is a beggar. A Methodist, when his brain gives way under the same circumstances, fancies that he is forsaken of God. In both cases the root of the malady is physical." Cowper's depression usually yielded to air, exercise, sunshine, and cheerful society. A stroll in fine weather on the hills, or the company of a wholesome and cheerful friend like Lady Hesketh, generally dispelled

his gloom. For the correction of false impressions seen frequently in newspaper statements it is necessary to say that what is described as "religious mania" is hardly ever caused by religious services. Religion is no way responsible for it. The *cause* is physical; it is due to a pathological condition; the delusions and excitements which are produced by some physical trouble merely take in some cases a religious direction, as in most cases they take some other very different direction. Religion makes for health and a sound mind and good cheer. As Cowper's hypochondria arose out of an abnormal physical condition, so its cure was effected by wise medical treatment. And as his sickness was accompanied by doubts, fears, and distresses as to religion, so his recovery was marked by restored faith, confidence, and cheerfulness. He rises one morning feeling better; grows cheerful over his breakfast, takes up his Bible, which in his fits of hypochrondia he always threw aside, and turns to a verse in the Epistle to the Romans. Then he says: "Immediately I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made, my pardon in his blood, and the fullness and completeness of his justification. In a moment I believed and received the gospel." Goldwin Smith says that the Evangelical Movement was a preaching of Christianity anew. In the great revival there were two elements: the darker and sterner element was Calvinist with such as Toplady, while the milder and gentler element looked up to Wesley and bore with him the glorious ignominy of being Arminian. Speaking of Evangelicalism and Methodism, Professor Smith says: "They are not things of the past. If Evangelicalism has been reduced in the Anglican Established Church to a narrow domain by the advancing forces of Ritualism on one side and of Rationalism on the other, Methodism has grown to be the great Protestant church, especially on the western side of the Atlantic. The spiritual fire which it has kindled, the character it has produced, the moral reforms it has wrought, the works of charity and philanthropy to which it has given birth are matters not only of memory but of present experience and observation." Just here we come upon the part referring to Lord Dartmouth, the Methodist Earl after whom Dartmouth College is named, and to John Newton, one of the foremost leaders and preachers of the revival, a few of whose sayings we will quote. "I see in this world two heaps, one of human happiness the other of misery; now, if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add it to the other, I carry a point:—if, as I go home, a child has dropped and lost a half-penny, and by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something." This reminds us of Emily Dickinson's verse:

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain.
If I can ease one life its aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

And now a bit from John Newton again: "If two angels came down from heaven to execute a divine command, and one was appointed to conduct an empire and the other to sweep a street, they would feel no inclination to change employments; each would be content with his heaven-appointed task." "A Christian should never be a sloven; if he be but a shoe-cleaner, he should be the best in the parish." "My principal method for defeating heresy is by establishing truth. One proposes to fill a bushel with tares; now if I can fill it first with wheat, I shall defy his attempts." One cheerful old lady at Olney, who sat under Calvinistic preaching, made her peace with the doctrine of predestination in this happy, almost merry, fashion: "If God had not chosen me before I was born and before he saw me, I am sure he would have seen nothing in me to choose me for afterward." We must quote one more testimony from Goldwin Smith (as a fair-minded and intelligent historian) to the work which Methodism did, and forever goes on doing: "Let it always be remembered that besides its theological side, the Revival in England had its philanthropic and moral side; that it abolished the slave trade and at last slavery; that it waged war, and effective war, under the standard of the gospel, upon masses of vice and brutality, which had been totally neglected by the torpor of the Established Church; and that among large classes of the people it was the great civilizing agency of the time." Page 96 brings us to Cowper's letters, of which Agnes Repplier in a recent volume says: "The publication of Cowper's letters, so matter of fact, so temperate and truthful, in 1804 struck a chill into the hearts of the elaborate, elegant, artificial, and gushing letter-writers of that period. These were shocked by the commonness and popularity of his letters. Here was a man who wrote about beggars and postmen, cats and kittens, buttered toast and the kitchen table; a man who actually looked at things before he described them (which was a startling innovation); a man who called the wind the wind, and buttercups buttercups, and a hedgehog a hedgehog. The elegant, sentimental letter-writers who then occupied the field of correspondence said Cowper's letters were 'without imagination or eloquence.' Investigating the relations between the family cat and an intrusive viper was from their point of view unworthy the dignity of an author. His love of accurate detail, his shrewd humor, and his simple veracity were disconcerting to an artificial and meretricious age." That the art of flying has progressed slowly appears from the fact that one hundred and twenty-five years ago this month of November, Cowper, in a letter to John Newton, seems to believe the time to be near at hand when men will fly. On November 17, 1783, he wrote: "I dreamed last night that I drove myself through the upper regions in a balloon and pair, with the greatest ease and security. Having finished the tour I intended, I made a short turn, and with one flourish of my whip, descended; my horses curvetting and prancing with infinite spirit, but without the least danger to me or to my vehicle. But the *time, we may suppose, is at hand*, and seems to be prognosticated by my dream, when these airy excursions will be actual and universal, when judges will fly round their circuits and bishops their visitations; and when the tour of Europe will be so performed by all who travel merely

for the sake of saying they have made it." An account of the methods then pursued in England by candidates electioneering for Parliament is too rich to omit. In a letter to a friend Cowper writes: "We were sitting yesterday, after dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly in our snug parlor, the ladies knitting and the gentleman winding worsted, when to our surprise a mob appeared before the window; a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys bellowed, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville, the candidate. The maid was instructed to order the crowd round to the back door as the proper way of approach. In a few minutes, the yard, kitchen, and parlor were filled. The candidate for Parliament, advancing toward me, shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. He at once explained the purpose of his visit. I told him I had no vote, and no influence. The latter statement he was not willing to believe; but I persisted in my declaration, and the interview ended. The candidate squeezed my hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew, kissing the maid also as he passed out through the kitchen. He seemed, on the whole, a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman, young, genteel, and handsome. The boys halloo'd, the dogs barked, puss scampered, the hero, with his long train of obsequious followers, departed. The ladies and I made ourselves very merry over the adventure, and in a short time settled into our wonted tranquillity." Such was the style of electioneering in England in those days. But in our time, a retired general of the British Army tells the writer of this book notice, that in standing for Parliament he himself and his wife and daughter made twelve thousand calls on the electors and families of his hoped-for constituency. The osculatory feature of candidating in the good old times has, however, been discarded by our more decorous and circumspect modern days.

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